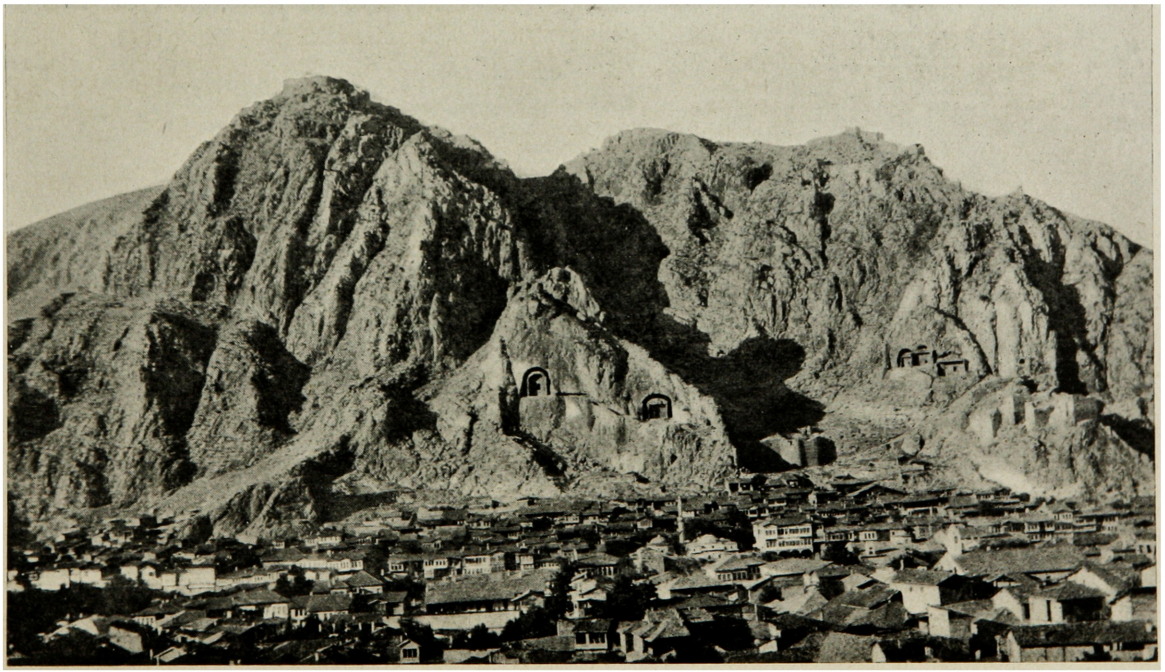
McGhee
32

Sultan Mehmed II, the Conqueror
Ex Libris
George Crews Mc Ghee
United States Ambassador
to Turkey

Across Asia Minor on Foot



Western Precipices, and "Tombs of the Kings," Amasia. Castle on skyline (right).

Across
Asia Minor on Foot

BY

W. J. CHILDS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

THIRD IMPRESSION

William Blackwood and Sons
Edinburgh and London
1918

PREFACE.

THE journey described in this volume extended altogether to about 1300 miles on foot, and occupied five months; and the days spent in actual travel upon the road were fifty-four.

Asia Minor has been traversed from end to end, and sea to sea, by many Europeans in the past; American missionaries, too, not only men, but unattended women, go freely about the country as a matter of course, and often cover long distances. There must be, indeed, many worse regions for journeying in than Turkey-in-Asia.

But all these travellers have gone by *araba* or ridden on horseback, and, when possible, have been glad enough to use train, and bicycle, and even motor-car. None of them, I think, has ever attempted to go in the peasant manner, to follow road or track afoot, to sleep in the poorest *khans* or wherever shelter could be found, and to mix by day and night with the varied and doubtful pedestrian company of an Eastern highway.

To see something of Asia Minor in this more intimate fashion, accompanied only by a Turk, was the purpose of the journey now to be described. Only in the quality of adventure did realisation fall short of what might have been expected. Brigandage and robbery, fighting between troops and deserters, murder and forcible abductions—affairs of this kind took place before and behind me, but I missed them

ever, sometimes by days, sometimes only by hours, and moved always, it seemed, in the peaceful intervals between storms.

For this reason no bloodshedding, no hair-breadth escapes will be found in the narrative; instead is a record of lesser excitements, of wayside sights and incidents, and allusions to such scenes of legends, traditions, and historical events as my road brought me to in a land crowded with ancient memories.

To the sustained enjoyment and satisfaction that the journey afforded me, nearly every one I met contributed. No unknown traveller ever had greater good-fortune in this respect, no traveller of note greater opportunities for seeing and learning. Americans of the Missions, Consuls of my own country, and, I may add—for I travelled in days before the war—German officials and missionaries, all received me with exceeding kindness and hospitality. To them all I offer my thanks.

Nor did I receive less from the native inhabitants, from whom, perhaps, much less might have been expected. Turks, Circassians, Greeks, Armenians, and Lazis—all except the disappointed few whose commercial instincts had prompted them to recognise me as a Crœsus in disguise—showed nothing but courtesy and goodwill.

Of the treatment I received from Turkish officials as a class let these facts speak. It was the time of the Italian war; vilayets, in which I spent months, were under martial law; and Italian subjects were being expelled. Yet I went free and almost unquestioned, a mysterious foreigner wandering about the country, visiting disturbed districts where the authorities were then encountering armed resistance, disappearing for a week, and reappearing a hundred miles away, photographing, taking notes, and always examining roads and bridges. To the patriotic official eye, one would think there hardly could have been a more flitting, inquisitive alien figure, hardly a more

likely enemy agent. And yet, except once at the outset of the journey, no official or *zaptieh*, though I saw many, ever caused me more than a few minutes' delay, and then always apologised handsomely for doing so.

Of course a sufficient reason existed for all this politeness and goodwill and confidence—and that was nothing less than the repute of the English name. The fact of being English was ever the most universal and respected recommendation I could possess. Turk and Greek and Armenian might hate each other to the death, but each regarded England as the friend of his race. I do not think that anywhere, even in the most remote villages, I ever met a peasant to whom the name "*Ingleez*" was unfamiliar, or did not stand for a more or less friendly figure, vague and uncertain no doubt, but carrying definite prestige.

"Nothing will ever be well with this country till the English take it," was the remark made, not long since, by a dervish sheikh in Anatolia to an American visitor. Although this opinion must not be thought to indicate any general similar desire of the Moslem population, it illustrates well enough how the English were regarded, and how an inquiring English traveller came to be received with friendly confidence even in time of war.

It may be wondered why so few photographs of Aleppo, and none of Alexandretta and district, are included in the book. I took many, on films purchased in the wonderful bazaars of Aleppo; and though by outward date the films were not over age, yet each gave a blank on being developed.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the help I found throughout the journey in 'Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Asia Minor.' No one who has not had occasion to study 'Murray's' closely can have any idea of how diverse and accurate is the information it contains upon a country where exact information is exceedingly difficult to obtain. Within the

limits of my experience I found no error in this invaluable book.

With one exception, the photographs which follow were taken by myself. For that one, the view of Kaisariyeh and Mount Argaeus, facing page 198, I have to thank Dr Alden Hoover of the American Hospital at Talas.

W. J. C.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

A Black Sea gale—First snow of winter—I seem to have started too late—The Austrian Captain's views—The "Lord Bill"—The glamorous coast of Asia Minor—Alluring mountain-roads—I land at Samsûn for the Bagdad Road 1

CHAPTER II.

Samsûn—Ottoman Greeks and Hellenic navy—How Samsûn dealt with cholera—Changed plans for the journey—Achmet—An American girl on the Bagdad Road—Country of a famous legend—Shadow of Russia—At the top of the pass—A head in the scrub—*Khan* at Chakallu—Turkish travelling—Caravan traffic and camps at Chakallu—Common-room at the *khan* . 10

CHAPTER III.

Tipping at Chakallu *khan*—Goats one of the curses of mankind—A weird beggar—On the great plateau of Asia Minor—Kara Dagh and its robbers—A Roman road—An ancient and modern watering-place—A fashionable *khan* at Khavsa—Absence of women in Turkish travelling—Ritual of coffee-making—Gorge of the "Flowing Backwards" river—Flour mills—Difficulties with camels—A Greek fisherman—I leave the Bagdad Road—Walnut groves, vineyards, and burying-grounds at Marsovan . 26

CHAPTER IV.

Marsovan—Vineyard quarrels—The Tash *Khan* as a place of refuge—Armenians and Turks—Pistols—Kara Mustapha Pasha: Donkey-driver, Janissary, Grand Vizier—His plot—His defeat at Vienna—His death by bowstring 38

CHAPTER V.

American Mission at Marsovan—The "Gilt-edged Mission"—The old compound—English nurses and hospital garden—An American walled village—"The Parting Tree"—Busy days—The "Business Manager"—Students of Anatolia College—Many nationalities—Ascendancy of Russian students—Armenian students—Revolutionaries and the College—Greek students: their ancient Greek characteristics 49

CHAPTER VI.

Marsovan Mission Hospital—Mission doctor and robbers—"Marden Effendi"—Hospital scenes—A case of self-amputation—Magic of the "actual cautery"—The pensioned smuggler—Hospital shooting season—Hard-worked medical staff—Surgeon and nurses on the run—Running orderly and patient—In the foreign nurses' sitting-room 58

CHAPTER VII.

On Marsovan plain—A conqueror's saying—Achmet a Bulgarian *mohadji*—Charcoal-burners—A singular ravine—The making of *pekmez*—An ominous noise—Amasia the most picturesque city in Asia Minor—Its precipices and river—Choosing a meal—Kabob—Moonrise, singing, and drums 65

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrested in Amasia—An Armenian offers help—In a chemist's shop—"Who is Sir Edward Grey?"—Interviewing the Governor—Achmet climbing—The castle—Treasure-trove in Asia Minor—Signalling sunset—Early morning scenes—Punishing a thief—Old buildings of Amasia—The Mirror Tomb—Land of the Amazons—Amazons of the present day—Gardens of Amasia—A German colony 76

CHAPTER IX.

Market-folk at Amasia—Many races—Rock-dwellers—Begging children—A professional beggar—Wayside shop—A swaggering Kurd—Yeni Bazaar *Khan*—Zilleh and Julius Cæsar . . 91

CHAPTER X.

A caravan track from Yeni Bazaar—French road-surveyors' camp—Bullock-carters defy the law—Turkhal and its flies—Basil and Gregory the Illuminator at Annesoi—Jelat *Khan*—The Imperial Ottoman Mail—Road of evil name—Precautions—Customs of the road—Doubtful horsemen—Entering Tokat . . 97

CHAPTER XI.

Tokat—Dagger-wearing people—A pleasant *khan*—Armenian soldiers—On *yoghourt*—Achmet as kitchen-maid—A Greek visitor—Tokat Castle—Osman Pasha—Death of Henry Martyn—Achmet and the sentry—Breaking into a Turkish house—Commercial *khans* of Tokat—An Armenian pastor—Rumours of massacre on my road 110

CHAPTER XII.

Morning scenes at Tokat *khan*—On the southward road—Tobacco smuggling—A smuggling party in the act—A dangerous pathway—Musical bullock-carts—Chiftlik *Khan* . . . 122

CHAPTER XIII.

An unexpected meeting—Rumours of massacre at Yeni Khan—Crossing Chamli Bel—Villages in hiding—Turkish recruits on Chamli Bel—The affair at Yeni Khan—Prompt measures—The Moslem mood—Circassians and the Evil Eye—Roadside prayer—The *corvée* in operation—The "Place of Willows *Khan*" . 131

CHAPTER XIV.

Entering Sivas—A city of past greatness—An Armenian migration—Seljuk colleges—Sivas and Russian wars—Road and railway centre—The Crooked Bridge—The difficulties of a Vali—Forty banished pashas—British military consuls—American mission—Armenian Monastery of St Nishan—The Armenian Bishop of Sivas—The Bishop's tradition of Timur 143

CHAPTER XV.

Selecting another *araba*-driver—Mehmet—Boisterous Turkish recruits—On the road for Kaisariyeh—Far-off view of Argaeus—Mehmet's peculiarities—A quarrel—Dogs, and more dogs—The coloured hills—Lazis on the road—The ancient road between Sivas and Kaisariyeh 160

CHAPTER XVI.

In the guest-house at Kara Geul—An Armenian village—The English language in Asia Minor—Another quarrel with Mehmet—Armenians in dread of massacre—The ambitious schoolmaster—A traveller of dignity—The notable *kavass*—Sultan Khan—Mighty Argaeus—The *geomej* on Lale Bel—The sunken roads—A carpet-weaving population—A deserted Seljuk college—The wrong road at evening—At the American Mission Hospital, Talas 169

CHAPTER XVII.

In Talas town—The most mediæval-looking streets in Asia Minor—Rhodian masons—*Mangals*—Ali Dagh and Argaeus—King George and Argaeus—A troglodyte chapel—An Armenian monastery—Bones of John the Baptist—Finding a pack-horse and driver—I engage Ighsan 182

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ighsan begins his duties—Fever at the *khan*—Seeing Kaisariyeh—Salutations—Self-conscious Turkish officers—At the Mosque of Houen—The castle—Dungeons—On the castle tower—The site of Maxaca—St Basil and Cæsarea—Buying in the bazaars—"Another Englishman has come"—A dinner-party at the *khan*—A Jew-hater 191

CHAPTER XIX.

The start with a pack-horse—Dull road and weather—Benighted—Tired travellers—No room in Injesu *Khan*—No room in the village—Billeted troops—A barber's shop receives us—The wine of Injesu—The drummer of Injesu—Ottoman drums . . 204

CHAPTER XX.

I leave Injesu for the land of cave-dwellers—Ighsan disappears and returns—A strange land in sight—Ighsan shows his scars—Urgub of the Holes—Introduction to cave life—A travelling merchant—Rock-hewn houses, monasteries, stables, chapels, and tombs—Door of a stronghold 213

CHAPTER XXI.

A fine morning in Cappadocia—A ravine of caves and gardens—The Valley of Guérémé—Cones standing like tents—A troglodyte café—Bishopric of Matiane—Uch Hissar village and rock—A muster of Moslems—Nevshehr—Another Greek merchant—Nar: a delightful cave-dwellers' village—Rock and village of Orta Hissar 224

CHAPTER XXII.

Return to Injesu—A native washing-day—The drummer again—The pasha at the *khan*—An ancient caravanserai—Gypsies—Castles of Asia Minor—A murderer in custody at Develi Kara Hissar 242

CHAPTER XXIII.

The caravan track to the Mediterranean—Heavy snow at last—The guest-room at Enighil—Robbers before us—Circassians at Kavluk Tepe—A Turkish burying-ground—A place of memories for Ighsan—Under Ala Dagh—The guest-house at Bayam Dere—A morning visitor challenged 249

CHAPTER XXIV.

Southward from Bayam Dere—Pedestrian traffic—At Yelatin *Khan*—News of robbers—Expecting attack—*Zaptiehs* in search—Fundukli *Khan*—Bozanti—The Bagdad Railway—German aims—The store at Ak Keupru—The Cilician Pass—The wine-shop at Tosan Ali 265

CHAPTER XXV.

Ulu Kishla—"German castles"—On the Great Plain—Rail to Konia—Shepherds—The runners at Karaman—Hotel de la Gare at Konia—Konia a Seljuk capital—Iconium of St Paul—Moslem colleges—Konia as future Ottoman capital—Return to Ulu Kishla—A blizzard—Snowed up 279

CHAPTER XXVI.

Turkish officers at Ulu Kishla—Turkish officers and men—Loulon Castle—"The Bulwark of Tarsus"—The Bagdad Railway again—The wine-shop at Tahkta Keupru—Snowed up once more—"Sportmen" arrive—A struggle—Circassian bilkers—A highwayman—A night alarm—Arrival at Dubekji *Khan* . . 287

CHAPTER XXVII.

Snow-bound at Dubekji *Khan*—A quarrel with Ighsan—His brigand friends—Brigands of Asia Minor—On the road again—Road blocked by caravans—The Cilician Gates Pass—Castles—Forts—Ibrahim Pasha—British guns—Castle of the Sclavonian Guard—The Gate of the Pass—Descending to the Mediterranean 304

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Return to the Cilician Gates—A short stage to Yeni *Khan*—A sacred tree—Yeni *Khan*—A quarrel with knives—English country—In the myrtle scrub—Oleander and asphodel—Conscripts on the road—A scrimmage with Arabs—Rain and mud by night on the Tarsus road—Lights of the *jingaan*—Tarsus . 318

CHAPTER XXIX.

An old Tarsus *khan*—Held prisoner by rain—The roof comes down—Song of the first ironworkers—St Paul's American College—Old Tarsus—The Cydnus—The ancient traffic of Tarsus—Gate of Holy War again—The Cypriote drill-sergeant—An athletic Swiss lady—Mersina—The market-place—The Cilician Plain—Cotton—Adana 331

CHAPTER XXX.

Adana—On a flat roof—The Bagdad Railway again—Armenians of Cilicia—Lesser Armenia—The great Adana massacre—Major Doughty-Wylie—Armenian unwisdom—Killing an Armenian pastor—Hanging of Moslems—Ibrahim, of the British Consulate—I pay off Ighsan—His successor Mustapha—The British Consul goes with me a stage 344

CHAPTER XXXI.

Leaving Adana—At Missis *Khan*—Ruins of Mopsuestia—A caravanserai—Ibrahim in difficulties—The Oxford Book of English Verse—A wet day on the road—Yarzuat—Turkish dentist for the Consul—Ibrahim as cook—Travelling in mud—Toprak Kale and Alexander the Great—Mustapha goes off—Benighted in the orchards of Osmanieh—The hotel at Osmanieh—On the road to Baghche—The German official—Baghche tunnel . . 358

CHAPTER XXXII.

Still at Baghche—His Excellency—His work and methods—Baron Marschall von Bieberstein—Inception of the Bagdad Railway—German difficulties—A pro-German Turk—Pass over the Giaour Dagh—A *zaptieh* on patrol—A wayside burial—El Oghlu *Khan*—Ladder and guests at night—On Marash plain—Arrival at Marash 376

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Marash—Fanatical Moslems—A hair of Mahomet's beard—Industrious Armenians—An American school—A German Mission and Hospital—Leo the Isaurian—The Governor of Marash—On the road to Zeitûn—Gorge of the Zeitûn Su—The slippery hills—Fighting expected at Zeitûn—Zeitûn town and scenes—The Jerusalem battalion—Zeitûn gunsmiths—Deeds of the Zeitûnlis 388

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Marash eastward—A country of nomads—Bazaarluk—The Stambûl *hamal*—Aintab—A native Anglican church—Aintab southward—A rich land and pleasant road—"*Khan* of the Five Eyes"—Feeding camels—Killis—Disturbance in the market-place—Syrian scenes—The Rock of Azaz—The knife at Gaferuntun *Khan* 404

CHAPTER XXXV.

Road into Aleppo—Hector, a British *kavass*—Individuality of Aleppo—An ancient eastern city—Its mystery—Old alleys and courts—The Assassins—The bazaars—Old commercial *khans*—The wool-cleaners—The Citadel—Aleppo and its English intercourse—"The Most Worshipful the British Levant Company"—Alexander Drummond—Influence of the passes on Aleppo and Antioch—Aleppo and future railroad construction . . 414

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A strange Armenian—His story by the Antioch gate—Leaving Aleppo—The posting-house at Termanin—St Simon Stylites—Hammam—The Kentish motto—Lying *perdu* in a bank of asphodel—Plain of Antioch—Broken soldiers on the road—Scenes at Kirk Khan 432

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Morning in Beilan Pass—Mountain horsemen—Overlooking the Gulf of Alexandretta—Alexander the Great at Beilan Pass—English merchant ships at Alexandretta in the eighteenth century—Jacob's Well—Scanderbeg—Alexander Drummond—Alexandretta as a German port—Jonah's Pillars—Battlefield of Issus—The overland route to India—A neglected British opportunity—The eastern end of the Mediterranean and the future—Another British opportunity—On a British steamer . 441

ILLUSTRATIONS.

WESTERN PRECIPICES, AND "TOMBS OF THE KINGS," AMASIA. CASTLE ON SKYLINE . . . *Frontispiece*

BAGDAD ROAD ABOVE SAMSÛN . . . . *Facing p.* 18

ACHMET AND *ARABA* . . . . . " 18

BEGGAR OF THE BAGDAD ROAD . . . . . " 28

TRAFFIC ON BAGDAD ROAD, NEAR KHAVSA . . . " 28

STREET IN MARSOVAN . . . . . " 38

IN THE MISSION COMPOUND, MARSOVAN . . . . " 38

ROADSIDE TOMB, MARSOVAN PLAIN . . . . " 64

ENTERING AMASIA . . . . . " 64

ON THE YESHIL IRMAK, AMASIA . . . . " 72

SELJUKIAN *KHAN*, AMASIA . . . . . " 84

THE "MIRROR TOMB," AMASIA GORGE . . . . " 86

VIEW FROM THE MIRROR TOMB, AMASIA . . . " 88

CASTLE ROCK, TOKAT . . . . . " 116

TURKISH RECRUITS ON CHAMLI BEL . . . . " 116

RUINS OF SELJUKIAN MOSQUE, SIVAS . . . . " 146

MARKET-PLACE, SIVAS . . . . . " 148

STONE READING-DESK IN CHAPEL, ST NISHAN'S MONASTERY, SIVAS . . . . . " 158

VIEW IN TALAS . . . . . " 182

SELJUKIAN TOMB, NEAR KAISARIYEH . . . . " 182

A GLEN IN TALAS . . . . . " 184

A GREEK OF TALAS . . . . . " 188

SUNKEN PATH BEHIND URGUB. "HATTED ROCKS" IN BACKGROUND . . . . . " 188

IGHSAN . . . . . " 192

MOUNT ARGAEUS AND KAISARIYEH, FROM THE NORTH *Facing p.* 198
ROCK-HEWN VILLAGE OF URGUB, FROM THE VALLEY . " 218
INHABITED CONES IN VALLEY OF GUÉRÉMÉ . . " 226
UCH HISSAR ROCK, FROM VALLEY . . . " 226
CONES IN VALLEY OF GUÉRÉMÉ, CAPPADOCIA . . " 228
A ROCK CONE AT MATYAN . . . . " 230
STREET FOUNTAIN, NEVSHEHR . . . . " 230
VALLEY AND ROCK-HEWN VILLAGE OF NAR . . " 236
ALA DAGH . . . . . " 236
ORTA HISSAR ROCK AND VILLAGE . . . " 238
YELATIN *KHAN*. ALA DAGH BEHIND . . . " 266
DUBEKJI *KHAN* . . . . . " 266
ENTERING CILICIAN GORGE AT AK KEUPRU . . " 272
BAGDAD RAILWAY WORKS IN THE CILICIAN GORGE . " 276
TURKS AT DUBEKJI *KHAN* . . . . " 304
SHEPHERD AND FLOCK, CILICIAN PLAIN . . . " 304
CILICIAN GATES PASS. THE "GATE" IN THE BACKGROUND " 318
ST PAUL'S GATEWAY, TARSUS . . . . " 334
COTTON CARTS, CILICIAN PLAIN . . . . " 342
CARRYING COTTON, ADANA . . . . " 342
OLD BRIDGE OVER THE SIHON, ADANA . . . " 344
WATER-CARRIERS, ADANA . . . . " 344
THE CONSUL, IBRAHIM, AND MUSTAPHA . . . " 358
HIS EXCELLENCY AND IBRAHIM CHOWSHE . . " 358
OLD BRIDGE OVER THE JIHON ON ROAD TO ZEITÛN . " 394
NOMADS' TENTS ON ROAD TO AINTAB . . . " 394
GORGE ON ROAD TO ZEITÛN . . . . " 396
ZEITÛN DURING RAIN . . . . . " 398
A VIEW IN ZEITÛN. "THE BRIDGE" LEFT OF BUILDINGS " 400
WHEAT BAZAAR, AINTAB . . . . " 408
MILL FOR CRUSHING WHEAT, KILLIS . . . " 408
A VIEW IN ALEPPO . . . . . " 418
MEHMET, THE *ZAPTIEH* FOR ALEXANDRETTA . . " 418
ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL, ALEPPO . . . " 424
LOCANTA, NEAR HAMMAM: TURKS SEATED, ARABS STANDING . . . . . " 436

OUTLINE MAP OF ROUTE . . . . *At beginning*

ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT.

CHAPTER I.

A Black Sea gale—First snow of winter—I seem to have started too late — The Austrian Captain's views — The "Lord Bill" — The glamorous coast of Asia Minor—Alluring mountain-roads—I land at Samsûn for the Bagdad Road.

On an afternoon of mid-October I stood in the lee of a deck-house aboard an Austrian Lloyd mail steamer, and looked over the Black Sea in its stormiest mood.

Since leaving the Bosphorus, two days earlier, we had been driving against a wild north-easterly gale. It came fierce and grey from Russian steppes, bringing squalls of hail and rain, and whirling feathers of snow, and an edge of cold that spoke of winter being not far behind. Now and then the low-flying clouds opened to leeward, and showed glimpses of the mountainous Anatolian coast, fringed with spouting surf; above the surf appeared a narrow band of dark mountain-side, and then the glaring whiteness of newly fallen snow, whose lower edge made a level line when revealed in sufficient length. Gale, and hail, and rain might be seasonable enough, but this low-lying snow before its time filled me with misgivings. For I was on my way to cross Asia Minor

on foot; through no fault of my own I had started late, and now winter seemed to be upon me.

Presently the captain joined me in my place of shelter. He was a veteran in the Black Sea trade, whose opinion as to the weather likely to follow would be worth having. But I would not ask him for it, he being a genial old man, likely to say the thing acceptable to his passenger; so I left him unprompted and hoped to hear his honest views. He began by turning up the collar of his uniform overcoat, and settling it about his head. Then he glanced around, and his eyes rested professionally on a big white Turkish steamer — in lighter trim now than when she carried bananas between Jamaica and Avonmouth—that had hung close astern of us all day. As she rose to the steep-sided surges she showed twenty feet of keel; as she plunged it was in a smother of spray that went over her funnels.

"The winter of the Black Sea," said the captain, while he looked—"it is terrible."

"Winter!" I cried. "Do you call this winter? Why, three days ago it was scorching summer in Constantinople. There's a whole hot autumn to come," I declared vigorously. The captain shook his head slowly.

"There is now no more of summer or of autumn; it is the winter," he said with conviction. And then he continued cheerfully: "But I care nothing. In one other year I sail no more on any sea, and live always in the beautiful city Trieste." His interest next turned to myself, as the only English passenger on board.

"You go to Trebizond," he inquired, "for the new harbour that the English make?" I said that Samsûn was my destination.

"Ah! I know. They make the new harbour of Samsûn too. They make the harbours, then they say: 'It is mine!' like the gold-fields of South Africa." He illustrated his meaning more completely by a forcible two-handed grab.

When I explained that from Samsûn I proposed to walk to the Mediterranean, perhaps as far as Beirût, he forgot his charge of national greed. An avowal of lunacy had been made to him by a passenger, and he took it as a matter requiring immediate attention. I knew by his sudden fixity of stare that for a moment or two he felt himself in the company of one who might be dangerous. He even drew off a little. But then a satisfactory explanation struck him, and he said—

"You are English. You will say you go for the pleasure?" When I told him I expected to find much pleasure in the journey, he answered with a deep "So!" and recalled another journey which he thought similar to mine.

There was an Englishman, he said, by name the "Lord Bill," who not long before had come riding alone from Persia into Trebizond. There the "Lord Bill" took steamer to Constantinople, and thence went on riding till he came to Calais. And all this long lonely riding the captain understood was done for pleasure.

"And you—you are to walk for the same pleasure? Where is it, my friend? I require to understand this pleasure," he cried. But it was a thing not to be explained, where those who differ think in different terms; and after hearing me out he said—

"Paris, and Berlin, and Vienna are for pleasure; but not this country," and he waved his arm towards the coast. "There you find not pleasure; but much of mountains, and much of snow, and much of wolves and banditti, and you will be seen never in Beirût." And there we left the matter.

To him the 2000 miles of coast-line between Beirût and Trebizond represented only so much exacting navigation. The region behind the coast he filled with savage, little-known people; and saw it from the sea as a fastness where anything might happen; a territory from which his calling, happily, kept him well removed. His notions of the interior

were vague and fearful, like those held of it by old-time Greeks.

But for one who likes to connect scene with event; who in spirit can get himself into the past; who delights in the sun and wind and open sky upon unknown roads of adventure, this ancient Eastern land holds pleasure beyond most.

Consider for a moment its seaboard alone, and what comes to the eye and imagination in passing. At Beirût you are upon the coast of Phœnicia, and have in view the site of Sidon, and look southward to the hills of Palestine. At Trebizond you may count yourself not only in Meshech, but also on the coast of Colchis, with its legends of Argonauts, and Golden Fleece, and the witcheries of Medea. And between these two extremities of coast are enchanting islands and mainland, and narrow waters that comprise much of the ancient Greek world; that hold the scenes of Homer and holy Paul; that saw the vast and gorgeous Byzantine pageant; saw, too, the rise and culmination of Ottoman power, and are seeing now its closing struggles. Consider, also, that during twenty-five centuries every great empire of the world, from the Persian to the British, has appeared on this coast in war; and that of great conquerors and soldiers it has seen nearly all.

Little wonder there is scarce a mile of shore that has not looked upon some event chronicled in immortal story—from the legendary combats of Troy to yesterday's authentic Landing on the Beaches of Gallipoli. True, many of these old sites are not easy to identify as you go. You stumble upon them as it were; and sometimes they are passed unrecognised, for Turkish place-names give little clue as a rule; but good fortune in this respect generally attends the traveller. For example, you may go ashore at Ordu, a small town on the Black Sea, not far from Trebizond, and by the accident of meeting with a communicative Greek are shown the remains of a little ancient port. It is a port like many others on the coast; but here

the Ten Thousand embarked for Byzantium after their march from Mesopotamia. Or your steamer may turn out of her direct course some morning and anchor in an obscure Mediterranean roadstead. Perhaps you are vaguely conscious of having heard the name of the place before, but certainly do not connect it with anything. The purpose of the call, you are told, is to take on board a few thousand cases of oranges, it being the time of orange-gathering at Dört Yöl, better oranges than which are to be found nowhere. The name is Turkish for "Four Roads"—The Crossways, as one might say—and quite unenlightening historically. But that narrow strip of plain lying nearly abreast of you between mountains and sea, and covered with filmy morning vapour, as the sun comes up over the high ridge of Amanus, is no other than Alexander's battlefield of Issus.

Besides these places of fame which crowd the littoral, there are unexpected survivals reproducing scenes of twenty centuries ago. A sight of this kind I watched one summer evening on the coast of the Black Sea, when a long-boat, whose bow was shaped like a swan's breast, put off from the shore. Her stem projected above the hull, and was curved into a form resembling roughly the head and neck of a bird preparing to strike. Upon the mast, hanging from a horizontal yard, was set a single, broad square-sail, and under its arching foot could be seen the black heads of rowers, five or six men on either side, and a bare-legged steersman placed high above them in the stern. The sun was going down behind the mountains of Sinope as this boat, her sides and beak painted vermilion and blue, came lifting easily over the swell on her way to the night-fishing. Her sail was white and rounding, her oars rose and dipped regularly, and their wet blades flashed red in the dying sunlight. By some slight alteration of course her appearance suddenly changed, and she became just such a craft as is represented on one of the old Greek coins. And then the song of her crew came fitfully across

the water. The whole scene was a resurrection of the past that vouched for its own accuracy, and carried conviction. I knew beyond doubting that just such boats, with bare-legged steersmen in easy postures, and crews singing as they rowed, had put out to the fishing on warm summer nights like this, 2000 years ago, when the coast was dotted with flourishing Greek cities. The cities had gone, some even to the name; but the blood remained, and with it traditions of boat-building and rigging, and custom of the sea, and the lore of old-time fishermen.

And further, as an outward characteristic of this wonderful coast is a curious quality of mystery. For much the greater part of its length it is a coast of mountains which rise steeply from the sea. Lebanon and Amanus and the long snow-topped wall of Taurus —so they come in order, bearing familiar names— then Mountains of Caria, and Ionia, and Ida that saw ancient Troy, and next the Mysian Olympus, whose snow is seen across Marmora all the way to Constantinople. And along the Black Sea are Mountains of Bithynia, and Paphlagonia, and Pontus, growing ever more lofty as you pass eastward. Those ranges which confront the Mediterranean appear more often as violet mountains sleeping in sunlight above a sea of amethyst; but those of the north are blue, are generally clothed with forest, and have a skyline bristling with pine-trees; and the sea before them knows winter as well as summer, and is more changeful in colour.

Whether mountains of north or south, however, al have an aspect of being the jealous exterior guardians of mystery and romance. Seen day after day rising out of the sea ahead, and sinking into the sea astern, they produce this impression to a degree which is surprising. On the coasts of Greece and Italy and Norway, or of any other mountainous land, the mountains themselves seem to be the interior. But you voyage round three sides of the great peninsula of Asia Minor and feel that the interior is always walled in;

you never get a satisfying glimpse into it; never come in contact with it; and are soon convinced that it is a region which may contain anything, and certainly must contain romance and adventure for the seeking.

Of such sort, briefly, is the ancient, glamorous seaboard of Asia Minor; and to it from the unknown interior come roads that are in keeping. They are the proof of mysteries beyond. They make alluring promises on behalf of the invisible interior. Climate and atmosphere have everything to do with such impressions, but generally magic itself seems to dwell on the white main roads of Asia Minor that come winding down the mountains to the ports. Seen afar they cry persistently of all you have ever read or heard or thought of the romance of roads. They recapture for you the atmosphere of childhood, when a road crossing a not very distant hill represented first the only path into fairyland, and, a little later, the highway to the sea and cities and wonders of the world. And they have something more than the imaginary behind them. Hear the names of cities and countries from which these white roads actually come, and you feel that you are in the presence of the ancient world, with the immemorial East to be explored by merely stepping out.

One of these white roads crosses the Amanus mountains by Beilan Pass, and descends into the port of Alexandretta on the Mediterranean. It is visible from the steamer, and you hear that it is the highway to Aleppo and Mesopotamia. If your steamer anchors in just the right spot you may see another such road coming down through the forest behind Ineboli on the Black Sea. It is from Kastamouni, a place of no particular interest or importance; but the road, seen hiding and revealing itself among trees, has a charm and suggestion of its own. Another road also, one that saw much traffic in old days, comes over the mountains into Sinope. For Sinope, though now an insignificant place, was once the chief Greek city on

the Black Sea, and later became the capital of Pontus, and seat of Mithridates' Court; and in spite of being cut off from the interior by exceedingly difficult mountains, was the great port of northern Asia Minor. Into beautiful old Trebizond, too, a city that saw the Ten Thousand, and, long afterwards, t Empire of Trebizond, comes another of these immemorial highways. By this road you may go to Erzerûm and Persia and the Farther East.

And yet another road is that which comes winding down the mountain-sides into Samsûn, 400 miles east of Constantinople—a road that had for me especial interest. When proposing to walk from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, and considering my route, this road had made an irresistible appeal. I had seen it before, in the hot days of summer; had caught sight of it first as it came over the saddle of the coast range at least a dozen miles away, and 3000 feet above the town. It came curving in and out around the spurs, disappearing and reappearing between fields of maize and tobacco, and smoking with the dust of traffic. At last it entered the olive groves; and when I saw it again I was on shore, and there found it descending steeply into the hot, cobbled, tree-lined main street of Samsûn, and bringing in the strangest medley of Eastern traffic.

It is called the busiest highway in Asia Minor, and certainly has the most alluring name. For it is the Bagdad Road which from Samsûn goes for 1000 miles through Sivas, and Malatia, and Diarbekr, and Mosul, and at last to Bagdad, where Haroun el Rashid was Khalif, and Sinbad the Sailor one of the citizens.

During a pleasant year spent in Anatolia I had passed several times along the northern fifty miles of this road. I had watched its caravans break camp at dawn, and heard the camel-bells across its valleys. It had shown me tracks twisting on far-off mountain-sides; the smoke of charcoal-burners' fires rising above blue wooded spurs by day; and the glow of those same fires on warm velvety nights. I

had seen upon it the highway life of a wide eastern country devoid of railways—strange wheeled vehicles, caravans, peasants, beggars, gipsies, smugglers, soldiers, dervishes, prisoners in chains. I had slept in its wayside *khans*. All that I heard and saw made me wish to go farther,—to go southward across the mountains till at last I should come down to Syria and the Mediterranean.

After spending twenty-four hours in Samsûn Roads, waiting for the sea to abate, the passengers were put ashore through the surf. Our boat could not make the usual landing-place, and had to go where the run of the waves served best; and customs officials, police, and spectators came hurrying along the beach to intercept us. We landed a mile east of the site of Amisus; an old Greek city—in its day successor to Sinope—which the Romans took after a long siege when Lucullus fought the last Mithridatic War, and drove that king out of Pontus. Nothing is left of Amisus now except fragments of its port, and a little broken masonry on the bare hillside,—even the name is almost forgotten locally. But the geographical factors which enabled Amisus to supplant Sinope operate still, and here is now a busy town, in value of exports and imports the chief Black Sea port of Asia Minor, a town with a great future before it.

CHAPTER II.

Samsûn—Ottoman Greeks and Hellenic navy—How Samsûn dealt with cholera—Changed plans for the journey—Achmet—An American girl on the Bagdad Road—Country of a famous legend—Shadow of Russia—At the top of the pass—A head in the scrub—*Khan* at Chakallu—Turkish travelling—Caravan traffic and camps at Chakallu—Common-room at the *khan*.

SAMSÛN stretches along a beach of dull yellow sand for a couple of miles, and its suburbs go up the slopes of foot-hills behind in a scatter of white buildings. There is no esplanade or Marina facing the sea; offices, warehouses, and cafés push their backs down the shore as far as the surf of heavy weather permits, and have their fronts on streets and alleys running parallel with the waterside. For the town is strictly commercial in its interests and aspirations, and has no wish to think of amenities. It is proud of its prosperity in a land where prosperity is the exception, and is ambitious of doing better still, but has neither harbour nor railway—though both are projected, and the railway is even begun—and until these vital works are constructed appearances count for nothing.

It is now a growing town of some 40,000 souls, in spite of Turkish neglect. While its possible rivals, Sinope and Trebizond, have no extensive fertile regions behind them, and are cut off from the interior by high passes and trying roads, Samsûn is the accessible port of a rich area great as England, containing corn-lands unexcelled in the world, the

most valuable tobacco country in Asia Minor, and large deposits of coal as well. The country's physical features, too, look kindly upon Samsûn as a port. The general trend of the great valleys, gorges like gates fortunately placed, passes which are low, all make for comparatively easy routes between port and back-country. With the construction of a harbour and adequate railways Samsûn will become, in the inevitable hands of Russia, the southern Odessa of the Black Sea.

Meanwhile the town has been brought to its present degree of prosperity mainly by the Bagdad Road. Upon this *chaussée*, the longest and most important metalled road in Turkey-in-Asia, comes and goes all the trade between port and interior. But the traffic is that of an Eastern highway, slow, cumbersome, and wonderfully picturesque, and at the height of the export season creates scenes in Samsûn hardly to be equalled elsewhere. Bullock-carts and waggons, camels, pack-horses, and donkeys, begin to arrive about eleven, for they have come a fixed stage and started early. After midday vehicles in hundreds and animals in thousands choke the streets and open spaces. Some are seeking the warehouses, others are unloading or awaiting their turn; early comers are going off empty to the *khans*, or the animals lie at rest in the shade of trees beside the road. Among them move camel-men in dusty white, and donkey-men, and horse-drivers, and peasants on foot from the hill villages and the coast, and riders gorgeous in blue and scarlet with gold embroidery, and men of the town—they represent every race within three hundred miles, and wear garments of every colour and style. There are shouts and cries; the dull bruising thud of heavy sticks upon donkeys' hindquarters; the ceaseless tinkling of donkey-bells; the deep slow clanging of camel-bells; the groaning and wailing of ox-cart wheels. All this mass moves and stands and reposes under a fierce sun; and the odours of camels and sweating men

and beasts, of cook-shops and tobacco and garlic and the sea, combine in the narrow streets into a smell that might go up to heaven. In this way arrive wheat and barley and flour, boxes of eggs for Trieste and Marseilles, bales of mohair, wool, and tobacco, crates of live poultry for Constantinople, and walnuts by the ton.

The conveyance of imports does not make the same display; one might, indeed, spend a month in Samsûn and never see it. It goes on in the same way, however, but for the journey inland all get off early. The waggons and groaning carts, the asses and camels hung with bells, all file away in the darkness of early dawn, and are high on the mountain-side when the day begins for Samsûn. They carry bundles of shovels, and iron rods and bars and pipe; and boxes of sewing-machines, and bales of cloth and Manchester yarn, and countless tins of paraffin. One may even see roofing-tiles from Marseilles, and steel girders, and lengths of cast-iron water mains, being dragged slowly inland across the mountains on bullock-carts.

In addition to being a busy port, Samsûn is also a tobacco town like few. A strip of seaward slopes and valleys and deltaic plain hereabouts, sixty or seventy miles in length altogether, contains the famous tobacco lands of Baffra and Samsûn, equalled in value only by those of Kavalla on the Ægean. Some delicate combination of sun and soil and moist sea air gives Samsûn tobacco—which is regarded as even finer than that of Baffra—a quality and character not found outside a narrow favoured district. Attempts have been made to produce this tobacco in other places—in America for one, even to the length of sending over quantities of Samsûn soil in which to start the plants,—but leaf, possessing the original nature, has never been obtained away from these few hundred square miles of Anatolian coast.

And so this choice tobacco has become the district's chief product; and the annual value of the

Baffra and Samsûn crop now runs to millions sterling. At buyers' warehouses in the town peasant growers may receive gold for leaf across the counter at any time. The office of the combined British and American buyers alone often disburses, as one side of its immense purchases, £5000 a day in glittering yellow liras in this ready fashion; there, also, the larger cultivators may draw advances in gold against their growing crops. To the infinite profit and satisfaction of peasant farmers, leaf and gold are almost as easily exchangeable as current coin.

One never goes far in a Turkish town—or in any Turkish territory for the matter of that—without meeting evidence of the hopeless racial differences which beset the Ottoman Empire. So it happened to me here as I sat in a café a few hours after coming ashore. A boy came towards me carrying a collecting-box; he came smiling and diffident, yet with the manner of having a cause that well might bespeak support, and asked for a contribution in aid of the Hellenic navy.

"No, monsieur," he added with Greek adroitness, finding me without hostility, "for the navy of all the Hellenic peoples."

Samsûn cannot claim direct descent from old Greek Amisus, but its people are largely Ottoman Greeks, and much of the trade and wealth of the town is in their hands. And like all foreign Greeks, they look to Greece and contribute money in her aid, especially to her navy, with open-handed generosity, hoping dimly for the reconstitution of the Greek Empire with Constantinople for its capital. A year or so earlier they had subscribed £12,000 for the naval service, and now were preparing another contribution.

During the earlier part of the summer cholera had visited Samsûn. It came with great suddenness; with men dropping in the streets in agony as if shot, and not knowing at the time what had overtaken them. The epidemic grew in violence; traffic ceased

on the Bagdad Road, being cut off by a quarantine barrier behind the pass; steamers avoided the port; and there was no getting away, for those inhabitants who fled to mountain villages were driven out by villagers with firearms. Samsûn, like other places, these peasants said, must endure its own cholera.

In these circumstances of extremity and ruined trade the business community of Samsûn—in other words, foreigners, Greeks, and Armenians—were driven to fighting the disease. Christians of this land dread cholera vastly more than do the Moslems. But whereas the one will do what he can against it, the other will do nothing, relying on the Will of Allah and the sanitation of Mahomet. So the commercial folk of Samsûn obtained sanction of the authorities and promise of armed support—that being necessary against fanatical rioting by the populace—for any measures they might take to save the town. They undertook also to bear the cost of their proceedings, and subscribed a large sum for the purpose. These preliminaries hurriedly arranged, the Committee set to work, and fired each house in which the disease appeared, together with the clothing and effects of occupants. Compensation for property so destroyed was paid from the subscribed fund. With these and other measures the disease was soon stamped out, and Samsûn suffered less than any town in the affected districts. Yet this shining example was followed by no other town. How the disease ran in other places—with their filthy narrow alleys and doubtful water—may be gathered from the instance of Chorum, a town much smaller than Samsûn, and with a population not only almost entirely Moslem, but Moslems of the fanatical sort. When cholera came the people received it with resignation as the Will of Allah; they washed their victims and laid them out with rites, and mourned them with family gatherings round the corpse. In a short time there were more than a thousand dead, and the scourge ceased only when it had exhausted itself.

It had been my intention all along to walk from Samsûn accompanied only by a Turkish servant with a pack-horse to carry the baggage. I had reared all sorts of pleasant fancies and hopes upon this mode of travelling. So I should join in the procession of the Bagdad Road—the beggars, and ox-carts, and drovers, and caravans, stay at the *khans*, and drink at the roadside fountains. And so also I should be able to turn off the road when the wish took me. For I desired to follow mountain-tracks as well—those beckoning tracks which may be seen in the distance slanting across almost every hillside and spur in Asia Minor. In this way I saw myself going into deep gorges; reaching villages otherwise inaccessible; striking across country to look at any castle that might show itself on a distant ridge; and perhaps ascending a mountain or two by the way. In a word, I saw myself as unfettered in choice of route and immediate destination as any dervish who wanders free with collecting-bowl and battle-axe. These were my hopes, and my fancies had something in keeping. To be in the fashion of the land, and also to gratify some liking for a picturesque superstition, my horse was to have blue beads plaited into his mane and tail as protection against the Evil Eye, and wear two or three jingling bells beneath his neck to give us marching music.

But now when my plans came to execution I found that they had to be changed. With the season so far advanced, and winter, as it seemed, already beginning, my chief hope lay in getting beyond the region of impassable snow before snow of that kind should come. To do so it was plain that I must travel faster than possible for a pack-horse loaded with three hundred pounds of baggage. And further, there was difficulty about a man. The stout young Turk who might have gone with me had slipped away, during the time of cholera, to his home among the mountains by Shabin Karahissar; and I did not think with confidence of any substitute picked up by chance in the *khans* or

bazaars of Samsûn. So to carry my gear for the present I decided on an *araba*, a covered spring waggon drawn by two horses whose pace could exceed my own. The pack-horse I hoped for later, when the country of deep snow should be behind me.

When these matters were decided I went out to find an *araba* and Moslem driver to my liking; for on a journey of this kind I would travel with no Greek or Armenian. But on the steps of the hotel I was stopped by a tall, powerfully-made man. His head and neck were wrapped in a *bashluk*, the picturesque supplementary cloth head-gear, at once a cap and long-tailed muffler, that is used in these parts as a protection against cold, and also—following some strange theory—against extremes of heat. He was middle-aged and brown-bearded, and had an honest face that gave an impression of good-humour and determination. His first words might be exactly translated by the old-time London cabman's inquiry of "Cab, sir?" and were uttered in just the same alert and persuasive manner. Seen among a dozen *araba*-drivers at a *khan*, I should have approached this man first of all. His qualifications were soon stated and revealed. He was a Moslem, Achmet by name, who knew all roads; his horses were good—his *araba* likewise; he would go anywhere; he would start to-morrow; and when snow was mentioned he remarked, "Let us see it," in a spirit of "Let 'em all come," that was entirely satisfactory. And the fare he asked was reasonable, even low; there was nothing of the barefaced attempt at robbery which so often infuriates the traveller who has dealings with Greek and Armenian drivers and *khan*-keepers. I engaged Achmet forthwith to accompany me to Marsovan, three days' journey on foot, telling him that if he pleased me he should go farther. To this he piously replied, "*Inshallah*" (may it be God's will)!

The next morning Achmet called for me before seven, and a few minutes later the *araba*, drawn by two cream-coloured, well-conditioned ponies, was

bumping noisily over the cobbles towards the foot of the mountain-road. Rain had ceased, but the morning was cold and gloomy and clouds were hanging low. In a short while we reached the olive groves, now encroached upon by the town, and said to be only a remnant of what they once had been, even in recent years. Ancient, and gnarled, and twisted, the trees seemed to stoop wearily like aged forlorn men without part in the times to which they had survived. Some of these old grey trees must have seen the decline and obliteration of Greek Amisus.

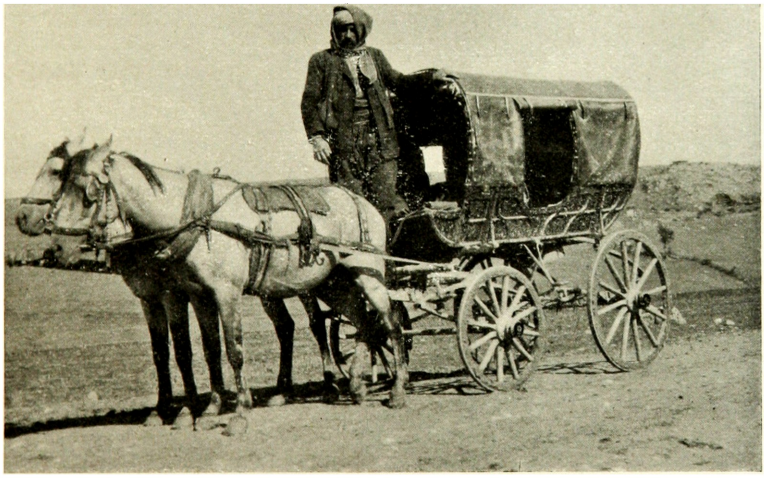
As events befell I did not set out along the Bagdad Road alone. A party of Americans, on their way to join the American Mission at Marsovan, had come with me from Constantinople; and they and I left Samsûn together. We made a rather ill-assorted company of travellers, for five were all for haste, and I, the sixth, was all for lingering. But on the long climb to the pass a pedestrian could go faster than the *arabas*, so now and then I walked beside a most pleasant and entertaining American girl. Here was an unexpected sort of companion indeed to find on the Bagdad Road. She was not long from college (Wellesley I think); had rowed in the college eight, and tramped and camped throughout the summer in New England pine-woods. From these scenes she had passed in six weeks to a mountain-road in Asia filled with Oriental traffic, and throbbing with the sound of bells; and the road was the Bagdad Road, with Bagdad somewhere at the other end; and by a turning off it, as she remarked, might be reached Jerusalem, and the Sea of Galilee, and the river Jordan. She found thrills at every turn. Now a long string of sneering betasselled camels with small bells under their necks and great bells hanging like stirrups. Now a party of fierce-looking gaily-dressed men on foot, their faces burnt to blackness by the sun on long journeying, their legs plastered with mud. Next were two men at the roadside, their arms soaked in blood to the elbows, absorbed in the work of flaying

a dead camel. And then it was a little group coming down the slope which caught her eye. She looked at it with extreme curiosity that presently passed into something else and led me to look more closely myself. I saw a portly able-bodied Turk riding comfortably on a donkey and smoking, while his wife, carrying two young children, trudged heavily in the mud behind, and now and then managed to get in a blow at the animal by way of driving it. As an American girl my companion thought she would never see a more astonishing sight anywhere.

In going up to the pass the road seldom hid itself in hollows; it therefore commanded wide views. On the eastern horizon a thin blue line, dotted with blue blocks like silhouetted buildings, rose gradually out of the sea; and beyond the extremity of the line were similar blocks which appeared to be floating. It looked like a mirage, but was, in fact, the delta of two confluent rivers known in early times as the Iris and Lycus. During ages the delta has pushed itself out some fifteen miles from the mountains and formed a little triangular plain, dotted now with isolated clumps of trees. Looking on this low land we beheld, indeed, the home of a famous legend. For on the farther side of the plain a small river, now called the Termeh Su, crosses it after coming from the mountains and falls into the sea. And the Termeh Su was of old the Thermodon, from the mountains of Amazonia, and the country around it the land of Amazons.

For miles our road climbed steadily, overhanging the great ravine of the Merd Su; a ravine so deep, and whose slopes converge so steeply, that in dull light the river below looked more distant than the opposite slope. That bold scarp went up to a massive rounded summit, and there showed a cap of forest high above the spur on which we travelled. But its lower slopes were formless and naked and brown, except for wandering patches of brushwood and here and there a thin waterfall hanging like a long wisp of lace down the surface of rock.

Bagdad Road above Samsûn.



Achmet and *Araba*.

At the pass the air was clear enough for a yet wider view of land and sea. It went for seventy or eighty miles along the coast from the delta of the Iris to the delta of the Halys, and covered much of the Turkish province of Djannik, in which are the rich tobacco-lands of Baffra and Samsûn. It is a province of fertile coast-plains and inland valleys, and especially of fertile mountain-sides. In the time of ripening crops the far-off slopes—often so steep that ploughing seems impossible—are dotted closely with haphazard yellow squares and oblongs looking like carelessly affixed postage stamps. But now, except for distant snow and breadths of oak scrub and pine forest, these swelling mountains of the coast, like enormous steep-sided downs tumbled in confusion and broken here and there by deep valleys and ravines, were all dressed in russet. Under the leaden sky scarcely could a few low-roofed villages be distinguished against the drab background.

Over this Turkish Black Sea coast and a deep hinterland pertaining to it Russia holds treaty rights of no little importance. Without her approval no concession for railway or harbour construction, mining, oil-fields, and the like, may be granted by the Ottoman Government to any foreigner other than Russian. The territory shows few Russian subjects and little Russian commerce; but all the same upon it rests the shadow of that Power which has already taken Caucasian provinces and the northern shores of the Black Sea from the Ottoman, and whose advance is like inexorable destiny. The Moslem population of Anatolia recognises no national enemy but Russia, and looks for further Russian aggression as a matter of course. Indeed all the varied inhabitants of Northern Anatolia live in expectancy of Russian annexation, an event which each race sees from a different point of view. Moslems contemplate it gloomily with the fatalism of their creed, Armenians with hope, as bringing deliverance, and Greeks with feelings drawing them both ways; for

although Greeks of these regions know well enough that they would benefit by Russian dominion, yet many have reservations prompted by dreams of a Greek Empire. They remember that this coast was part of the ancient Hellenic world, and that both coast and interior belonged to the medieval Greek Empire which fell to the Turk, and Russia therefore becomes to them merely a second interloper succeeding to the first.

It is curious how this strained anticipation of political change displays itself even in times of peace. Without a cloud being on the political horizon rumours arise along the coast and go flying upon all roads, multiplying and acquiring strange details as they go. So it is that far inland one may hear of the Russian fleet seen making for Trebizond; of crowded Russian transports discovered hovering at night or in fog off Samsûn or Sinope; of Russian armies gathering in this place or that on the Caucasian border. One may even hear, as I have heard twice, that a Russian force has actually seized Samsûn.

Nor do these stories seem so very far-fetched after all, except as to their details, if you have spent any time in Anatolia, and voyaged on the Black Sea and considered what that sea is to Russia. So doing the conviction is forced on you that sooner or later Russia will hold the Straits and the Coveted City, or be kept out only by some Power altogether more mighty in arms. German policy in the Near East would have created that compelling Power, but with the failure of German ambitions Russia's road lies open and inevitable. She will possess the Straits, and will not, in the long-run, be satisfied with a detached fragment of territory containing them. She will require continuous territory, and because that corridor cannot well be obtained in Europe she will secure it amply in Asia, and run her trains upon her own soil from the Caucasus to the Bosphorus.

After going some distance along the level road at the top of the pass, I was able to look inland and

judge my prospects for travelling. No snow was visible except upon the higher ranges, and on those it lay thinly. The mountains of the coast had intercepted the fall, and before me extended, under the clouds, a sun-baked country of brown slopes and valleys, and pine-clad ridges, and great breadths of oak and beech scrub. It even seemed to have had but little rain.

Somewhere hereabouts a dark face enveloped in a *bashluk* rose cautiously in the low close scrub upon my left, and peered up and down the road as we passed. No sooner did I see it than it dropped out of sight again. There was nothing sinister in the incident; but it gave a sense of mystery and possible adventure to the spot, as a place where some one lurked who had his reasons for wishing to remain unseen.

Twenty miles from Samsûn the village of Chakallu (Place of Jackals) lies in the deep valley behind the coast range. Here I halted for the night; but the Americans went on, to use the remaining daylight for a long stage, and so reach Marsovan the following afternoon. What with pleasant company and the prospect of dry travelling ahead, even of a Little Summer yet to come, my first day on the Bagdad Road had gone better than I could have hoped.

A *khan* on the great highway bears some resemblance in arrangement to an old English coaching inn. The building is of two floors and lies against the road, and has an archway through it large enough for vehicles to reach the courtyard and stabling behind. Beside the entrance is a common-room, where drivers sleep and eat and smoke, and a stall for the sale of coffee. From the courtyard a rough external staircase ascends to a balcony, off which the upper rooms open. Such a *khan* was the one I entered at Chakallu.

Nor is the building the only resemblance between a *khan* and an old-time inn. To meet me came the *khan*-keeper, in manner very much the attentive and

welcoming host, and yet one who stood upon a certain dignity. He would have nothing to do with handling baggage. That was the work of underlings—perhaps his sons—who would look for tips when I left, and whose opportunities of earning them were not to be diminished by the master's interference. Meanwhile another underling, with the unmistakably horsey air of an ostler despite his enormously baggy breeches and beslippered feet, helped Achmet to unharness. He was called Ali, was thin-featured and dark, and a glance showed him to be a man of distinctive personality and master of his calling. As if entirely for his own information, he ran a quick hand down the fore-leg of one pony. Then he threw each long trailing tail into a loose knot, gave each beast a friendly punch in the ribs to start it from the shaft, and led the pair to the stable with an accompaniment of soft whistling that doubtless meant something to himself and them. In the stable, Achmet, as careful owner, rubbed down the ponies, and gave them barley; but Ali returned to the yard, and pushed the *araba* about, getting it into position for the time when the whole space would be packed with vehicles. As a last duty he unshipped the pole and placed it on the ground between the wheels. He then was free to resume his stool beside the entrance, and roll another cigarette, and drink another small cup of black coffee.

While these scenes went on below, and the luggage was being carried upstairs, a tall young *odabashi*, or room attendant, took me to a room. He produced a bunch of big keys, unlocked the door, and flung it open with a flourish; for it was "the best room in the inn," one, moreover, in the position of chief honour, being above the entrance archway. Floor, walls, and ceiling were of unpainted boards. For blinds the windows were screened by lengths of dirty white cotton nailed along the top. Dust lay thick on the floor and rickety table, the only article in the room except a red earthenware pitcher. On

the walls were smears of blood, where gorged and lethargic *tahkta bitis* — horrifying insect to British housewives — had perished under the hand or slipper of enraged owners of the blood. But there were also projecting nails, upon which articles might be hung, and that, in my experience, was not a bad test of a *khan*.

A Turkish *khan* provides nothing but the room, light, and water, with fire as an extra; everything else the traveller carries with him. For this reason a good deal of baggage is necessary when journeying in Asia Minor, even for natives. As for me, although a pedestrian, and therefore one who might be supposed to go light, I was accompanied by gear that, when spread out, looked enough for a harem. Nor could I reduce it, though I had often tried. My folding bed, mattress that rolled up, blankets, sleeping-bag and pillow, did not amount to much, and packed into a single canvas bag. It was the food I carried, and appliances for cooking—a sort of glittering travelling kitchen—that made such a bewildering display, and required so much time to unpack and assemble and pack up again at each halting-place. Cholera was still in the land, and precautions against it were necessary. Therefore I set out with the fixed resolve to cook everything myself; to drink nothing without first boiling it or seeing it boiled; to scorch each slice of bread I ate; and do my own washing-up. For these purposes I had two stoves, one burning paraffin vapour, the other methylated spirit. And to contain food and stores in daily use and keep them from contamination was a whole battery of aluminium screw-stoppered canisters and boxes of various sizes, besides cooking utensils, plates, cups, and the like, and also a lamp. With precautions and this outfit I hoped to escape not only cholera, but typhoid — the plague of Asia Minor, which every one is said to get, sooner or later, who travels much in the interior.

Notwithstanding these domestic appliances, the problem of food was not altogether a simple one.

For bread, eggs, potatoes, fruit, and *yoghourt* I looked to the country; the rest I carried, and that, as several weeks' supply, came to a good deal. Some like to travel and eat native foods, thinking they give added pleasure to a journey. Not so ran my tastes. There was to be no beginning the day stayed only on coffee and bread or coffee without bread; I intended to have good honest English breakfasts the whole way. So I had a supply of bacon, Cambridge sausages, beef, soups, jams, butter, milk, and cheese all in tin, also cocoa and tea. Of English tobacco, too, I had provided three pounds. The knowledge that always ready to hand were stores for several weeks, and that I could cook and eat when and where I felt inclined, conferred a feeling of independence beside which the trouble involved counted for nothing. To complete the outfit, and make it suitable for all circumstances, were a powerful Browning with two hundred rounds, and a heavy steel-pointed stick for use against dogs. So equipped, I thought myself competent to go anywhere, and looked forward to mountain roads and paths, and wild places, with confidence and anticipation.

Perhaps Chakallu is the most crowded place of halt to be found on the Bagdad Road. Excepting fast *arabas*, nearly everything going out of or into Samsûn passes the first or last night of the journey in this small village. As afternoon draws on caravans and vehicles making for the various *khans* and camping-grounds pour in from both directions, to the sound of jingling bells, and complaining animals, and groaning wheels; and they come with colour of every sort, and either in deep dust or mud. During these hours the stone bridge which crosses the brawling Merd Su becomes a spot of seeing and hearing that belongs to the East of tradition, and also to the Middle Ages.

And then after dark the scene has changed so completely that the place no longer seems the same. The road is white and vacant, and dies away in

gloom on either hand; dozens of camp fires glow around you; the smell of wood smoke is in the air; and for sound is heard a level murmur of unseen men and animals, broken now and then by the clink of chain hobbles, or a jackal howling on the mountain, or may be by a shot.

During the evening I looked into the common-room used by drivers, an apartment whose diverse inmates are of unending interest in all *khans*. It was a mass of swarthy figures dimly seen through clouds of tobacco-smoke by the light of a single lamp. Already some were lying down, pillowed on harness as their most valued possession, and wrapped in hairy black cloaks; but many more were seated cross-legged exchanging news. For in a land without a Press these evening gathering-places of men who have come long distances are the true homes of rumour which passes for news. And such rumours they are too! Not as news, indeed, but as lurid and picturesquely embroidered stories reflecting conditions of life, and the hopes and fears and hatreds of many races, the amazing fantasies of such wayside common-rooms are a delight. Old travellers say that with experience it becomes possible to treat these fabulous tales of a simple folk as ill-coded messages, and extract from them some element of truth.

CHAPTER III.

Tipping at Chakallu *khan*—Goats one of the curses of mankind—A weird beggar—On the great plateau of Asia Minor—Kara Dagh and its robbers—A Roman road—An ancient and modern watering-place—A fashionable *khan* at Khavsa—Absence of women in Turkish travelling—Ritual of coffee-making—Gorge of the "Flowing Backwards" river—Flour mills—Difficulties with camels—A Greek fisherman—I leave the Bagdad Road—Walnut groves, vineyards, and burying-grounds at Marsovan.

WHEN I looked out of my window at six the next morning the road was filled with a raw autumnal fog. A little later Achmet appeared, to see for himself when he might hope to get away, for like all of his calling he loved an early start. Already the *khan* was empty. In my sleep I had heard vehicles rumbling off, and the clatter and talking and jingling of bells which announce the coming of dawn in a *khan*. And now, like one left behind by his fellows, my driver was ill at ease. It was eight o'clock when the boys carried my luggage to the *araba*, and only then did Achmet bring his ponies from the stable, fearing lest by standing in harness they might be chilled. He lost no time now, and drew out of the yard even before I had distributed tips.

After paying the *khan*-keeper I looked round for his satellites. There they all were, busy, cheerful in anticipation, but all with the eye and expression of body that tip-seekers the world over display at the right moment. And these Ottomans had nothing to learn from any of the fraternity in the matter of tactical adroitness. With an air of all imaginable

innocence they had contrived to place themselves between me and the gate, and maintained their position there until I called them.

Beyond the *khan* the road soon began to ascend, and as it did so the fog thinned, blue sky showed in the rifts, and in a little while the sun appeared. For a time we travelled in a narrow valley with scrub-covered slopes, and a stream in the bottom; but presently the valley ended, and the road coiled itself into long loops with hairpin bends to reach the pass. There was a steep direct track, going through low scrub, on the mountain-side, and up this I went in lightness of heart. Here was travelling such as I had often sought and not often found. A wild land, a climbing mountain-path, sunshine and cool air, and upon me a strong consciousness of having got somehow into the world's earlier and more romantic days. Not a little of my illusion was due to the sounds that floated through the stillness of this green mountain-side. For I could hear Achmet crooning a plaintive Turkish melody to himself, and the jingling of his ponies; and with his distant falsetto across the woods came the measured hollow beating of camel-bells as a caravan slowly wended down from the pass. And while I stood to listen, a far-away tremulous piping struck in, not from one point only but from two—the reed-pipes of goatherd boys, sitting with their flocks about them on the sunny hillside.

It is a story of that dignified and official body, the British Levant Consular Service, that a Vice-Consul began one of his official reports with this surprising and seemingly irrelevant paradox: "The goat is one of the curses of mankind."

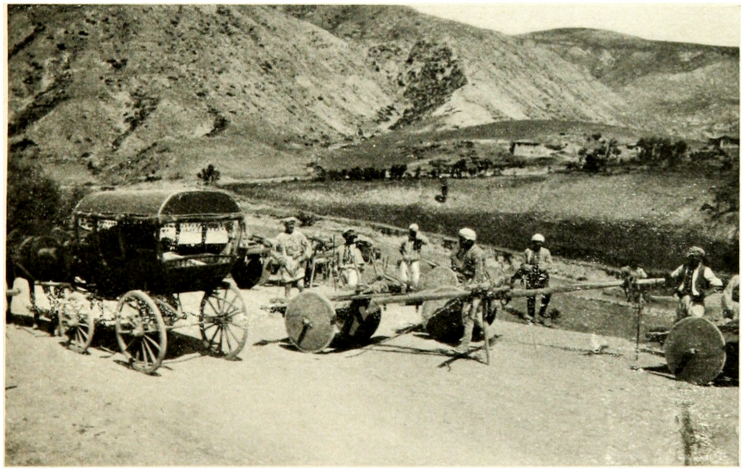
Now although the writer in the fervour of conviction may have plunged too abruptly into his subject, yet it would appear that he had the truth of the matter in him, at least as to parts of Anatolia. No one can see without surprise and curiosity the oak and beech scrub which covers so much of the country. It seems to consist of some unfamiliar dwarf species.

The bushes all grow to about the same height, and there they stop, though to the eye the oak and beech of the forest. It is a puzzle until you see the cause; but even then there is difficulty at first in realising that the cause is so universal and unfailing in operation. Pass through these districts and you find goats among the scrub in thousands, each little flock of fifty or a hundred in charge of a goatherd and fierce dog; and often, as you go, a sapient bearded head rises above the bushes, and the animal, standing on its hind-legs, nibbles off the topmost young shoots in demonstration of how the universal goat controls the scrub.

Within living memory these areas, or large portions of them, were covered with heavy forest. Although the forest has been recklessly felled, nature would have restored it—has, in fact, begun to do so—but after the felling came the profitable goat in myriads and arrested nature's process. As another result, a land that never had too much rainfall now receives less; and much of what it does receive goes off quickly instead of being retained. To this fact bear witness washed-out roads, fans of shingle and detritus spread at the foot of gullies, and many dry water-courses showing high on their sides the litter of sudden floods.

I reached the summit of the pass long before the *araba*, and found there a little *kahveh*, a place of welcome refreshment for man and beast. So I sat on a bench before it, and took coffee with the *kahveh*-keeper while awaiting Achmet, and looked over the deep valley to the range of Kara Dagh which I was to cross during the day. Larks were singing in a blue sky. The fog had melted into thin wisps that rolled and dissolved while I watched them in the wooded glens below. The sun was hot, and the air clear and fresh as spring. Winter seemed far off—and so it proved to be. This glorious weather of the Little Summer into which I had come was to go with me, almost without break, for more than six hundred miles.

Beggar of the Bagdad Road.



Traffic on Bagdad Road, near Khavsa.

As we rose out of the next valley a donkey and a figure on the ground beside it attracted my attention. They were in the shadow of a solitary tree growing at the roadside. The donkey stood with drooping head, the picture of patience, but the figure moved in curious fashion, and I went up to look more closely. And now it appeared that I had fallen into the trap of a beggar, one of those mendicants who infest the road and profit by their infirmities. He sprang up and asked for alms, and because these were not immediately forthcoming went on all-fours and showed a number of antics, imitating a dog and goat and other animals to admiration. Then I saw that he was without thighs; that the knee-joint was at the hip, the leg rigid, and only half the usual length. With his grim bearded face thrust upwards, and the odd movements of his little legs, he lacked only a stump of tail to make me think I had come upon a satyr in life. At last I photographed him, and gave him three piastres for his trouble. Achmet protested against the amount: the fellow was rich, he said, and added with apparent admiration that he had two or perhaps three wives. But I heard afterwards that Achmet had exaggerated the beggar's standing not only in goods but in wives, seemingly as a matter of principle. For he was ever hostile to beggars, and jealous of all to whom I gave tips. As a hard-working, honest, thrifty man, it galled him to see worthless folk receiving good money for nothing—gifts that, he suspected, might diminish his own gratuity at the journey's end.

From Samsûn to the pass of Kara Dagh had been a switchback road, that crossed three mountain-ranges and two deep valleys in a matter of forty miles. But at Kara Dagh I reached the great central plateau of Asia Minor, which stands from 2500 to 4000 feet above the sea. It is a plateau of geography and not of the eye—the general level of interior plains and valleys from which chains of mountains ascend and leave you quite unconscious of any high supporting tableland.

But it has this effect: the mountains always seem low for the height recorded by map or aneroid. So when from the pass of Kara Dagh I looked southward to Ak Dagh's 7000-feet ridge ten miles away, it had no more dignity than a Welsh mountain. It had a crest of snow, and its flanks were broken and wooded, and here and there on its blue spurs above Ladik rose thin columns of smoke from charcoal-burners' fires; it had beauty and suggestion, but of real majesty little. It was a mountain defrauded of its full estate.

Ak Dagh means the White Mountain, from the snow it carries, and Kara Dagh the Black Mountain, from the pine forests along its summits above the pass. Kara Dagh has not only a sinister name, but a reputation in keeping. If storms are abroad, they are at their worst in this simple-looking pass which is little more than 3000 feet in height. You may, indeed, get rain and hail upon it, when to the north and south a mile or two away you find good weather. Here, too, winter snow is deep, though elsewhere towards the sea it may be light. And in days, not a generation since, when robbery by armed bands was of greater frequency than now, this pass of Kara Dagh was a place of doubly evil fame. It is told of the last well-known band which haunted this district that all went well with them until they ventured on a Turkish officer. Hitherto they had robbed, almost with impunity, whom they chose; had killed when killing served their purpose; and had been known to leave three dead Armenian travellers set out in an orderly row by the wayside; but they went too far when, in a high-flown moment, they shot a Turkish major in the leg. To shoot a soldier or *zaptieh* is the one unforgivable sin in this country, and so it proved for these. A relentless hunting followed, and in a running fight of several hours among the open pine-woods on Kara Dagh the band was destroyed.

A little way inland from the summit of the pass are remains of a Roman road. Some of its closely-

fitted stones, one supposed, had seen the legions, and Byzantine lancers, and Georgian mercenaries of the Empire of Trebizond, and then, most picturesque of all, the Seljuk cavalry. And now, as I passed, across them rode a figure who represented the Osmanlis—a shabby blue *zaptieh* with slung rifle, mounted on a grey with sweeping tail. And I wondered who next these wise old stones would see as rulers.

From this point a long, hot, dusty road descended gently with many windings to the small town of Khavsa, which faced me from its sunburnt hillside for more than two hours. A parched, uninteresting country lay on either side,—treeless, with little cultivation and few villages. But under slanting sunlight the mountains stood in delicate blues and purples, with pink on the snow, and hollows and swellings carried subtle variations of light and shade; and a brilliant atmosphere seemed to varnish all distant features. By this time, also, we had overtaken the general body of south-going traffic, and peasants carrying their purchases were returning slowly from market. Amid these scenes I went down into Khavsa for the night uncomplaining, despite heat and dust and a dull country.

Khavsa is a watering-place whose reputation extends far over Anatolia. Its fame for medicinal baths goes back to Roman times; and now as then many come to take the waters, but more especially to bathe in them.

Baths, and large rambling *khans*, and a few eating-houses—better, perhaps, than the average—are all the attractions that Khavsa can show its visitors at the present day. For the rest it is dirty and insignificant: geese and fowls and dogs wander at large in its streets; there is scarcely a green tree in sight,—the town concerns itself entirely with elementals. Yet it seems to have been, at one time, a place with pretensions. I saw fragments of marble columns, and friezes, and tiles, also a small bronze vessel, like an amphora, that had been unearthed here; and

there were said to be Greek inscriptions built into the walls of the baths.

The *khan* to which Achmet took me as the one he liked best was large and rambling and old. It had two floors of interior balconies supported by wooden posts, and would have been picturesque in any other land, but by no goodwill of imagination could be called picturesque in its present condition here. It was flimsy and rickety and dilapidated. There were broken boards and windows; plaster was falling from walls; holes were patched by pieces of paraffin-tins; and the quadrangle itself, with its horses and dogs and fowls, had the appearance of a farmyard. Yet as *khans* went the building was passably clean, and a good many visitors found it well enough to their liking. Through half-open doors on the balcony I saw into rooms littered with bedding, and cooking utensils, and food, and articles of dress, and heard the voices of women and children. Evidently families in search of health thought nothing of herding together three or four or five in a room while taking the baths.

Soon after getting in I found the jar in my room empty, and therefore called loudly from the balcony for water, as a thing strangely overlooked in a *khan* of such fashion and importance. No one was in sight below, and my shouting, if heard, passed unheeded. So it became necessary to wait upon myself; but as I went, earthenware jar in hand, a voice beside me said, "Here is water," and a female arm slid round a nearly-closed door and placed a tin vessel outside. The door was shut when I returned the tin, and remained so whenever I passed afterwards, and I never saw the person who had shown kindness to a stranger and foreigner.

But water was still my need, and not wishing to shout again, I set out once more with the jar. This time I came upon three well-dressed women in a dark corner of the balcony, who fluttered off like startled doves at my approach, and covered their heads with

white shawls as they went, more concerned, it would appear, to hide their faces than their legs,—though these, I believe, were stockingless. I had disturbed a water-party, and in this way discovered that of which I was in search. The women had been gathered round a paraffin-tin standing on a low shelf, drawing water from it by the smallest and most tedious tap man ever made. This home-made cistern contained the supply for inmates on our balcony, and was replenished from time to time as thought necessary by a careless man-servant. Little water remained in it now, and for a moment I doubted what to do. Should I draw off what was left, thinking only of my own convenience? Should the startled women presently return to find that the Englishman had driven them away in order to seize the water? Such are the problems that may arise in a fashionable *khan*. I solved this problem by going down to the yard and having my earthenware jar filled there.

Perhaps the sharpest and most impressive contrast between Turkish and European life that a traveller finds in Asia Minor arises from the Moslem seclusion of women. And not Moslem women only are withdrawn from view. The custom extends in large degree to women of all the Christian populations. As a general principle women are beings to be kept out of sight as much as possible. So you go through the country waited upon by men; your food is cooked by men; in shops you are served always by men. At *khans* you never see the equivalent of the innkeeper's buxom wife, never the innkeeper's comely daughter, never a cheerful maid-servant. It is much the same in the streets of villages and towns. There indeed you see women sometimes; but they go timidly; they are closely veiled, or have their heads more or less enveloped in shawls. Even peasant women working in the fields will twitch some kind of covering over the face as you pass, or turn their heads away, though you may be thirty or forty yards off. You see women if you enter the homes of Christians, and

may see them also if a Moslem peasant receives you in his house for the night. But in general you travel through a womanless world, and by so much find your comfort and not a little of the charm of travelling gone.

While I sat in the drivers' common-room next morning, waiting for the *araba* to be got ready, the attendant occupied himself in a leisurely manner by roasting and pounding coffee. The berries were spread on a sheet of thin iron placed over a slow charcoal fire in a square brazier. From time to time he moved the beans, took off those sufficiently roasted, and added fresh. With a large handful of berries roasted and ready he began pounding, using a heavy, ancient-looking, well-moulded brass mortar and pestle which I coveted exceedingly. Pounding is a slow process, for these Turkish experts in coffee-making are not satisfied with the gritty fineness produced by a coffee-mill. They demand that the berry shall be reduced to impalpable dust even finer than flour. There is, too, a sort of ritual in the brewing, without which a Turk does not get the coffee he likes. So now, when I called for coffee, the man poured about two egg-cups of water into a small brass *jezveh*—a vessel like a mug with a long handle —and added a teaspoonful of coffee dust and a lump of sugar. Then he pushed the *jezveh* into the edge of the embers and watched it closely. When the contents rose in froth he drew the vessel back. Three times he slowly pushed the *jezveh* into the dull embers and drew it back as the froth rose. After the third frothing the coffee was ready. You may think the coffee of Paris best of all, or the coffee of Vienna, as some do ; but in Turkey you will find better, and whether it be taken black, or converted into *café au lait*, as the sort preferred, you will declare that this is coffee and the others are not.

From Khavsa, the inland road turns down a narrow rocky gorge along which flows the Tersikan Su—the Flowing Backwards river. It rises in Ladik lake, on

the northern side of Ak Dagh, and thence runs away from the sea to join the Yeshil Irmak at Amasia. When the gorge opens a little a strip of cultivated land fills the bottom. Here are flour-mills too,—in a land of small rainfall and deficient rivers they gather thickly beside each suitable stream,—with something of the traditional romance of all country flour-mills driven by water or wind. One here lay white in the sunshine, a few trees beside it; there was the flashing of water, the purring of stones, the kindly white dust of flour on everything within, and a sense of the miller being a hearty, prosperous, independent fellow. These Ottoman millers, like millers the world over, are charged with making illicit gains; but a custom of the country bears hardly upon them sometimes, for a body of farmers will go now and then and give a miller of undue prosperity a beating.

In parts of this gorge the narrow road went with a low stone wall between it and a sheer deep drop to the river. Caravan followed caravan—hundreds of camels in line, whose loads, projecting like a great pannier on either side, sometimes left little room for passing vehicles; and camels go straight and do not step aside for anything. But that was Achmet's trouble, not mine. I had got into the bottom of the gorge and could hear him shouting from time to time, and see the caravans like a moving chain crawling slowly along the mountain-side.

Camels travel tied head and tail, from saddle to head-stall, in sevens or eights. The halters of horse-hair rope are of great strength, but in the coupling between each pair of animals a link is provided breakable by slight strain. You may see a camel suddenly fling his head into the air and snap this link, the wisp of wool by which his halter is tied to the saddle of the next in front. That is as it should be, what the weak link is for, and the camel-man comes back presently and restores the lashing. You are told that had nothing given way the beast would have gone mad, and begun to plunge and scream, and set the

whole group doing likewise, with broken legs and necks as the inevitable result. But the irksome tether broken the beast is satisfied at once, and goes forward without faltering in his lurching stride.

Beside a pool somewhere in this gorge I had one of those instantaneous glimpses, like through a narrow window in passing, which seem to be into the ancient past. It was over in a second or two, but in that time I saw what the Greek sculptors saw and were able to arrest in statuary. A man, naked except for a pair of thin white cotton "shorts," had been netting fish in the pool. He had just waded out of the water and was standing on the bank. He was young, brown-skinned, sunburnt, and black-haired: not big, but exceedingly well-formed and muscular, — the muscles of his arms and chest and legs seemed to creep as he moved. Presently he gathered the net loosely into one hand and began whirling it round his head—to dry it, I supposed—and so doing fell into a natural and unconscious pose which had in it the very spirit of Greek sculpture. He stood erect—his legs parted, yet not too widely—his head thrown back; one arm swung the rapidly whirling net, the other was thrown out with easy grace for balance. He was in sunlight; behind him water; behind the water bushes and rocks on a climbing hillside. Such chance visions the old sculptors saw, too, from time to time. They saw and carried in mind, and with striving and adequate craftsmanship endowed their work with the spirit they had so caught. And the beings, male and female, who provided these rare transitory visions, were the product of their environment—that favoured and peculiar combination of sea and mountain and island, and warm pellucid atmosphere, and sunshine and sky and colour, and rock and stream and wood, which is found in and around the Ægean Sea, and nowhere else.

I knew that this man must be a Greek, but asked him in order to make sure; hoping to find, also, that he called himself Alcibiades, or Pericles, or Homeros,

as many do in this country. But he called himself merely Christos, which, though Greek enough, carries no glamour, and pertains rather to that modern Greece whose Western admirers, gazing from afar, pathetically think is capable of living up to the ancient fame.

A couple of hours beyond Khavsa, the highway divided just as the gorge opened to the plain of Marsovan. On the left the Bagdad Road crossed the river by an old high-pitched stone bridge of a single pointed arch, and went off along the hillside for Amasia; the other road climbed low spurs on the right, to reach the plain and town of Marsovan. I wished to visit this town, which lay about ten miles distant in the south-west, so here I left the Bagdad Road for a time.

In a little while a wide dark belt of trees, which I knew for the vineyards and orchards and walnut groves of Marsovan, began to rise above the brown plain in the distance. And then, as I drew nearer, appeared on my right a minaret, showing now and then over the domes of walnut foliage. It was the minaret of Marinja's village mosque — obscure Marinja that nevertheless had sent a son of hers into Europe once, where he made stir and commotion enough for a time.

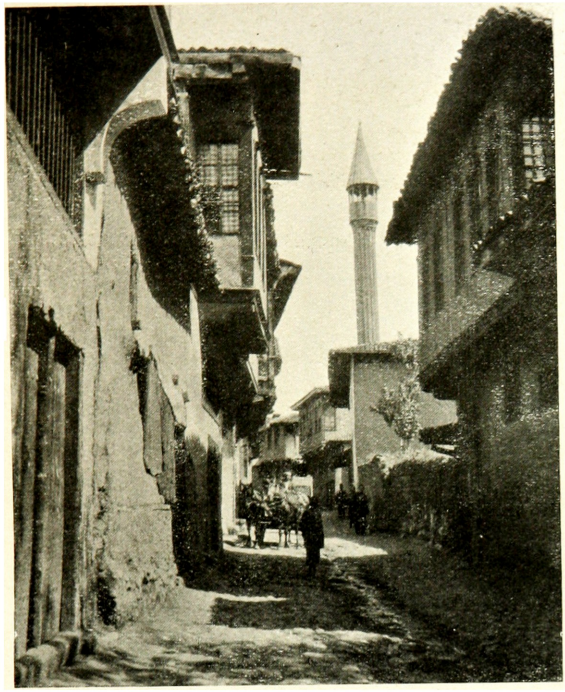
Vineyards and orchards and gardens, closely set and luxuriant, surround Marsovan wherever water can be brought by irrigation. Through these I passed, following a narrow lane between rough hedges of hawthorn tangled with wild clematis and overhung by walnut-trees. Next came the burying-grounds, on the edge of the town, Moslem and Christian apart, with the freshly-made graves of many cholera victims, and the great mournful heap of loose stones piled above Armenian victims of a massacre. The path then went among houses, climbing a low hill, and at the top, through a gateway with a gatehouse above it, I entered the walled compound of the American Mission.

CHAPTER IV.

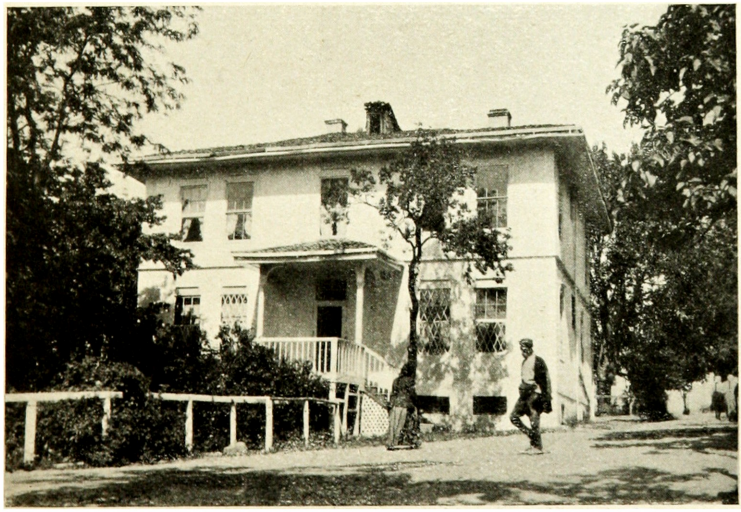
Marsovan—Vineyard quarrels—The Tash *Khan* as a place of refuge—Armenians and Turks—Pistols—Kara Mustapha Pasha: Donkey-driver, Janissary, Grand Vizier—His plot—His defeat at Vienna—His death by bowstring.

MARSOVAN is one of the few towns in Asia Minor without historical interest, or that does not at least stand upon the site of some known ancient city. It never had any importance of its own. It lay upon no great route of armies, and never was a fortress, for it had no natural features of the kind thought suitable in early times for the making of one. It has always been a plain market-town in a district of husbandmen; and town and district have the reputation among Turks of being a sort of Ottoman Bœotia, or worse. "Like a Merzifounli" is a reproach that may imply dulness, or boorishness, or bad manners.

Yet it is a town fortunate in its situation. It is built just where the abrupt range of Tafshan Dagh, rising to nearly 6000 feet behind, meets the plain in gentle slopes and downs. In front of the town the ground sinks gently for three or four hundred feet; and thence the plain, eight or ten miles in width, with Ak Dagh on the north and lesser mountains on the south, goes forward to the second gorge of the Tersikan Su and the enormous blue precipices of Amasia twenty-five or thirty miles away. Past the town, in a little valley, runs the Chai—a mountain stream where it issues from its deep glen in Tafshan



Street in Marsovan.



In the Mission Compound, Marsovan.

Dagh. But there the water is snatched away at once in channels for irrigation, and only enough flows along the natural course to make a few unpleasant pools among the shingle.

Marsovan is a warren of narrow alleys and streets and courts, such as might be expected in a walled city but not in an open town of 20,000 souls. And yet from a little distance it makes a good appearance; for many of its buildings, though only of sun-dried brick, are plastered externally, and give the effect of a white town with red-brown roofs. Up to this huddle of white walls and warm roofs upon rising ground come vineyards and orchards and gardens, the custom being to build closely in towns, and for each householder of substance to have his piece of cultivated land in the immediate outskirts. Here, therefore, for a mile outside the dwellings, are innumerable plots divided by paths and water-courses, and dotted with huts for summer dwelling standing amidst trees and vines.

Farmers and cultivators of the district get wheat and barley, vegetables and fruit—grapes, apples, apricots, melons, cherries—in profusion. By merely scratching the surface with a wooden plough and sowing broadcast, there comes in June tall bearded wheat, heavy and long of ear, that rustles in the wind across the slopes. And down in hollow places the ground is hidden by rank waving poppies, grown for opium as the most profitable crop of all. It is a fat land, which yields all things for little labour, if you do but supply water.

With each piece of garden ground is the right to water in proportion upon payment; the water measured by time of flow. When a cultivator's turn for irrigating comes he must make sure of his opportunity or suffer loss. He has a few hours of haste and hard labour—leading the stream into the rows, damming them, opening the dams, and making as many channels as possible to drink up the fluid. It may be also a time of quarrels for him, of standing

stiffly upon his rights, or going without his due of water. For instance, Ali, when his time of watering comes, may find no water at all in the public channel; or perhaps the flow is small and insufficient. Whereupon Ali goes up-stream, anger in his eye. He has known this sort of thing before; knows, too, how to deal with it. He has to go, perhaps, some distance before he finds that a certain fellow named Abdul has dammed the channel and is feloniously diverting water. Without much waste of time in expostulation Ali kicks away the dam of earth and grass. From this stage it may be a short one to the next—perhaps only a step,—and Ali and Abdul pass from mere words to hasty shooting, being men who carry arms. Thereupon results another case for the Mission hospital—or very likely two, for the range is short and both opponents filled with purpose.

Notwithstanding that Marsovan is so meanly built, and has nothing to tell of a past better than the present, there are a few substantial stone buildings which go back for nearly three hundred years. They provide glimpses revealing that the people had it in them to create towns distinctive in style, and satisfactory, and failed of so doing by very little. You perceive that with a slight increase of motive to set industry and energy going, perhaps with no more than a change of one or two theological beliefs, these Moslems would have built towns comparable with any of the time.

Such a glimpse is that of a tall, massive, old stone wall enclosing a mosque yard. In the wall is a heavily arched doorway, through which is got a hint of railed tombs, of a fountain canopy supported by columns, and of oriental figures in bright colours coming and going. Above the wall appears the mosque, banded in parti-coloured stones, and an ancient plane-tree, whose huge contorted trunk and limbs seem disproportionate even to the great height and spread of foliage. Without the old wall is a

narrow street, having white buildings on one side with upper stories overhanging, and windows screened by wrought-iron scroll-work. In the breadth of cool shadow thrown by the wall are more oriental figures; but these are seated on low stools, and are careful to keep themselves just clear of the fierce white light which runs beside them; so the shadow is full of figures, and the sunlight falls on vacant street. For here is a sort of open-air café, where indolent men linger away the day with coffee and gossip and cigarettes, heedless of the industrious clanging of smiths' hammers, beating out vessels in the copper bazaar not far away.

Another of these glimpses is of the old Hammam, or Turkish bath. It is built of red-brown, weather-stained stones carefully squared, and is low, massive, and arched, and has a peep of flat dome showing for roof; and before the door is a small open court, filled with the pale green light of sheltering vines upon an overhead trellis.

The Tash *Khan* — merely the Stone *Khan*, as a sufficiently notable name—is another building of the same period and style and red-brown stone. It is built round an inner quadrangle, and has two stories of heavy pointed arches forming open arcades to the courtyard. Four ponderous, windowless, external walls enclose all. Nearly a hundred merchants have their booths and shops in the arcades within this building, glad to be behind massive walls pierced by only a single doorway. And the door is a thing that by itself tells much; it is incredibly heavy and strong, and banded and clamped with iron — once closed nothing short of explosives would force it open. Building and door belong to a time when brawl and riot and raid were more frequent even than now; when merchants required the security of a fortress for their goods, and were willing to pay rents that made the building of such places a profitable venture. And they like such places still; for you hear that stalls in this *khan* are always in demand, and the

door ever kept ready for sudden closing. Enter one of the shops and you find it a nest of low dark rooms opening out of each other. Here you may buy excellent towels by weight, and the Armenian who sells them tells you in English that they were hand-woven in the town, of yarn imported from Manchester,—that being the process followed by some cotton weavers in Asia Minor.

While he sells he speaks of his race and its woes; of what has befallen it in this town. Of a hundred and fifty slain in an hour. Of the increasing dread that the killing may break out again at any time. Of the ever-listening ear and watchful eye for sounds and signs—like waiting for the first tremors of another earthquake after one that has just done damage. He tells also that, during the last massacre, many hundreds of his people reached this Tash *Khan;* and having closed and bolted the great door, found safety within until the gust of fanatical Moslem rage subsided. Hearing of these things you wonder that he, who could go to America if he chose, should be satisfied to remain here. That he has chosen to stay, it seems, must be some measure of how he judges his risks; that, in fact, he has balanced these against his profits.

The attitude of Armenians towards the Turk who has so vilely used them can only be called a peculiarity of the race. In Western Europe the Armenian is regarded as a harmless, peaceable, mild-spoken man, without warlike spirit, without power of resistance to oppression. This idea does a great injustice to the people. It is widely incorrect even of Armenian town dwellers, and still more so of the peasantry. For all their greater than Jewish love of gain, the sedentary classes — the tax-farmers, usurers, and shopkeepers—live among dangers requiring daily no little physical courage to meet, and are a stubborn uncompromising brood; the peasantry are nothing less than dour, and from some districts are fighting men second to none in Asia Minor. The Armenian is a better

fighting man than the average Greek, for instance. He never stands in awe of the Greek, and never has done so in all his history. He is fierce and bold enough in quarrel with a Greek, and seems, indeed, to be conscious of a moral ascendancy. But let him be opposed by a Moslem, and straightway his confident spirit gives place to a sort of furious despair, for which, between one man and the other, you can see no reason at all.

And yet this average Armenian, when accompanied by a European, may become aggressive to the point of insolence in his behaviour to Moslems, and willing to risk the most serious trouble. Such an Armenian, serving me as *araba*-driver for a journey, lashed the camels of a passing caravan, seeking to stampede them in a spirit of bravado. And an American missionary doctor, speaking of the same Armenian trait, told me that once he had to gallop for life because, on the open *chaussée*, his Armenian servant purposely rode among the feet of Moslems seated by the wayside.

That this industrious and not unwarlike people should have got so hopelessly under the Turkish heel is chiefly due to a single infirmity of nature. They are prone to falling out among themselves, and as good haters have ever been slow to lay aside personal animosities in order to show a united front against their common enemy. With such an unhappy faculty for dissension, they combine one or two other characteristics which help to make resistance to the Turk almost futile.

Since the massacres at the close of last century Armenians have armed in self-defence. It was the right course, and if followed up with any reasonable degree of unity and wisdom, would soon have made an end of massacres. But to arm, and boast of it; to boast, also, of what would happen next, and then to prove incapable of making good the boastings, was no less than fatal. Moslems, knowing better than any the strangely contradictory Armenian nature, remembered the boasts, and laughed at the

preparations for defence. These, they said, were all *saman*—or straw.

And so I reluctantly thought myself, after an illuminating incident which befell me at Marsovan. I wished to buy a Mauser automatic pistol, and inquired discreetly—for they were illegal weapons to carry—if one could be found in the town. The next morning an Armenian merchant called on me, anxious to do business. He could tell me, he said, that no Mauser was to be had; but for five pounds a Mannlicher—which he spoke of as a much better pistol—was at my disposal; and with that he placed on the table a new Mannlicher and belt of cartridges. Like the Mauser, it was an illegal weapon, being longer in the barrel than careful Turkish law permits citizens to own. The merchant had much to say in favour of the Mannlicher. It was less complicated, and therefore less likely to get out of order than a Mauser, and for that reason had been adopted by Armenians. In Marsovan at least five hundred of his countrymen were armed with this formidable weapon. He proposed that I should take the pistol and try it, and was confident that when he called again I would be a buyer.

It shot like a rifle and was pleasant in the hand; but jammed at every third or fourth round, and by no cleaning and oiling could I make it do better. When I next saw the merchant he was surprised and disappointed at what I told him. He said he had never heard complaints about this kind of pistol before; he would give me in confidence the address of an Armenian gunsmith at Sivas, an expert in pistols, and armourer to one of the Armenian revolutionary societies, who would speedily set right any defect.

Seeing at last that I would have nothing to do with Mannlichers, another idea occurred to him. He unbuttoned his waistcoat, and after unwinding a long hidden belt of cartridges, produced a yet greater pistol of the same make. That, he explained, was his own, which he had carried for years. It went with him everywhere, for he wore it by day, and

placed it beside him at night. It had cost six pounds, and would kill at a thousand yards. He seemed to regard it as a certain talisman against Moslem violence, much as an expert shot might do. It was not for sale, he explained, but would I, as a favour, try it as I had done the other? I thought he was practising on me some form of subtle salesmanship, but agreed to do as he asked, and went out on the hills with this weapon. It jammed like the other; and on returning I told the merchant he would do better with a stick. Had he never had trouble with it himself, I inquired.

"No," he said thoughtfully, but in a curious voice, like one thinking of a loss. And then the truth came out: he had never fired the pistol; and had never fired any firearm in his life except a revolver once or twice. I asked what he thought would happen if the need arose to use his pistol in earnest, and suggested that he could not begin practising too soon.

"Fire off half your rounds this week," I urged.

He made a hopeless gesture with his hands, and said—

"The cartridges, they cost much money."

And yet they did not, for they cost no more than in England. He was a smart-looking, able-bodied, youngish man, who appeared quite capable of defending himself. No doubt he would have fought bravely enough against Moslems when pushed; but he was essentially a man in pursuit of gain, and found parting with money painful. When arming was forced upon his race as a necessity, he and others who could afford the outlay had each bought an automatic pistol for five or six pounds, and received as well a hundred rounds of ammunition as part of the purchase. These weapons they regarded as costly protective instruments, efficacious chiefly by reason of intrinsic quality. That another pound or two should be spent on each to make it really of use was an idea opposed to the buyers' deepest principles and instincts. Of those who bought such weapons, few indeed took

the trouble to become proficient with them. These pistols, I have no doubt, were supplied to Armenians as purchasers not knowing what they bought, and for whom anything would do that had the looks.

Marsovan has one link connecting it with European history which it does not readily forget. For here—or, more correctly, at the village of Marinja, a mile outside the town—was born Kara Mustapha Pasha—Black Mustapha—who commanded the Turkish army at the siege of Vienna in 1683, and came so near to establishing the Crescent in Central Europe. His name, familiar and dreaded in Christendom once, is almost forgotten now, but Marsovan has it still in daily speech in shortened form. They have the Pasha Mosque and Pasha Baths, and the public water supply is the Pasha Water—gifts of Black Mustapha to his native town; and there is the Tash *Khan*, built by him as a speculation, the rents of which are received by his descendants to the present day. The village mosque at Marinja, erected by him in memory of his mother, has also come to bear the greater name of her son.

His was one of those romantic careers of which the Turkish Empire shows so many examples. With Sultans ever on the watch for men to serve their purpose, and influenced in their choice by no considerations of rank or birth, high appointments often went to the obscure. A stableman, eunuch, pipe-bearer, coffee-seller, private soldier—any one with wits—might suddenly find himself lifted to greatness by the mere word of his sovereign. Black Mustapha's was a more steady ascent, but took him quickly to the highest position under the Sultan.

One reads that Black Mustapha was born son of a *bey;* one hears locally that his father was a donkey-driver or muleteer, and that young Mustapha followed this calling in his native district till he was seventeen. Like any country lad of the present time, doubtless he trudged, dusty and hot, in goatskin sandals behind his beasts, going to Amasia and Samsûn and Angora

and Sinope, and sometimes crossing Tafshan Dagh by the narrow precipitous path to Vizier Keupru, twenty miles from his home. Probably it was at this place that he made his first definite step towards greatness, for there lived a great landed family which had given the state two Grand Viziers—and was to give a third and even a fourth—famous in Turkish history as the Keuprulu Viziers. One of them saw young Mustapha, liked the look of him, and with that the youth was not long in reaching Constantinople.

Books tell us that the famous corps of Janissaries was recruited from Christian children taken captive, converted to the Faith, trained to arms, and dedicated for life to the warlike service of their captors. Probably this story had some degree of truth at the outset, but much less afterwards. Somehow one seems to detect in it the wounded vanity alike of effete Byzantine Greeks and more virile Balkan Christians. With Christian territory and military reputation gone at the hand of Moslems, Christian historians endeavoured to save something on paper by attributing defeat to the prowess of Christian blood. If the Order of Janissaries provided careers alluring enough to detain tens of thousands of enterprising and ambitious men in its ranks, it seems fanciful to suppose that Moslems by descent would not share in its opportunities.

At all events we are told that young Mustapha, a Moslem of Moslems, enlisted in the Janissaries when he reached the capital. Soon he became one of those whose special duty was to watch over the person of the Sultan. He went to the wars and rose rapidly. He married a daughter of his patron, the Keuprulu Vizier. In time he became Grand Vizier himself, and then followed the great event and tragedy of his life. The project of capturing Vienna is said to have been his own on this occasion, with the cause of the Faith and his Sultan as seeming motives, with his own personal aggrandisement as hidden motive. He is credited with the ambition

of creating in Central Europe a great province of Islam, which in a few years he hoped to weld into a sultanry for himself.

So for four months he besieged Vienna with an army of 80,000 men, and went near to taking the city. Its relief by John Sobieski, King of Poland, and the Saxons under August of Saxony, is an old story, now grown dim, though at the time the coffee-houses of London had much to say about it. If Chalons was the decisive struggle of Europe against the advance of Islam from the west, not less so was Vienna decisive against the advance from the east. The greater danger, indeed, would seem to have threatened from the Danube.

It is told that on the day of battle which settled so much Black Mustapha gave a banquet to his son and high officers, and in a spirit of oriental defiance had the open banqueting tent pitched facing the Christian armies at a little distance. And now in the Green Vault of the Castle at Dresden you are shown Black Mustapha's sword and this banqueting pavilion and its trappings, all captured by the Saxons on that afternoon of destiny outside Vienna.

Black Mustapha reached Belgrade with only fragments of his great army, his schemes all gone to nothing, his influence destroyed. As a beaten arch-conspirator, particulars of his private ambitions were not long in reaching the Sultan. In the citadel of Belgrade, a year after the defeat at Vienna, Black Mustapha's career was closed by the executioner's bowstring. Although no disinterested patriot, yet he had pushed Ottoman arms far into Europe, and his memory has been invested with a certain halo by his countrymen. An Armenian professsor at Marsovan College, who took a detached interest in Turkish history of the period, told me that in Stambûl he once had come upon Black Mustapha's tomb, and that it seemed to have been carefully preserved.

CHAPTER V.

American Mission at Marsovan—The "Gilt-edged Mission"—The old compound—English nurses and hospital garden—An American walled village—"The Parting Tree"—Busy days—The "Business Manager"—Students of Anatolia College—Many nationalities—Ascendancy of Russian students—Armenian students—Revolutionaries and the College—Greek students: their ancient Greek characteristics.

THERE are, however, other matters of interest at Marsovan than those strictly native to the country, and by singular contrast they originate from the New World. For more than a hundred years American missionary societies have been busy in Asia Minor. They began in a small way; but have now a large vigorous body of missionaries in their service, and their missions are scattered over the country from the Persian border to Constantinople. The greatest mission of them all is at Marsovan.

The popular conception of a mission may be of a few missionaries and many mild native converts in white; native huts of bamboo or wattle; a large hut of the sort as school, a still larger one as church. As for the individual missionary, he is often pictured as an earnest, amiable, white-bearded man in tropical garments. He generally rides a horse, carries Bible and umbrella, and gathers natives about him in the shelter of convenient palm-trees. If this, or anything like it, is the general idea of an American mission in Asia Minor, and more particularly of the Marsovan Mission, and the methods of its staff,

hardly any conception could be wider of the truth. American missions in Asia Minor are the property of an American board, which is a corporation under charter granted by the State of Massachusetts. The property of American missions and foundations in Asia Minor, Syria, and Constantinople, runs to a value of many millions of dollars — even to millions sterling, and is ever increasing. One hears that normally the chief duties of the American Embassy in Constantinople lie in watching over the interests of American citizens and property connected with the missions.

Marsovan Mission complains that by reason of situation it does not have as good opportunities for securing bequests and gifts as those more favoured missions which stand upon the coast. Marsovan cannot be reached by steamer, railway, or motor-car. Rich men, one is told, are precisely the folk to whom a journey by *araba* and its accompaniment of staying at filthy *khans* appeal least. Rich men keep to the coast, see the great missions there, with the American flag flying over buildings erected upon historic spots, and giving and bequests by will follow. If only we were more accessible, sighs Marsovan Mission, matters would be so greatly better for us. How apparent the work we do upon inadequate means would become; how obvious, too, that with double the means our power for doing good would be quadrupled! Like the Greek merchants of Samsûn, the missionaries of Marsovan hope for the railway.

And yet Marsovan has not done badly for itself. There are missions still further inland which look upon it as a sort of unduly privileged metropolis of missions. Far and wide these missions of the inner wilds agree to speak of Marsovan as the "Gilt-edged Mission," which unduly attracts to itself not only money but missionaries. And yet no visitor, I think, would ever wish to see Marsovan Mission curtailed in any way, much rather would he see it grow indefinitely.

But judge of the Mission for yourself.

It stands in a walled compound of some twenty acres, against two sides of which abut the wretched dwellings and narrow alleys of the Turkish town. On the other sides are open fields extending to the mountains a mile away. Within the compound are the buildings of Anatolia College, a High School for girls, a school for deaf mutes, a hospital of sixty or seventy beds, and a Boys' Home. There are also workshops in which trades are taught, and college students may earn the cost of their education; a flour mill capable of grinding for a population of 4000; a bakery; a printing press and book-bindery; the houses of the Americans; and a Turkish bath. You learn that about 700 souls in all, counting boarders, hospital patients, and Americans, live within the compound walls. Space is limited, however, and native servants live outside, and so do the native professors.

Regularity has not been attempted in laying out the compound. Buildings were erected and added to as suited the immediate purpose, and so a picturesque village has grown up. Some of the Mission houses are built on the eastern slope for its view of Ak Dagh and the plain; others face the west to get the western mountains and haunting beauty of the sunsets. No two houses are alike, nor on the same line of frontage. Many are red-roofed; lichen grows upon their tiles; wistaria clambers over verandahs; and there are balconies—or porches, in American speech—shadowed by great cherry-trees, where they pick ripe fruit while seated at breakfast. Among the houses go cobbled passages and alleys that pass under old quince-trees, and apple, and cherry, and white mulberry, and walnut; and here and there is a spray of pomegranate, and above a fence appear now and then the tall drooping leaves of Indian corn—for each house has its garden. The college, too, has a pleasant garden of its own, tree-shaded, and gay in season; and so has the hospital. This hospital garden has been formed and maintained by a succession of English nurses who

brought with them from English homes the love of a garden for itself, and patient care in the tending.

They sowed grass round the wide-basoned fountain in the hospital courtyard, and called the yard "the lawn"—a fugitive, kittle thing in this land of hot sun and scanty rain—and imported a lawn-mower, and with a little mowing and a vast deal of assiduous watering, were able to speak of "the lawn" truthfully, though not without a touch of imagination still being necessary. But the climate though hard on grass, prospers other garden growths if water is applied, and water being available, a pleasant garden resulted. The first nurse made a walk under the mulberry-trees, and bordered it with tall Easter lilies, which flourished, as did her roses; and the violets she planted under the trees grew and spread like weeds. Succeeding nurses carried on the work, and made beds of annuals that blossomed brightly; and now the hospital garden, with its grass, and splashing fountain, and shady walk, and gay flowers, is a spot where patients, all unused to surroundings of this kind, sit and rest and find themselves growing well. As aid to the Mission hospital the garden is an influence not easy to overrate. It creates an atmosphere affecting all patients; they come and not only are healed, but carry away vivid and pleasant recollections which they convey to others, and thus disarm prejudice and hostility. The whole compound, in fact, with its cheerful gardens and dwellings, its cleanliness, order, and happiness, is a most powerful silent agency of the same kind. It provides a standing and surprising contrast which fails to strike no one who sets foot within the gates. You pass at a step from squalor and pools of filth in narrow alleys to the bright compound, and seem to have got into another world.

Doing this again and again a curious impression grows upon you. It is that the compound is a walled village of another race, established in these surroundings by some unexplained cause. And a walled

village it is, in fact, and an American walled village at that—though such a thing no man may have heard of heretofore. It has a Town Gate, West Gate, and North Gate, and there is a gatekeeper—or warder, let us say—at each, and the gates are heavily-barred solid pieces of carpentry that more than once have troubled a mob. Its houses are connected by telephone, and you find that electric lighting is mooted; but in spirit it is an old-fashioned walled village of a well-doing, friendly, hospitable people. By so much have Americans, thrown together in Asia Minor, been led by instinct and necessity to adopt some of the picturesque forms of the Middle Ages.

Such is the old Mission Compound at Marsovan, the original settlement and place of sentiment. It is not really old; but time soon gathers memories, especially for exiles. Hidden away in one corner of the compound is a little green secluded spot which is the Mission burying-ground, where for fifty years they have been laying their dead and making it a place of memories. There was also another place, too, with many associations about it, but that has now been lost. It was no more than an old walnut-tree—"the Parting Tree" they called it—beside the vineyard path, a mile outside the compound. During many years it had been a custom of the Mission to go there in a body and say farewell to those who were leaving,—for not seldom these proved to be last farewells. But the owner of the tree, or some other Moslem, took offence; there was singing, I suppose, and perhaps prayer, so in despite the tree was felled. Now you are shown merely the stump, and hear that the practice which grew up about the spot has fallen into disuse, as if with the tree went the associations which had hallowed it so long.

If the Mission as it stands is in guise a peaceful village, nothing of the sleepiness traditional to village life broods over it. It is a place of restless activity, spread over long hours each day. In the Mission houses they breakfast at seven; by eight the day's

duties begin, and go on unceasingly till ten at night. They are always short-handed, whatever staff may be in residence. An increase of staff means an increase of work undertaken, and not an easing for those already working to the full extent of their powers. When the Sabbatical year of each missionary comes, he or she is obviously much in need of it.

The Mission includes officials whose duties seem strange, until you consider the amount of work performed, and the need for division of labour; and that if some teach and preach, and some conduct a hospital, other services are required for which the true enthusiastic missionary temperament is not, as a rule, well fitted. Long ago the Mission found that its business affairs did not prosper in the hands of preachers, educationalists, and doctors. So a Business Manager and Treasurer was brought from America and charged with transacting the Mission's affairs. You may see him now in his office, with all the block and tackle of business around him—safes, ledgers, letter-books, piles of correspondence and all the rest of it—and he is a busy man. Busy, also, is another unexpected secular member of the Mission, officially "the Stenographer."

Anatolia College, the chief work of the Mission, is an American college, in all but its students, set down in Asia Minor. Very interesting it was to see the various races, more than a dozen in all, which figured among its students, and to learn the places whence these students came. Their homes were in Dalmatia, Albania, the Ægean Islands, the various Balkan countries, European Turkey, Asia Minor, and, least expected of all, in Russia. Nearly all the Russians came from Caucasia, and were sons of soldiers settled there after the war of 1878. Perhaps more definite impressions of racial characteristics may be got by seeing lads of various races thrown together, as at this college, than from a similar mixed company of men. In lads their racial peculiarities are given full play; in men they may be masked—at least are never

so fresh. By demeanour and character these students of Anatolia College unconsciously illustrated much in the history of their several races.

Greeks and Armenians numbered three-fourths of the whole; the Russians, few more than a score, but these were the bold enterprising spirits. They were open-faced, hearty, free-spoken, careless, and had things pretty well their own way among their fellows. As students they had no great reputation, though English, the subject which had brought them here from their own schools, they acquired with amazing readiness. More than anything else they were Russian patriots, with their country as no dim uncertain figure. They came from an outlying province, acquired not so long ago by force of arms, but regarded themselves Russian as much as any could do who came from the heart of the Empire. They showed also the assimilating power of Russia, for one told me he was a Greek by blood, and spoke of another who was Armenian; but on both had settled the consciousness of a greater citizenship. The College authorities welcomed these Russian lads for the spirit and independence they displayed, hopeful of the example benefiting other students deficient in such characteristics.

The Armenian students ever seemed uncertain of how they stood; what they should do; what *not* do. They regarded with jealousy the arrival of fresh Russians and any increase of Greeks,—as if the College were, in a sense, their own preserve. Their manner was defensive, but defensive apparently without spirit. Yet again and again they have demonstrated that this outward seeming altogether belies their courage, and that in reserve is a grimly steadfast mood in which they become capable of anything.

One of the College regulations is that no student may belong to a revolutionary society; another prohibits the possession of firearms. Both regulations are necessary, and both have failed in their purpose from time to time. During the period when Armenian revolutionary societies were active they secured

a footing among Armenian students of the College; and these lads and young men, none out of their teens, served the cause with a boldness and secrecy of which they might have been thought incapable. There are stories of their doings, in times not many years ago, that sound like wild detective tales. A foreign college, never viewed with favour by the Government, had to go warily in those days, and exact the most correct behaviour from its students. Yet Armenian revolutionaries, desperate men long hunted by the police, reached Marsovan and disappeared there, secreted and fed in the College by student compatriots, their presence not even suspected by others. They were discovered only by accident, and then succeeded in escaping into the town. The same day the quarter in which they were known to have taken refuge was surrounded by *zaptiehs*, and after a fight the fugitives were shot.

A printing press is not, one would suppose, an object easy to hide or easy to work in secrecy, yet at one time the College was charged with harbouring a revolutionary press. In the best good faith the Mission repudiated the charge. They searched, but could find no sign of a press,—it was impossible, they said, for one to exist unknown in the Mission precincts. But the Turkish Governor reiterated his charge; a revolutionary printing press, he said, was issuing sheets and pamphlets from the Mission compound,—of that he had proof definite and conclusive, in his judgment. He was invited to make his own search; his officials were helped, every nook and corner and likely place were examined, and still no press could be found. And yet long afterwards it came out that a press had existed within the compound, and been busy throwing off revolutionary matter; but was so cunningly hidden, and its operators so loyally screened, that the closest search failed to reveal its whereabouts.

At Anatolia College Greek students are more numerous than those of any other race; and like all Greeks, whether of Europe or Asia, have a quality

which always compels interest. In general intelligence, in quickness of perception, in the power of acquiring knowledge, they are said as a race to have no equals among their fellow-students—nor in their capacity for opposing each other and making mountains of difference out of nothing. Watching them, it grows upon the observer that traditional Greek characteristics have survived strongly in the race, and that an Asia Minor Greek of to-day is probably little different from a Greek of twenty centuries ago.

A gathering of present-day Greeks, especially if assembled for discussion, is like a gathering of no other people on earth. All are so highly intelligent; they have such a flow of words, such an instinct for gesture; they command such a fury of eloquence for matters of no moment; they see fifty different sides to every question, and are torn fifty different ways at once. They give the idea, indeed, of speaking less for the plain purpose of settling any matter than for exercising and displaying individual eloquence and perception; and every man of them seems to be at heart a demagogue. Such an assemblage provides a clue to why Greek States fought on the side of Persia against Greeks; why old Greece never rose to the height of her opportunities; and why Greeks of old, with the coast-line and sea-borne commerce of Asia Minor in their hands, never spread inland and secured the whole of that fine country as the everlasting heritage of their race.

One may have thought sometimes that in the hidden scheme of racial and national destinies the Greek race had been intended to fill Asia Minor—if it could do so under the laws which govern the development of nations. That it instinctively made the essay, succeeded as to the easy fringe of coast, and thereafter failed, every one knows. In a gathering of eloquent Greeks, each man convinced he can sway the others and endeavouring to do so, one suspects that this instinctive craving for an audience and "gallery" has had much to do with the Greek failure.

CHAPTER VI.

Marsovan Mission Hospital—Mission doctor and robbers—"Marden Effendi"—Hospital scenes—A case of self-amputation—Magic of the "actual cautery"—The pensioned smuggler—Hospital shooting season—Hard-worked medical staff—Surgeon and nurses on the run—Running orderly and patient—In the foreign nurses' sitting-room.

More than college or school, more than any other form of misionary enterprise, the Mission Hospital at Marsovan reaches people of all races and faiths. It alone—and like it other mission hospitals—attracts the Moslems. Colleges and schools these leave to the Christians, and keep the missionaries at arm's-length; but to the hospitals they come as readily as any, and for the doctors have nothing but regard and gratitude.

"Do not fear, effendi," replied a party of men questioned by a mission doctor on the road as to the recent doings of a well-known band of robbers. "Do not fear: we are the robbers." They had recognised the doctor, although unknown to him, and he, at least, was free to come and go unharmed.

The medical staff of the hospital is considered at full strength with two American and one native doctor; the nursing staff with one English, one American, and six or eight natives; but such an establishment is not often maintained. To other mission hospitals, each with a single overworked doctor and nurse, the staff at Marsovan seems happy superfluity. But when, as happens sometimes at

these distant stations, the doctor or nurse, or both, break down, it may fall to Marsovan to fill the gap or see a hospital closed. At the time of my visit the second American doctor was away on some such duty, and the native doctor had been called to the army. Under the familiar pressure of necessity, the hospital is glad to make use of any one who can help. In me, therefore, as a man known to have seen blood and unlikely to faint, they recognised one day a promising emergency anæsthetist. A native doctor of the town had been requisitioned, but suddenly found himself unable to attend. Operations which could not be put off had to be done, so it was proposed to instruct me quickly that I might fill his place. Fortunately, however, he came after all, and my usefulness was never tested.

The medical mission service requires the complete missionary spirit of sacrifice in addition to professional skill. Remuneration is merely a living wage, proportioned to the low cost of living, and is the same that all appointed missionaries receive. The president of a college, the doctor, and youngest missionary all draw alike. A mission doctor makes fees as well—sometimes a considerable income—but these he turns over to his hospital; for not only does he provide the professional skill, he also helps to support the hospital by his earnings, and even contributes to the building of a new hospital when that is possible. His work is a labour of love, with the professional recompense of finding in it unbounded opportunity for exercising his skill. He has a free hand, and is above cavil, criticism, or advice. Subject only to professional etiquette and his conscience, a mission surgeon performs any operation he thinks fit, and attains a sureness of skill like few. Five or six major operations a day often fall to the American surgeon at Marsovan. The limits set to operations not seldom are the beds available and the operator's strength — drawn upon heavily besides by duties in his clinics and the hospital.

The hospital itself—the old hospital, for they are

building a new one to contain 150 beds – is a rambling old building and collection of sheds rudely adapted to hospital needs. Its wards defy almost every canon of hospital construction. Equipment is remarkable only for its makeshifts. In the slack season that follows harvesting, when men have time to think of the ills from which their wives and children and themselves suffer, and have time also to travel, the hospital is packed to the utmost. Patients are found crowded in low dark rooms that may have been used for storing firewood, or tools, or fruit before the rush set in. They are doing better thus, however, than if the hospital had not received them. And in spite of all disadvantages of building, equipment, and a grossly overworked staff, the figure of hospital mortality is so low that it would be called excellent under the best conditions.

Watch the Mission hospital for a month, for even a couple of weeks, and you get a better notion of Anatolian life in its peculiarities than could be gained by half a year of travelling. At the doctor's clinic gather the most hopeless pitiable band of suffering mortals that mind can picture. Some are of the town, but the greater number have come long journeys. For days on end these have jolted in *araba* or crawling bullock-cart, have ridden on asses, have walked from dawn to evening, having heard that marvels of healing are done here by "Marden Effendi," whose name is known from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. Many patients contrive to pay something for their treatment; but while there is room in the hospital no one whose condition is not hopeless is turned away if payment be impossible. Strange and pathetic cases appear every week. One such was a blind woman who, led by a young child, had walked above a hundred miles, carrying her infant whom she had never seen. She came in hope that was not misplaced, for an operation restored her sight. As an illustration of native methods and endurance in dealing with the injuries which so often overtake them, let the following ex-

ample suffice. A man arrived from the mountains, several days' journey distant, with the flesh almost gone from one of his arms. Four or five weeks earlier he had shot off the hand by accident, and the flesh instead of healing had steadily sloughed and left the bone projecting. Finding the stump much in his way, the patient had then sawn off the offending length himself.

Women are brought in with strange nervous diseases,—nothing wrong except delusions that they cannot speak, cannot walk, one at least that she could not swallow. She was in a fair way of dying from starvation when her relatives conveyed her hurriedly to the Mission hospital. Now for some obscure reason cases of this kind are rather frequent, and a sure remedy awaits them if the friends consent to the treatment necessary; consent of the friends, however, is necessary, and they have to witness the operation. What that is precisely I do not know; but the "actual cautery" is said to play an important part. Under its compelling influence speech suddenly returns in a flood; the physically sound, lately unable to walk, able to do nothing but lie at full length, take to sudden leaping; and always after these rapid recoveries the patient embraces the doctor's knees with exclamations of gratitude. So it all fell out with the woman unable to swallow; she hastily swallowed water and bread in demonstration of her cure, and was duly grateful. But straightway her friends, who had witnessed the sudden recovery, developed a very ill humour. With nothing really wrong, why, they argued, had any cure at all been needful: the patient had caused them a vast deal of trouble and expense that might well have been avoided: as consolation for their needless worries they took her away and beat her soundly.

There is no end to the odd incidents of this hospital.

"Who are those people?" asked the English nurse, seeing a strange party seated gravely round a body on the lawn.

"They have brought a cholera case," answered the

doctor. "I can't have it in here. They are waiting while the authorities find a place to put it in."

A tall, thin, elderly figure, by his dress a person of quality, was leaning against the balcony railing as I passed one afternoon. The doctor told me his story later.

"He was a famous tobacco-smuggler, one of those who lead or control a band of smugglers," he explained. "The Tobacco police never could bring it home to him. They knew he was at the back of it all, and tried to get him for years, but never succeeded. He was often ill. He was always ill when a big coup was in hand, sometimes as a private patient here. How are you to rope in a man like that? Anyhow the police gave up catching him, and then did better. They made him a pensioner of the Tobacco Regie; gave him ten or twelve pounds a month as the cheapest way of keeping him quiet. He draws his pension now and doesn't smuggle any more. It's visiting day; and he's come to see his son, who's wounded." I asked if the son was a smuggler too.

"Sure," said the doctor, laughing, "I'd say he stepped into his father's shoes."

Gunshot cases are numerous enough at all times; but the hospital records show a clearly defined shooting season.

The season is in spring, when water is most valuable for the young crops, and cultivators in the irrigated gardens and vineyards fall out over distribution. It was after an affair of this sort that two men came running to the hospital, each with a hand clapped over the hole in his abdomen made by the bullet of the other. One was found to have five perforations of the intestines; the other seven. But they were hardy folk, and in three weeks' time were about again, in a condition to renew the quarrel if desired.

In times of pressure the hospital staff may be said to work literally at the run—at least I generally saw them running. The sight was fascinating; I found myself ever looking to see them run; to see my host

go with long quick strides down the balcony and presently break into a smart sprint; to see nurses spring through French windows on the same balcony, and go out of sight with pattering feet. Such breathless activity I saw morning after morning. The male orderlies alone seemed able to avoid this general haste, though sometimes they, too, caught the infection; and once at least I saw an orderly run when by every rule he should have gone slowly. I saw him one morning when I was in the hospital garden, busy among the English nurse's flower-beds—for in that labour, too, all help was welcomed. The operating-room door was not far away, opening to the lawn; I had heard the doctor say that a specially busy time was before him, so I looked for more movement than ever. Operations had already begun, when a bell rang sharply: quick, imperious signal for the next patient on the list to be brought to the table. For a minute or two no one appeared, but presently, at the farther end of the verandah, a slowly moving figure in grey pyjamas came into sight, supported by an orderly. At this moment the bell rang again, even more sharply than before. Clearly the operating-room thought time was being wasted. Now that the patient found himself at last going to the dreaded table he was moaning piteously. With some distance still to go he faltered, stopped, seemed anxious to return, and then collapsing, would have fallen but for the orderly. At this sight I took a step or two to help, but the Armenian orderly was equal to the situation. With the sharply rung bell still sounding in his ears he stood on no ceremony. He stooped, put his head into the patient's stomach, heaved the limp figure up, and with it sagging and dangling across his shoulder like a loosely filled sack, set off to the operating-room at a run, making up for past delays.

In the foreign nurses' sitting-room — pleasant sanctum of the English and American nurses, and also their duty room, for two wards opened from it—the grateful custom of afternoon tea was never allowed to

lapse; and here I sometimes found myself a visitor. By its sights and sounds this room provided vivid impressions of life and scenes in a mission hospital in Asia Minor. Here you were in the presence of hard unceasing work: you heard of hopes and successes, scraps of the patients' histories: you heard also cries and moans of pain, for about this time dressings were being done. Through the ward doors were glimpses now and then of dark-faced patients in rows of closely spaced beds. Outside the open French windows was the balcony, here overhung by a clambering trumpet-vine between whose leaves the sunlight streamed and made patterns of light and shade on wall and floor. Up and down the balcony went patients taking the sun and air. They always gazed curiously into the room in passing, and wondered at its easy-chairs, and tea-table, and foreign inmates following the customs of their country. Beyond the balcony lay the lawn and garden, a screen of young trees, and then the compound wall with the native town huddling against it; and a red brick minaret so near at hand that you could see the priest walking round the little gallery, see him place open hand on cheek, and clearly hear each word of his call to prayer. In this room one afternoon I asked about the surgical patient who had been carried like a sack of wheat.

"He is getting on well," said the English nurse brightly, as if nothing else could have been expected.

At this moment a message came for her—something about a bed to be ready.

"Another shooting case," she remarked as the messenger left the room. "Do you know Bromley—Bromley in Kent, at all?" she went on, her mind turning to home.

But then another interruption took place—a cry without of "*Posta gelde*" (the post has come); and following it was a sense of general stir and movement; of feet turning quickly towards the Mission Post Office. For the coming of the mail is the great event of the week.

Roadside Tomb, Marsovan Plain.

Entering Amasia.

CHAPTER VII.

On Marsovan plain — A conqueror's saying — Achmet a Bulgarian *mohadji* — Charcoal-burners — A singular ravine — The making of *pekmez*—An ominous noise—Amasia the most picturesque city in Asia Minor—Its precipices and river—Choosing a meal—Kabob—Moonrise, singing, and drums.

BEFORE we left Marsovan Achmet stipulated for a limit to the distance he was to go. He would go to Sivas, about a hundred and fifty miles, but not farther, fearing that if he did, snow might prevent his return until the spring. His wife and family, he said, were in Marsovan, and he could not leave them uncared-for during several months.

On a fresh morning, bright and sunny as any, I left the Mission before eight o'clock, rode through the streets in order to avoid comment, and alighted at the edge of the town. The plain sank gently before me, its farther end closed by the huge blue precipices of Amasia thirty miles away, which showed my evening goal. And now, where the way divided beside the ruined tomb of some long-forgotten holy man, I took the Amasia road, feeling that all Asia Minor was to come. The warm South was my large destination—as it always should be for the perfect excursion on foot. And on the journey so much to be seen that few strangers had looked upon! Old cities of the plateau; great mountains; the cave-dwellers' land of Cappadocia; inland defiles of Taurus; the historic Cilician Pass; and perhaps forgotten mountain strongholds of those Pamphylian

and Cilician pirates against whom Pompey went, some of whose castles are still to be explored, and even discovered. Before I should reach the flowers and low wheat-covered hills of northern Syria, of which men speak with delight, I hoped to have had many deviations. On this morning of promise and anticipation I would have changed places with no one.

In such good spirits I followed the rough road which crosses Marsovan plain. Farmers were cleaning up their threshing-floors after the threshing, and loading the straw in great wicker-baskets placed on carts drawn by black oxen. Flocks of goats and sheep were scattered about, a shepherd and dog to each. Many droves of horses also roamed at large, bearing out Strabo's statement, made nearly twenty centuries ago, that this plain was noted for its horses.

There is a Turkish proverb which may be rendered roughly: "To Osmanlis the rich lands; to others the mountains." This conqueror's saying faithfully represents what has happened. In the plains, in rich valleys—wherever you come upon water, and good trees, and good crops—you are sure to find a Moslem population. You may also find Christians; but Moslems will be in the majority. Go into the mountains, however, and there you see little villages tucked away in folds, or clinging to the slopes, and such are likely to be Greek or Armenian. So as I passed over this plain of Marsovan I saw the minarets of many village mosques rising from clumps of trees. Village spires dotted over an English countryside give an impression of native piety; and here the minarets produced a similar idea, which the flashing crescent above each building did nothing to qualify.

When at midday we stopped to eat by the roadside Achmet carefully covered his ponies, though they had come at only walking pace, and the weather was hot. I asked, therefore, if they were his, or whether he had hired them from a *khan*, as many drivers do. He was startled by the question, which

seemed to touch him in a tender place. No old freeholding yeoman if asked to whom his acres belonged could have been more vigorous in reply than was my driver.

"*Benim*" (mine), he exclaimed vehemently, as if the thought that I had misjudged his standing, and done so all this time, ruffled his dignity exceedingly. He was, indeed, no Asiatic Turk, but a Bulgarian *mohadji* (an emigrant for the faith), brought as a child from Varna by his parents after Bulgaria became independent. It is a fact worthy of remark that these Bulgarian *mohadjis*—and there are many—stand in a class apart wherever they have settled in Asia Minor. I never heard of one who had not a reputation for industry, enterprise, and reliability They are thrifty folk, better off than their neighbours, and inclined to drive hard bargains; but are men of their word, and honest in their dealings, like most Moslems. They are said to take no part in massacres; and have been known to protect Christians at such times. In habit of mind, in face, in physical appearance, they have little in common with their Osmanli countrymen of Asia Minor; one can scarcely doubt they are Moslem Slavs, or at least must have in them much Slav blood. It has been observed that the finest Moslem subjects the Ottoman Empire ever had were those in Europe—in Thrace, Bulgaria, and Albania—and that without them the Turkish Empire could not maintain itself long. From these districts came the best troops in the Ottoman service, and many high servants of the State. I have heard it said that the defence of Plevna was chiefly the work of Thracian and Bulgarian Moslems: *redifs* of middle age, robust enduring men, cool in battle yet fierce of spirit.

For a couple of hours during the afternoon I passed abreast of Ak Dagh, which rose steeply from the northern edge of the plain, a few miles from my road. Its front was cut into glens and ridges already set out in the light and shadow of sunshine falling aslant.

There were breadths of dark forest and scrub upon the slopes and a hovering cloud or two about the rocky grey 7000-feet summit; but not a vestige of snow could be seen on this southern face, though the reverse side was white far down, as I came from Samsûn.

High on the side of Ak Dagh several shafts of smoke were rising from charcoal-burners' fires. In the still air they rose vertical and unwavering, till they thinned away and became invisible against the blue background of distance. The mountain-side which appeared so vacant and inaccessible held something living after all! There men were working who found their livelihood among the clambering oak forests; and as I went I found myself turning again and again to look at their columns of smoke. There is something, indeed, about a column of smoke seen upon a far-off hillside, especially a hill-side covered with forest, which is likely to stir the instincts of any one. Our wild old ancestors, looking out over blind woodland from their hill-top forts and palisaded villages, took a lively interest in such columns of smoke, and saw in them much of hostile significance at times. And at a later date, not so many generations ago, bale fires and beacon fires had a power of meaning for every one.

So I saw the distant smoke of these charcoal-burners' fires always with interest and even with a touch of respect, the more so that once I had come upon a charcoal-burners' camp in these parts. Climb up the side of Ak Dagh for a couple of hours and you will find just such a group about their lair now. Three or four cutting branches with curiously shaped axes, dragging wood and building a fresh kiln; one man perhaps asleep, for he will be busy at night. They are not only grimy, but evil-looking men whom you would not care to trust. It is possible, indeed, that having got here alone in this way you would never return. You would become the subject of consular inquiry, and at last figure as one of those

Europeans who have disappeared in Asia Minor and left no trace. These charcoal-burners are of long descent in their calling, and likely kin to the Chalybes of the Black Sea coast, not far away, whom Jason and his Argonauts saw, and who are still there, smelting iron with charcoal as of old.

Early in the afternoon I came to the ravine by which my road found its way into the famous Amasia gorge; and here I saw the Bagdad Road again, smoking with crowded traffic drawing into Amasia for the night. Between these roads, each keeping close to its own side of the ravine, ran the "Flowing Backwards" river whose course I had followed inland from Khavsa. As the plain closed in, gardens and orchards appeared and soon filled the narrowing space: I was entering a district famed throughout Asia Minor for luxuriant gardens—gardens which had caused Amasia to be known in earlier days as the Bagdad of Anatolia.

Between bottom and side of this ravine was all the contrast between oasis and desert. Below was the smooth river, sliding quickly in spite of weirs, for the fall was rapid, with gardens and a dense growth of trees on each bordering level. Enclosing this rich vegetation were precipitous arid slopes and dark cliffs and rocks going up a thousand feet or more. Dropped suddenly into this spot one would have been at a loss to guess in what latitude, in what part of the world, it lay. The heat was intense; the sunlight white; vultures circled overhead in a cloudless sky; water-wheels were clicking; traffic rumbling and clattering on an invisible road; scarcely a building could be seen; and except for low vines the trees and plants were those of an English garden. And dotted here and there upon the cliffs—on them only, and not on the slopes—were shrubs whose foliage made splashes of crimson like hanging flags. The colour was so gorgeously vivid that I doubted what the bushes might be. I climbed to see, and found the autumn foliage of stunted beech.

In this land are curious processes of manufacture: of preparing food, of cultivation, and the like, which leave you wondering by what series of accidents they were discovered. They are the immemorial craft of a people who have yet to adopt machinery. One of these strange processes I saw now. An even, beating sound came from beside the road; I knew what it was, but had never yet seen the operation that caused it. Not many European men, even in Turkey, see a Turkish woman making *pekmez;* but this was the sight I saw on peering cautiously through the willows. *Pekmez* is grape juice, boiled, and then prepared by beating, which changes it from a thin watery fluid to a thick partially-crystallised substance like clouded honey, but of a colour nearly as dark as treacle. These methods are fairly obvious; the curious part is that the beating must be done with the open hand, and nothing else. You cannot make *pekmez* by beating with wood, or bone, or metal, so you are told. And further, once the beating has begun it must go on to the end without ceasing, or the *pekmez* will be spoiled—there must be no cessation of blows at all. After the grape-harvest, therefore, Turkish towns and villages resound with the making of *pekmez.* You hear beating all day and beating all night. For the process is a long one,—so long that the women and girls take turns at the work, and beat until their hands are blistered and painful. It is said that sometimes the labour lasts a day and night. What I saw now behind the bushes was a woman kneeling on the ground before a shallow, open bowl nearly two feet across. With arms bare and open hands she was steadily slapping the contents, and by her half-closed eyes and look of resignation I supposed she had not only been at the work some time, but that the obstinate stuff was still far from being *pekmez.*

I had not gone a mile before noise of another kind attracted my attention. It was rumbling and heavy, and grew louder as I advanced, until the ravine, in

width not four hundred yards, was filled with a vibrating roar. It seemed to be coming towards me, like an unseen train roaring from a tunnel; but for my life, though I speculated with nimble imagination and thought of waterfalls, and whirlwinds, and landslips, and falling rocks, I could think of no reasonable cause. The mystery was explained when a long train of ammunition waggons came at a sharp trot round a bend in the Bagdad Road. They came jolting heavily—thirty or forty of them—in a cloud of dust, with a cantering troop of *zaptiehs* in front and a red flag with white crescent on the leading waggon; and at the sight all traffic drew hurriedly aside. And then the column rolled by, bumping, jingling, clattering, with a prodigious volume of confined, reverberating noise, and illustrating the difficulties of military transportation in the Turkish Empire; for this ammunition was being taken from Sivas to Constantinople for use of the army holding the Dardanelles against an Italian landing.

A little farther on the two roads united; and then I soon reached the outskirts of Amasia with a dusty procession of animals and bullock-carts. The sun was still high, but already the shadow of the western precipice lay over the town.

Amasia is called the most romantic and picturesque city in Asia Minor. I had heard so much in this strain that I approached the place now in a spirit of scepticism, prepared to find every story an exaggeration. I came in sight of Amasia almost hoping I should discover an ordinary Turkish town.

But when I emerged suddenly from the hot ravine of rocks and gardens and entered the mighty gorge, like turning from an insignificant side-street into a noble main thoroughfare, I saw at once that report had spoken truly. I even felt that report had not done the place justice, and I apologised mentally to those whose opinion I had doubted. When better conditions exist in Asia Minor, and railways and good roads make journeying easy,

foreign visitors will come to Amasia in numbers and declare that in wonder of situation combined with haunting charm they have never seen anything quite its equal.

It has a slight resemblance to Dinant, but with the physical features of that town magnified out of comparison. The gorge is about a mile in width, enclosed by stark precipices which rise, you are told, some 3000 feet on the eastern side, and a third that height on the western. Small lateral ravines ascend steeply into the heart of the rocks. On the western side is a fine old castle crowning a crag which falls sheer to the town for a thousand feet. Amasia City, once the capital of Pontus, and birthplace of Mithridates the Great, and still an important place with a population of 60,000, lies in the bottom between these great precipices. It stretches for more than a mile along both banks of the Yeshil Irmak—better known perhaps by its ancient name of Iris. A score of bridges, one at least showing Roman work, and others Seljukian, span the river, which runs between gardens and trees, and mosques and quaint old overhanging buildings, and crowded Eastern streets. There are many great water-wheels raising water for irrigation, whose slowly tipped buckets make a pervading sound like the ticking of gigantic clocks. Between the precipices the gorge is packed with houses and gardens, terraced in the ravines and on the slopes. There are Seljukian mosques, colleges, *khans*, and monuments. There is Roman work and Mithridatic work; and looking down on all from the face of the western precipice are the five great rock-hewn Tombs of the Kings. They were old when Strabo, who was born here in B.C. 65, wrote of them, and they remain now unchanged and uninjured from the time they were cut. High cliffs are impressive enough when overhanging sea or river or lake; but when, as here, they are upon the grandest scale, and confront one another across a belt of crowded city, they

On the Yeshil Irmak, Amasia.

become awesome. So I thought as I walked slowly to a *khan* on the main street. As I went I had glimpses of old *tekkes*, and mosques, and mosque-yards, and bridges, and river; on one hand were precipices and trees and buildings in bright sunlight, and upon the other hand precipices and trees and buildings in deep shadow; and always I was made conscious of enormous vertical height exhibited above me. Entering Amasia in the way I did, I thought that for situation it was the most impressive city I had ever beheld. It is said that by much the best time for seeing it is in spring; I saw it at the end of October, and was abundantly satisfied.

After taking possession of a room at the *khan* I went out again, and wandered in the streets and hung over the bridges till darkness fell—the transparent darkness of shadow with light around it, for the hour was early, and the sky overhead still bright. And now the fancy took me to try the food of this city rather than prepare a meal myself. I summoned Achmet, gave him shining aluminium plates to carry, and bade him take me to the best cook-shop that he knew. There I would buy food and he should take it home for me. We went solemnly along a quarter of a mile of darkening street filled with people, then he dived through a low doorway and down steps. Within was a dim stone-built room where cooking was going on and customers were seated eating. Along one side of the room, upon a sort of stone counter with a hollow down its length for charcoal fires, stood a row of open shallow copper basins, each with a different stew simmering in it. In one was *balmia*, in another tomatoes, in a third white beans, each with meat, but little of meat to a monstrous deal of vegetable. In a greater pan was rice *pilaf*, with sheep-tail fat as a thick hot fluid round a sodden island of rice: and to encourage me as buyer the cook ladled the rice with fat.

More attractive was the roasting meat. You never

find in Turkey roast joints as we know them. Meat is cut into thin slices for roasting, and these are stuck on a metal spit and built up so that the hundreds of slices form an inverted cone of meat, perhaps two feet high and nine or ten inches across the top, around the spit. The spit is kept revolving before a charcoal fire, and when meat is required the external surface of the cone is pared off with a long sharp knife, and the falling shreds are adroitly caught in a plate. By evening the cone of meat which looked so ample at morning has been pared away almost to the spit.

For less than a shilling I received more roast and stew and *pilaf* than two men could eat. I think that Achmet knew he was to share the feast, for a sudden and unexpected turn of humour took him on the way back to the *khan*. As he bore the heaped and glittering plates before me in the street, he shouted now and then the *araba*-drivers' warning cry, "*Vardar!*" "*Vardar!*"

After the meal I went out on the balcony behind the *khan*, and looked down upon the yard filled with waggons and *arabas*. Now and then came the stamping and whinnying of stabled horses. Groups of men were smoking; I could hear the low tones of their voices, also the buzz of talk and laughter from the common-room below. The great eastern precipice stood black and overpowering above me, showing a ragged edge against a sky I thought still strangely light. I looked at the minarets, watched the waxing and waning of the smokers' cigarettes, sniffed the indescribable smell of a Turkish city — nowhere stronger than here — and then I paused. A curious light was spreading round me. Objects in the yard that had been uncertain were now distinct. Dim minarets had become white columns. A fire, I thought, must have broken out somewhere, yet I could hear no sounds of alarm. With that I happened to glance upwards, and there was the moon now pushing its lower half above

the edge of the precipice. It looked exactly like an inquisitive face peeping over a wall. I could almost see it move. It came up round and brilliant, and shone on the city with a flood of light that made mosques and domes and minarets and gardens visible as by day. In a little while distant singing began, a voice here, a voice there, wailing melancholy Turkish songs to the twanging of an instrument like a mandoline. And then a little drum began to beat—the *saz*, I think they call it—with skin stretched hard as a board, and a barbaric defiant note which surely responds to some instinct of the race whose music it is. You could never think of these drums as instruments of Armenians or Greeks. Just such drums, one imagines, must have sounded along the Jihon river in Central Asia when the first Turkish nomads began moving west. The same drums, too, and many more of them, were doubtless beaten here when this was a favourite city of the Seljuk sultans who beautified it with so many buildings. Of this sort also, one thinks, must have been the drums of Timur when he came here on conquest.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrested in Amasia—An Armenian offers help—In a chemist's shop—"Who is Sir Edward Grey?"—Interviewing the Governor—Achmet climbing—The castle—Treasure-trove in Asia Minor—Signalling sunset—Early morning scenes—Punishing a thief—Old buildings of Amasia—The Mirror Tomb—Land of the Amazons—Amazons of the present day—Gardens of Amasia—A German colony.

OVERNIGHT I had told Achmet that he must be ready at eight the next morning to accompany me about the city as guide; but when the time came he was nowhere to be found. The weather was divinely sunny and clear, and after waiting awhile and feeling that daylight was being wasted, I started alone to take photographs. I should have done better with less haste.

Before I had been out long two *zaptiehs* came up to me. After questions — no more than courteous formalities — as to my whence and whither and nationality, they said I must go with them to the Chief of Police. Protest was unavailing; they were executing their orders; they looked at my passport with large respect, but to the Chief of Police I must go immediately. And now I wished that I had waited for Achmet. A Moslem servant is a passport in himself better than any other in such a position as this. He vouches for you. The fact that you are accompanied by a Moslem means not only that you are, so to speak, on the Moslem side, but that you are already watched by a Moslem. His confidential report of what you are like, what you

have done, where you have been, and where you are going, is convincing. With Achmet I should have gone unmolested.

We walked down the busy main street and an interested crowd began to gather. Boys ran in front, boys ran behind, and a line of wondering citizens watched the little procession pass. Not often do the good folk of Amasia see a foreigner; and behold! here was one plainly arrested by *zaptiehs*. The Capitulations have made the person of a foreigner almost sacrosanct in the Turkish Empire, and when native law does lay its hand upon him the sight has charm in native eyes.

Presently a voice from the crowd called out in English, "What is it you do?" and a young man, evidently an Armenian, came up to me. He introduced himself as a graduate of Sivas American College, and a man anxious to be of help.

"The Governor is my friend," he said, when I had given him a few particulars of myself. "Let us go to the Governor when he comes to the Konak." I suspected that a Turkish Governor would not readily acknowledge the friendship, but was grateful all the same to my new-found Armenian supporter.

The Chief of Police could not be seen as yet, so, for a preliminary examination, the *zaptiehs* took me to the shop of a native chemist, who, it was said, would be able to understand my passport. A chemist's shop in Asia Minor is the resort of doctors all day long. There they smoke cigarettes and sip coffee and wait for patients; thither patients go to find them. An incoming patient makes his choice of the assembled doctors on reputation or appearance or the ascertained reasonableness of his fees. Each doctor, on his part, endeavours to secure the patient for himself. I have not heard that any binding etiquette controls professional rivalry in these circumstances. Tufenkjian Effendi, of known reputation, may have agreed terms with a patient, and be stepping with him into the little consulting-room behind the chemist's shop, when

he finds the patient suddenly draw back. The truth being that Kopekjian Effendi, who is an energetic young fellow pushing his way, has found means to suggest lower terms, and the bait has taken.

Into a haunt of this kind with its waiting doctors, came *zaptiehs* and an English prisoner, and an Armenian who was taking part in the affair; and the chemist, in the presence of all this company, was to demonstrate his knowledge of English. He was a short, fat, youngish man, with small black moustache and beady eyes; he wore a long black *stambulina* frock-coat, black trousers, and red slippers, and was anxious to do his best.

The stately phrasing of the British passport must have given rise to many such scenes as followed here. Difficulty began with the opening words. In the chemist's opinion, "We, Sir Edward Grey," certainly referred to the bearer of the passport.

"No? Sir Edward Grey, he is who?"

"The English Grand Vizier," I explained impressively.

"*Pekki*," said the chemist, taken aback and finding refuge in the Turkish "very well." But he felt the ice thin under him, and would have no more to do with reading aloud and explanations. He wrestled with the document, slowly and in silence, and read it from beginning to end, finger on line, with a frown of concentration. In the end he decided that I was a person to go before the higher authorities; meanwhile coffee and cigarettes were brought in, for there was no lack of politeness. After an hour spent thus, it was decided that the Governor might be seen instead of the Chief of Police, and we went to the Konak.

We found the Governor seated in his room of audience. He gave immediate attention to the matter; for whatever the defects of Turkish rule may be, difficulty of access to rulers is not one of them. Whether poor or rich, you may push aside the padded curtain which serves the audience-room for

door, and enter the presence of Authority. And that Authority does actually listen to what you say. By practice or long tradition all these personal rulers, from the *Kaimakam* of a little town to the *Vali* of a province, have a patient, judicial manner, and give the impression of really considering and weighing the subject before them. Many may be corrupt; they may pay little attention to right when that is in conflict with their personal interests; but their manners in the seat of authority seldom ruffle a disappointed or injured suitor.

In my case, the Governor sat with such a look of wisdom, and listened so attentively to everything said, that I supposed my innocence obvious to him. With surprise, therefore, I presently found him not at all convinced of my harmlessness. The passport did not remove the suspicion that I was a secret enemy of the State. At this stage I remembered an old *teskeré* that I carried—a permit that had authorised me to travel in the interior eighteen months before. *Teskerés* had been abolished since, and I carried this one now more as a curiosity, a souvenir of the old unreformed Turkey, than from any hope of benefit to be derived thereby. Here, however, the *teskeré* had all its original value. The Governor fastened on it with relief, and as he glanced at its mystical characters, and the involved cobweb of strokes which is the Sultan's signature, and lastly, and more closely, at the great violet stamp, his manner of polite doubt disappeared. He asked me to stand while he checked my personal appearance with the description in the document.

"Stature high" he read, and passed on to "red and grey" for eyes, but that he took as near enough. He now was satisfied, and apologised for my detention. The country was at war, he said; agents of the enemy were known to be going about, and care had to be taken by the authorities. Such care would be taken also in my own country, no doubt; and a similar mistake might be made even there. It gave

him much pleasure to meet an Englishman and to do anything for one, for England had ever been the friend of Turkey. He would give me a letter to the Chief of Police securing me from any further trouble. And as I wished to take photographs, this letter would permit me to do so wherever I might go, even in Syria; for that he could promise.

I never saw the letter—though I saw it written in violet ink with a great reed pen, and dusted with pounce—for it was closed and handed to the *zaptieh* who accompanied me to the police quarters. It was a long letter, but I doubted if it would be so potent as the writer claimed. I did not think the Governor of this city could ensure me the goodwill of officials in distant places—perhaps military officers, jealous of their authority. The fact remains, however, that wherever I went subsequently, even into districts under martial law, where foreigners were closely watched, I was always free to photograph, and never was troubled again by the authorities. British nationality is, or was, a great possession in Asia Minor.

All this business took five hours of daylight, to my great disgust; then I met Achmet and set out for the castle, depending on him to find the way, for he had made the climb before. The day was hot enough for August, and the ascent a thousand feet of clambering upon a slope like going up a roof, and had Achmet known just what awaited him he would not have been so anxious to act as guide. In addition to other clothing, he was much swaddled about the middle with a girdle of numerous windings; his trousers, too, were thick as fearnaught; on top of all he wore a long heavy overcoat. His shoes were incredibly heavy, and like clogs, open at the heel for easy slipping off and on when attending mosques. Besides handicap of dress he was a big-bodied, big-limbed man, more used to sitting cross-legged on the front seat of his *araba* than climbing precipitous rocks. Such was the man who faced the ascent about three in the afternoon, when the

shade temperature must have been in the eighties. I had felt considerable respect for Achmet before, but this day's experience greatly increased it. His shoes were ever slipping off, and sometimes caused him a return of twenty or thirty feet to recover them. He lost his breath. He was elephantine upon rock, and sometimes fell. Having slipped he sometimes rolled. But whatever happened he always made light of difficulty and stuck grimly to his work. And at the summit, when climbing about on broken walls became necessary, he seemed to make it a point of honour to go wherever I went, though he might well have sat down and waited.

Even Timur, great in sieges, found this castle beyond his power to take. He could get at it only by a narrow causeway; it was provisioned for years, and had a tunnel to a deep well in the heart of the mountain. For seven months the siege went on and made no progress, yet only one other place of arms ever foiled the Asiatic Napoleon. The greater portion of the castle is in ruins, and what remains intact is chiefly blank masonry, notable only for its careful workmanship. There is Roman work in it, too, and I brought away a piece of Roman brick and a small shapeless fragment of bronze.

You may indeed find almost anything within reason if you have good fortune when among the ancient sites of Asia Minor. It is a belief that seizes you and becomes an obsession as you wander among walls and excavations which have stood for two or three thousand years; stood on ground, moreover, that has been fought upon often since the days when men first recognised advantages of position. You know that such sites have been open to the yearly washing of heavy rain; that in centuries of sunlight many thousands of eyes have searched, prompted by the same thoughts as yours, and yet you are hopeful always. You have, indeed, good reason for being hopeful, though likely to go without reward. You know that every year many articles are so found; and may, perhaps, have seen some of

these findings. To a friend of mine, lingering one day among the ruins of that old castle on Mount Pagus, which looks so nobly over Smyrna and the Gulf, came great good fortune of this kind. Without thought or search, in a spot familiar to tens of thousands, his doubting eyes fell upon an intaglio in perfect condition. It proved to be of Alexander's time, and cut in a burnt emerald. And yet I, ever on the alert, ever thrusting into these places and crawling in subterranean passages, ever prodding with a stick, ever digging, and ever feeling that perhaps I should find a silver tablet with a Hittite treaty or the Hittite alphabet set out upon it, never did find anything at all beyond a paltry copper coin or two and some human bones.

Looking over a wall of Amasia Castle was a breech-loading field-gun with a thousand-feet drop under its muzzle. During the thirty days of Ramazan it would nightly give the time of sunset, important moment to a population waiting at tables below to break the day's fast—a moment so important that the State undertakes the duty of signalling it. You may hear this signal booming along the Bosphorus during Ramazan, and see people in open-air cafés waiting, knife in hand, for the sound; and the same sound and sights you may hear and see at this time in every town in the Turkish Empire. The Faithful attach vast importance to accuracy in such matters; and short of individually seeing for themselves, require the State to vouch for sunset. But even the State becomes inadequate authority sometimes, so vital is precision to these observances. Mohammedan ecclesiastical authorities in Constantinople, on the assurance of an observatory, once telegraphed throughout the provinces that the new moon had just been seen, and therefore the Feast of Bairam—or it may have been some other festival—might begin. On getting this telegram Amasia looked earnestly from its rocky peaks, being no whit behind the capital in anxiety to begin the feast, but could see no new moon what-

ever. Here was proof of liability to grievous error in trusting the telegraph. In these circumstances Amasia replied to Constantinople that it would wait and see the new moon for itself.

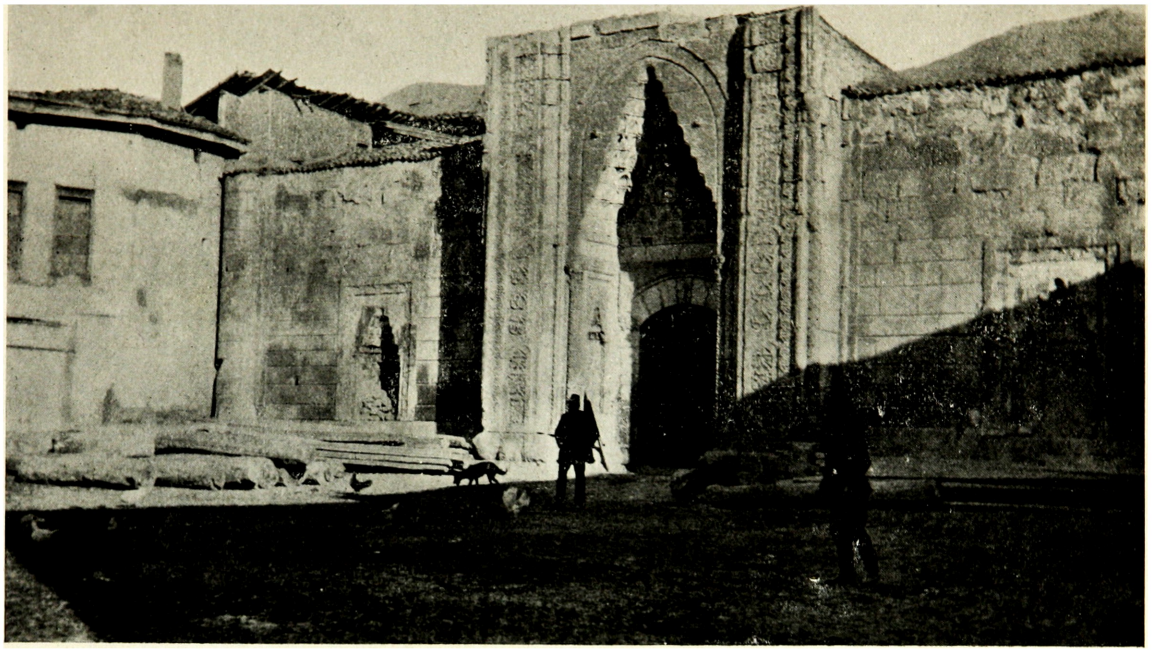
As Paris is seen from the Eiffel Tower, or Rio Janeiro from the summit of Corcovado Mountain, so Amasia is seen from the castle rock. You look down upon it vertically. You see the winding river fringed by trees and cut into sections by bridges; can count the low domes of baths, the minarets, the open courtyards of mosques, and might make a plan of the streets. Buildings on the opposite sloping talus a mile away seem to lose their high position, and to be standing in the valley bottom. But above them goes the great eastern precipice, grey and buttressed and warm in the sun; and it goes up and up, high above the castle level where you stand, and shows itself over the crags this side of the gorge to the whole plain of Marsovan and the surrounding mountains. Looking either up-river or down you see gardens and orchards going away into a sort of forest, so closely are they placed and so dense their growth, till a turn in the gorge cuts them off. When I left this rock the sun had not yet set, but lights had begun to twinkle in the dim gulf below.

Early morning in a strange place is apt to leave impressions which are carried long in mind, and colour the larger memories that a visitor brings away. I was familiar enough with the sights and sounds to which I awakened on the second morning in Amasia, but had never found them before with the narrow streets and glamorous atmosphere of an ancient city as setting. I awoke when the dawn was still dark, and realised at once, in a way I had not done till now, that I was in the East; not merely the East of maps, but the East of romance and tradition, more often found in books than in actual life. The subtle Greek influence which pervades the coast had gone; I had got among those whose feelings were more purely Asiatic.

So I felt as I stood looking from my window, brought to it by the sounds without. I saw the castle precipice dark against a sky of stars. In the narrow street below me, whose latticed windows I could just discern, were two straggling lines of shadowy animals and men passing in opposite directions in a fog of dust — caravans upon the road, one line for the sea, the other for the far interior. They came out of darkness, and went away into darkness.

But while they passed like shadowy ghosts they filled the street with the music of bells—slow camel-bells; gallant horse-bells, sounding with each toss of head, and the lightsome tripping jingle of donkey-bells. While I watched and listened cocks began to crow, and now and again I heard the barking of dogs. And then a great brazier of flaming charcoal was suddenly placed under an archway, just opposite my window, to burn out its noxious fumes before being used within doors; and its light gave a touch of weirdness to the scene. By this time men on foot were passing, carrying packs and evidently going far, and bullock-carts and waggons and *arabas*. And when I glanced at the sky again the stars were still bright and the castle rock dark; for my watch showed the hour as only a little after five.

When leaving the *khan* for another day in the city, I witnessed the summary punishment of a thief, whose operations I had watched with interest. Between two heaps of barley spread on a large sheet in the *khan*-yard, a couple of kneeling men, who disputed as buyer and seller, were carefully measuring grain. So absorbed were they in shaking the measure, in levelling off the barley on top, and arguing about too much shaking or not enough, that they overlooked a barefooted boy pilfering behind them. His scheme was simple and audacious. He stole up noiselessly with a bowl, filled it and made off, and came again. He made a number of successful trips, and varied them sometimes by coming into



Seljukian *Khan*, Amasia.

view and nonchalantly watching the measuring. Detected at last when filling the bowl, he ran, but the barley-merchant ran faster and captured him in the archway leading to the street. Having knocked down the thief, the merchant dragged him to a cobbler's hutch in the *khan*-yard, pressed the victim's head on the doorstep, snatched a flat-faced hammer, and began smiting, using the step as an anvil, as it were. What he smote was the head, and his blows were not light ones. The boy's screams quickly ceased, and I intervened. He seemed to have become insensible. But the angry barley-merchant had done this kind of thing before, apparently, and knew how to deal with fainting. He stopped his blows and violently pulled the boy's ears, first one and then the other, as a restorative process, and the screams recommenced; but with that the punishment ended.

In Amasia you may see old mosques with cloistered courtyards, Seljuk colleges, *tekkes*, and *khans;* there are old bridges, old houses, and rock-hewn tombs, but the finding of them depends chiefly on inquiry and your own labour. There is little in guide-books to help in your search, little of the buildings' story and associations, nothing, or very little, of the city's history. After bringing together all the pieces of information available you remain much in the dark. Even if sufficiently an archæologist to recognise old work and assign it correctly, you are thereby only furnished with a dry skeleton. A Seljuk quadrangle or *khan* may be very beautiful in itself, but is a dead thing without some outline of its history, some notion of those who built it, some story of life within its walls. Looking at such buildings, you are conscious that they have seen a world of romantic Eastern history, of hopes and fears and ambitions and effort and tragedy, that their story would have more than ordinary interest; but you are conscious, also, that their story is hopelessly lost. Investigate Seljuk history a little, and you find not much to go upon. The most notable Turkish

people of any, the only people of their race to erect fine permanent buildings in a native style, have left little of recorded history. So you go through Amasia —and other cities—and see their buildings, more or less intact, or come by accident upon beautiful doorways and other fragments and tiles and carving, and see them chiefly as so much curious excellence.

During the hot afternoon I went with Achmet to the "Mirror Tomb," the finest rock-hewn monument of the district. It stands in the gorge about two miles below the town, and is cut in a face of rock looking eastward across the river. Outwardly it is an arch, nearly semicircular, thirty or forty feet in span and more in height, sunk in the cliff to a depth of ten feet. A flight of eight steps leads up to a narrow platform from which the sides of the arch rise. Twelve or fifteen feet above the platform is a rectangular doorway to the tomb. The whole outward surface within the arch is polished, and so, it is said, is the interior of the tomb, and from these polished surfaces comes the name.

One would suppose that around a monument like this, and the similar Tombs of the Kings, overlooking Amasia, traditions of some sort would gather. But there are none. What you do hear are merely echoes of European theories coupled with tales of treasure. These monuments are known to have existed in the time of Strabo; but by whom hewn and what sovereigns ever filled them, even the approximate date of execution—all are matters of unfettered conjecture. Too many floods of conquering people have passed over the country for any authentic traditions to remain. To the present population each such monument, great or small, is simply "*shey*"—a thing.

The front of the Mirror Tomb was shaded by walnut-trees, making a grateful shelter as I sat on the steps and looked across the river and gardens to the opposite rocks. The only sound was the ticking of a solitary water-wheel, except when herds of black

The "Mirror Tomb," Amasia Gorge.

and white goats were filing along the narrow path. Like most animals in this land they wore bells; but theirs were smaller than an egg, and so thin and sharp of note that when many were heard sounding together in the distance they made no more than a rustling like the wind among aspens. Several flocks passed, each with goatherd and dog, and disappeared round the rocks lower down. They followed a path of more than ordinary interest, leading to a wild, romantic country which has figured in legend. One day's march down this gorge of the Yeshil Irmak, or Iris, is reached the valley of the Lycus, where, above the meeting of these two rivers, stand the mountains of Amazonia. We speak of "fabled Amazons," and are probably as far from the truth in believing them altogether unreal as if we took the old stories at their legendary value. If all legends are facts more or less embellished, this legend should be counted among the least idealised. There are curious stories current in these parts of the mountain-dwellers above the Lycus. They are called by some a people without affinities. But of whatever race they may be, their customs affecting women are remarkable, the more so considering the country in which these customs prevail was of old the land of Amazons. Women are the bread-winners —workers in field and among the herds; they have the superior physique, they are the masters, their men nothing but indispensable drones. So one is told. I had heard the tale from various sources, as a matter of common knowledge along the Lycus and lower Iris.

Had I reached Amasia a month earlier I should have gone to Amazonia as part of the present journey; now, however, the season was too late, and I had to leave it unseen; but I told myself hopefully that in another year I would make another journey and visit this unknown region, and see these strange women for myself. So I went along the pathway to its next bend, and thence looked down this gorge

that I hoped some day to follow. Its eastern crags that caught the sun were delicately pink, its farthest heights were violet; here and there upon the cliffs was a flame of scarlet autumn foliage; and beside the glassy river were orchards and overhanging walnut-trees and the white dusty pathway going on in shadow and sunlight under the rocks. That old unknown king, I thought, who chose to have his sepulchre hewn here, had seen the gorge on some such afternoon as this.

An hour later I was in Amasia again, endeavouring to trace, beside the Tombs of the Kings, the names cut during tedious hours by French prisoners of war confined in this remote place in 1802.

In all Asia Minor there are no such gardens and orchards as those of Amasia. They go far up the gorge; they go far down it; I had seen them filling the ravine from Marsovan plain. A rich soil, abundance of water, strong sunlight reflected by cliffs, and heat given off at night by the same rocks, make the gorge and its ravines a gigantic hothouse. But the fruit is that of the colder latitudes; for the winter climate is severe — there were temperatures much below zero during the year of my visit. The finest apples known in Constantinople and the Levant, fine as the best to be found anywhere, come from these orchards. In Amasia some call them "English apples," the original stock having been introduced from England nearly a century ago: the equally famed Isbarta pears, grown in the lake district of southern Asia Minor, are called "English pears" for the same reason. Amasia apples are of no sort known to me; but climate and other conditions of growth may have changed well-known characteristics.

If it is easy to understand why Seljuk sultans should have liked Amasia, less apparent are the causes which drew or sent here a German colony during the first half of last century. They established silkworm farms; they exported silk; later they built steam flour-mills; they engaged in other

View from the Mirror Tomb, Amasia.

businesses; and in all things were thorough and prospered. They do not seem, however, to have been able to maintain their nationality. Intermarriage with Armenians began during the first generation, and now no German colony as such remains. But a strain of German blood is evident enough in the appearance and characteristics of all descended from the colonists. One of these German-Armenians became a revolutionist and leader of note in his world. Report says that Turkish rule became intolerable to him in youth, and that earlier than most of his purely Armenian compatriots he reached the stage of taking to the mountains in rebellion. After years of adventure he was shot in fight, lacking adequate support.

Another of these German-Armenians I had the satisfaction of meeting several times, and very interesting I found him. When a young man he reached Berlin, and became Assistant Professor of Turkish in the University there, but after some years was drawn back to Asia Minor. One would call him remarkably capable, and find it hard to understand why he should prefer living in an inland Turkish town when his abilities and acquirements fitted him for a sphere altogether greater. In manner and appearance he was German, despite his Armenian father. He was fluent in various languages, and as archæologist, botanist, and explorer, had a remarkably full topographical knowledge of Asia Minor. One of his incidental activities lay in taking and recording aneroid readings of heights—a useful interest in a country never accurately surveyed.

Although Germans are not usually thought to take much interest in this part of Asia Minor, they are still attracted to it, perhaps as part of the whole. A few miles from Amasia is another and more recent German colony, a small one certainly, yet with curious features. It commands much capital, but is said to make no profit, and is called a rich man's hobby. At Mount Carmel and other places in Syria are German colonies on an ambitious scale, self-

contained communities in no risk of merging their blood with natives. The truth is that the German peoples have taken a sentimental interest in Asia Minor during centuries; and that generations before the Bagdad Railway adventure converted sentiment into shrewd national aspirations, an unseen, far-visioned German influence had been at work gradually preparing the ground.

CHAPTER IX.

Market-folk at Amasia—Many races—Rock-dwellers—Begging children—A professional beggar—Wayside shop—A swaggering Kurd—Yeni Bazaar *Khan*—Zilleh and Julius Cæsar.

I LEFT Amasia on a morning when country-folk were coming to market, and for miles I travelled against a stream of peasants and animals. In every land market-day provides the finest opportunity for studying the people; but in Asia Minor, with its successive hordes of conquerors and invaders, and hostile faiths which prevent the mingling of blood, the crowded market-places make history visible. It may be questioned whether in an equal area and under one government so many different races can be found elsewhere.

On market-day in any Anatolian town you see a people of such varied origin that no one type can be said to predominate. You could not even generalise and say that on the whole they were a dark people or a fair, or a blend of dark and fair. They are of every sort who ever came here, for blending is incomplete. On the road this morning I passed seven or eight hundred countrymen in an hour, and saw a people as diverse as history makes their origin. There were ruddy men with light-brown hair, red-haired men, albinos, men almost black, and others who were merely dark. In feature, too, was as much variety as in complexion. Some faces reminded of hawks, others were heavy and ill-formed, a few so

Mongolian that they might have passed for Chinese, and now and then appeared the Assyrian type. Strangest of all, however, were faces so English in form and expression as to be startling. What strains of blood have contributed to produce men of the sort in these surroundings I can offer no conjecture. South of Amasia I noticed few; between Amasia and Sinope, however, they may be seen any market-day—men with foxy-brown hair, grey-blue eyes, and clear skin, like numbers of our east coast fishermen.

Beyond Amasia the gorge began to open, but still showed bold precipitous sides, going up to the height of mountains. The road kept to the valley bottom, in which the river went curving among gardens and vineyards and trees, and fields that filled the level space. Beside the road were camel-camps, places of regular halt for caravans. Camels are given a day of rest from time to time when journeying, so these camps were generally occupied and had piles of saddles and goods standing round the drovers' tent, with the beasts kneeling or grazing not far away as the only cattle of the landscape.

A few miles out of the city I came in sight of a rocky knoll from which, seemingly from the earth, smoke was rising in various places. I thought of lime-kilns and tile-burners, but was altogether astray. I had come, in fact, upon a colony of rock-dwellers, with people running in and out of burrows like rabbits in a warren. Many children were in this colony, all of them beggars of the most pertinacious sort, who recognised in me, a foreigner on foot, a victim more promising than any they had seen before. They came swarming from their holes like excited bees, and ran beside me crying incessantly, "*Baksheesh, effendi! Baksheesh!*" They were so numerous, indeed, and pressed me so closely, that I found it difficult to go on until they turned upon each other, and those in front were pulled away or thrown down by those behind. Scrimmaging in this fashion they accom-

panied me till I threw coppers among them. They formed a heap upon the spot in an instant; a many-coloured, frantic little heap, which was still there when I looked back.

As I went swinging along this pleasant road between sunlit mountains and rocks, a dirty white bundle of rags splashed with colour appeared in front of me beside the way, and a hollowed hand pushed slowly out as I passed. At first I could find no semblance of humanity in the rags, for neither head nor limbs were visible; but while I looked the heap began to squirm, and a face revealed itself. Beggars' art was evident in the whole performance. In this writhing heap, which somehow reminded me irresistibly of a knot of worms, in the position of the prostrate head, seemingly detached as it lay in the dust beside the rags, and in the horrible face itself, whose eyes were set in great raw sores, were artifice and skill out of the common. I had seen coloured dough skilfully used for sores by such beggars before, but felt no wish now to investigate this man's processes. Of less questionable interest was his dwelling, a cavity in the bank hardly bigger than a barrel. In it were a couple of tin vessels, pieces of charcoal, and more rags; and before the entrance, a heap of loose stones with which the opening could be partially closed. In time to come the beggar might figure as a holy man, and be honoured with a shrine upon the site of his den to keep his memory alive.

Next I came to a little shop that took my fancy. It stood alone beside the road, in the shadow of a solitary tree. For outlook were brown hills flecked with scarlet shrubs, and tender distant mountains and cloudless sky, and the hot, white, dusty road with its slow-moving traffic. The shopkeeper sat cross-legged in his little open-fronted store, smoking placidly while waiting for customers. All his wares were in view—coffee, cheap cigarettes, a tub of olives, bread, garlic, *pekmez*, the sweetmeat called *helva*, and *pasderma*, which is sun-dried strips of beef. There

were also a boar's skin filled with white cheese, hanks of cord such as pack-horse drivers use, matches, salt, sugar, apples, barley—he was a universal provider of the Bagdad Road, pitched under a shady tree.

The desire to buy seized me when I saw this wayside shop, and I turned in beneath its tree. I bought olives and cigarettes for giving away, and ordered coffee, and tasted the salt white cheese, and the *helva*, and *pekmez*. While I sat thus, living the life of the highway, a horseman rode up slowly from the south. He looked at the shop, hesitated a moment, and then alighted, hitched his horse to the tree, and buying bread and olives and a cup of coffee, began to eat. He told the shopkeeper he was from Divrik, a town in the Dersim Kurd country, and on his way to Amasia. In appearance he was tall and thin and Jewish-featured, and like all Kurds shifty-eyed and stealthily observant, and carried himself with swagger. His big revolver was thrust into his many-coloured silk girdle only just enough to keep it in position. With country vanity he seemed sure that he, his fine horse and fine clothes, made a combination for cities to look upon with admiration. It struck me, indeed, that his halt at this shop was to show himself to me, a foreigner. Some people profess a liking for Kurds, and discover in them all kinds of virtues,—I sometimes wish that I could do so. Take stock of any group of Kurds, and as you look from face to face, all alike as birds of the same species, you receive a growing impression of cunning and cruelty to be found in no other race. So they always appear to me, and I do not think I ever was in the presence of a Kurd without having a strong inclination to quarrel with him.

At last the road left the valley of the Iris and climbed over a low neck between hills dotted with beech-scrub and Christ's thorn. The autumn foliage of both was so brilliant that in the distance the slopes seemed to be splashed with scarlet poppies. The colour could not have been due to frost, for as yet there had been none; it had to do with drought and heat and the dryness of air so noticeable in this

country. During the afternoon I travelled in a wide fertile valley, with gentle slopes and bold scrub-covered mountains in the south. It was an open country of flocks and herds, with scattered beech-trees beside the valley stream. Far in the distance the road now and then lifted itself into view, as it went winding and undulating up the valley; and from each stretch thus visible rose the dust of traffic.

The sun was high above the mountains when I came to Yeni Bazaar, my halting-place for the night. It was not even a village—no more than a little *khan* built of sun-dried brick, and a guard-house occupied by two or three *zaptiehs*. These lonely buildings conveyed the idea of standing in a remote valley of silence and sunlight; Amasia of the morning became a dream, and cities to come seemed an infinite distance away. I seemed to have arrived at the edge of some wide, unknown, vacant region.

To reach my room at the *khan* it was necessary to step carefully on the unboarded joists of the upper floor which had long been left unfinished. Underneath were quarters for goats and cows, for the *khan*-keeper was farmer as well. But the room was clean, and had a matting of reeds on the floor and projecting nails in the walls; and altogether I was as comfortable in this place as one could expect to be at a *khan*.

This evening I found myself oddly surprised, for in the oppressive silence and remoteness of the valley I had so lost my wider bearings, as it were, that in restoring them the map took me aback. My surprise was in discovering that fifteen miles across the mountains bounding my southern view lay the little town of Zilleh, scene of Cæsar's victory, which produced his *veni, vidi, vici.* It was near enough to impress the understanding with the wide extent of Cæsar's operations. I had seen his farthest north, had lingered on various of his battlefields, and here he had cropped up once more. It was, I supposed, his farthest east. Recollection of one battlefield in particular came to mind and figured in curious contrast with Zilleh, as I hung over the map this

evening in the *khan* at Yeni Bazaar. At the edge of the Thames, in a corner of smoky, insalubrious Brentford, not easily found by a stranger, I had looked sometimes at a monument recording the doings of the same Cæsar. It told that in B.C. 54 he had forced a passage across the Thames by a ford at that spot, and defeated the opposing British tribes. And a waterman with whom I once talked beside the monument had seemed to bring me almost within sight of Cæsar's figure. For him "this chap Julius Cæsar" was very much a man of reality. With his own eyes the waterman had seen ancient oak stakes, part of a pallisade built to defend the ford against Cæsar. With his own hands, indeed—so he averred—he had helped to draw up several of these stakes on a morning, when dredging or excavation for some twentieth-century purpose had laid them bare. In support of his statement he referred me to the local museum, where I might see the stakes myself and read their story.

At Yeni Bazaar Cæsar became a more universal figure than ever. From Britain to Egypt, from farthest Spain to eastern Asia Minor, you come upon his name inseparably linked with obscure places. What travelling it all represented; what voyaging under sail and oar in primitive craft; what journeying on land by horseback, vehicle, and litter! Of his six-and-thirty years of military activity between his first campaign in Mitylene and his death, the time he spent in actual travelling must have been no small portion of the whole. Considering his laborious methods of travel, and that each country's natural features must have required his closest study, day after day, it would seem that no one ever acquired such intimate knowledge of so many lands as Cæsar.

Had I been travelling with a pack-horse I could have gone across the mountains to Zilleh in a long forenoon, but for an *araba* the road was roundabout, and there and back meant three days' journey. I got no nearer to Zilleh than Yeni Bazaar.

CHAPTER X.

A caravan track from Yeni Bazaar—French road-surveyors' camp—Bullock-carters defy the law—Turkhal and its flies—Basil and Gregory the Illuminator at Annesoi—Jelat *Khan*—The Imperial Ottoman Mail—Road of evil name—Precautions—Customs of the road—Doubtful horsemen—Entering Tokat.

FROM Yeni Bazaar in the morning, though the road was deep in dust, I had the pleasantest pathway imaginable for nearly two hours. Stretches of similar path I had found before, but never for such a distance. It was the beaten way of caravans, beaten by hundreds of laden camels in line, each beast stepping so exactly in the leaders' footsteps that even the slightest deviations were followed. The path thus made was less than two feet in width, but in that space the surface was pounded smooth and hard as a clay tennis-court; and on each side, several inches deep and undisturbed, stood soft impalpable dust. These clean caravan paths may be seen each morning, beaten in mud—if that is the state of the road—as well as in dust, and remain until destroyed by hoofs and wheels. Traffic of this sort is seldom far behind; but to-day, owing to the positions of stopping-places, a wide gap existed between camels and wheels, and inserting myself therein I had the unspoilt pathway for my travelling.

SIX or seven miles before me the valley was closed by hills and mountains, blue and alluring under morning sunlight. It happened almost daily that

I got far-off glimpses of the road to be travelled, not so much in the middle distance as in the background, where it would show as a narrow white ribbon twisting upon the slopes. But now, for all my gazing, no such hint of the way could be seen. Would the road presently follow the bottom of some unseen gorge, or would it, after all, climb over the ridges? Somewhere among these lay Chengel, a village I was to reach at noon, and report placed it in a deep valley: the road could not withhold the secret of its course long. On an unfamiliar highway, in a land filled with mountains, uncertainty and anticipation of this kind combine into one of the pleasures a traveller finds.

The road turned on reaching the hills and began stealing its way upwards, careless of how much it deviated in search of an easy grade. Somewhere at this part a group of white military tents appeared, pitched on a knoll at a little distance. On going up to them I found they were the camp of a party of French engineers engaged in making a survey of the Bagdad Road. In return for some concession—a monopoly of motor-car services in the interior, I had been told in Samsûn—a French syndicate had undertaken to improve the road between Sivas and the Black Sea. It was a hopeful project, yet one likely to meet with unexpected difficulties. Turkish authorities had had their own troubles with improved roads, and where they failed a foreign syndicate might well fail also. The difficulty had arisen with bullock-carts. They are the vehicle of the country, and the vested interests of bullock-carts are correspondingly strong, not only in influence, but also in force of arms, as one might say.

A bullock-cart carries a ton or more on its two solid wooden wheels, and these are like wedges; they are five or six inches thick at the hub, an inch and a half thick at the rim, and have a tyre of that width formed of half-round iron. A week's traffic of these carts—traffic such as that on the Bagdad

Road—cuts any sort of macadamised highway into ribbons. Not without cause is the road generally paved with boulders. A surface of rounded boulders, like loaves of bread set close together, is the only metalling that can withstand these devastating wheels. So when macadamised roads were formed, bullock-carts were forbidden them unless flat tyres of much greater width were fitted. The change involved new wheels, and affected, indeed, the whole country population. They regarded it as an infringement of their rights, as a hateful foreign innovation, and holding these views defied the law, confident in their ability to resist. To enforce the law was not merely a matter of putting down riots, but of fighting great bodies of angry and obstinate men, armed with firearms and accustomed to use them. Coercion was beyond the power of *zaptiehs* and gendarmes, and wherever bullock-carts were the customary vehicle the new law fell into abeyance, and the macadamised road was destroyed.

At Chengel I discovered one of the few drawbacks of going afoot on this road. As a pedestrian I could not keep the *araba* stages between the large towns, and so missed the good *khans*. I went down into Chengel between rocks and wooded hills, with a clear stream rushing beside the road, and in the valley bottom, in beautiful surroundings, were two excellent *khans* side by side. They were the stopping-places which *araba* passengers into and out of Amasia always made a point of reaching. But they were not for me; the hour was only noon, and I had travelled only a dozen miles. My stages, I saw, must be those of pedestrians—of donkey-men, pack-horse drivers, bullock-cart drivers, and the like, and I must stay at their *khans*. The spanking *araba*, averaging its forty miles a day, divided the road into one set of stages provided with suitable *khans;* the crowd on foot, averaging their daily twenty-five miles or less, divided it into other stages which had *khans* of another sort. So I had to go with the peasants; and

though interest of some kind lay in the prospect, it possessed disadvantages too. But I was independent in the matter of food, and required only a room and water; for the rest I had to trust to the courtesy and goodwill seldom wanting in Turkish peasantry.

Beyond Chengel the road followed a beautiful winding valley, perfectly level in the bottom, every acre of which was ploughed. Here and there a solitary tree stood in the midst of the plough. The hills on either side were steep and naked except for a few patches of wood, and towards the summits broke into detached masses of cliff. In the sunlight and clear air these high-standing rocks looked as if enamelled in delicate browns and greys and pinks, and carried themselves with such distinctness against the sky that distance seemed to have become a thing variable by effect of atmosphere.

Looking at these cliffs I could have declared they were not a quarter of a mile away. And yet when I considered the distant trees, the long steep slopes, and belt of ploughed flat below, I saw that a mile and a half at least separated me from the enchanted rocks.

At the head of this valley, where it closed in to a mere glen, I came upon a curious scene of Turkish husbandry. In a strip of field beside the road a man and his wife were harrowing with the trunk of a young pine drawn sideways by two small cows. The woman's part was to add her weight to the harrow by standing upon it beside the man, the clods being sun-baked and refractory. Women working in the fields made a sight familiar enough, but this woman was exceptional. She was dressed in a garment of the cloak sort, that blazed with gold and silk embroidery in scarlet and blue and pink upon a white ground. Her back was so gorgeous with its spread of glittering colour and pattern that it seemed to belong to an altar frontal. Even Achmet, stolid and incurious as he generally was, gazed with astonishment at this spectacle in the dusty field, and had

no explanation of how the woman came to be so dressed.

I hastened to get a photograph of the couple, thinking I could do so unnoticed. But the man watched my movements, apparently having some idea of what I was about, and as his suspicions grew, placed himself in front of his wife and angrily told me to stop. Thinking this protest insufficient, he picked up a clod and made to throw it. With that I turned away, and when the harrowing was resumed, managed to get a photograph of the pair when their backs were turned.

Following the pedestrian stages of the road my proper stopping-place this night was Turkhal, and it had a very bad name.

"Don't stop at Turkhal," was advice that had been given me variously in Constantinople, in Marsovan, and in Amasia. Every one who had passed through Turkhal agreed that at best it was the vilest town on the whole length of road between Samsûn and Sivas. Sometimes the explanation had been given that it was Turkish, filthy, and fanatical.

As one committed for a time to living with the humblest, I thought it would be strange if I could not endure Turkhal for a single night. Wherever a native could sleep I could do likewise, I argued. It became almost a point of honour with me at last to put up in Turkhal and nowhere else.

Turkhal lies in a little green plain surrounded by hills and mountains, with several great isolated rocks standing in the midst of the plain like islands. The road by which I entered had water on either side, and beyond the water rich green meadows, in vivid contrast to the brown countryside I had just passed through. On an island rock beside the town, rising high above the houses, was a picturesque castle. I thought that Turkhal had been strangely slandered.

But any favourable impression due to distance fell away immediately I entered the main street. I had been in dirty Turkish towns before—Vizier Keupru,

for instance, which has a typhoid of its own, and Sinope—but none so bad as this. To pass dry-footed it became necessary sometimes to go sideways between little fly-blown shops and pools of fetid blue liquid, a foot in depth, that the *araba* was churning. The people, too, sitting in the wretched *kahvehs*, were as depressing and repulsive as their town. They were shabby and dirty beyond their kind; they were languid; they looked as if malarial fever took them every week; and they sat among such swarms of flies as no one should be asked to credit without seeing. They sat among these flies uncaring.

I had not gone two hundred yards along the street before my firm intention of sleeping in Turkhal was shaken. I would, however, see what the *khan* was like. If it should prove as bad as the rest of the town, I had a notion of getting into the castle and making shift there for the night. Already I understood why there had been such a harmony of condemnation for Turkhal. Already I intended to be among the worst detractors of Turkhal myself.

I mounted the *araba* at last, and driving to the only *khan* bade Achmet stay outside while I looked within. It was dirtier than the shops. There were flies like the fourth plague of Egypt, and their buzzing made a level unvarying sound that pervaded the air. Not only were there ordinary house-flies, large and small, but also those detestable, flat, quick-flying ones which in Asia Minor always accompany animals. They settle on the human neck sometimes, and lie so flat and adhere so tightly and persistently, that they cannot be brushed away but have to be scraped off, and even then make haste to return. At this stage I gave up all idea of sleeping in the town; nor did the castle appeal to me any longer. Achmet said he knew of another *khan* an hour distant. The idea of another *khan* was encouraging: that it was so much as an hour distant from Turkhal seemed better still.

And yet I should have liked to spend a day in

Turkhal. Derelict as it and the surrounding country are now, town and district have not been so always. In Byzantine times this was a rich and well-cultivated land of great estates, one of which belonged to the Byzantine emperors, and inscriptions of the period are numerous still. And Turkhal of old was Ibora, and near it was the estate of Annesoi, where Basil and his brother Gregory the Illuminator were born. Less than an hour's walk from the town is a wild gorge of roaring water and great cliffs, in which Basil lived a while as hermit. One may find perhaps in his choice of place for retirement some influence of his boyhood's memories. At Annesoi he must have visited this dark gorge: possibly found it an attractive spot, and, boy-like, slipped off to it when he could. Impressions he received then may have drawn him to it when he resolved to retire from the world. So at least one likes to think. Of Ibora, too, Gregory became bishop, though much against his personal wishes. He declined the See at first, it is told, and only accepted it on the urgent advice of the Bishop of Amasia.

The scenery of this plain is of a kind unusual in Asia Minor; and in days of better cultivation must have been even more attractive than now. Glimpses of its peculiar charms I saw when leaving Turkhal. The road went along the bank of the Iris; beside the water was a white *tekke* overshadowed by trees; trees bordered the river above and below the building; and *tekke* and trees were reflected in the water's surface as in a mirror. The reflection was so perfect that for accuracy I could not choose between similitude and original. On either side of the river were bright green meadows, from which the ground rose and went to the hills in gentle undulations; and on hills and mountains and river and green plain lay evening light as exquisite as man's eyes ever saw. It was a scene of softness and peace such as I had never beheld in Asia Minor before, and did not seem to belong

to Asia Minor at all. It had the deep wistful peace of the English countryside, but under a soft translucent light which never fell in that favoured land. Considering this sight and how exceptional it was in the country, one felt that men who spent most of their time in other parts would seek to acquire estates and live in these parts. It was the soft un-Asiatic peacefulness and verdure of the district that brought emperors and others to old Ibora.

Achmet's recollection of a *khan* an hour's distance turned out to be a pardonable mistake. A little way beyond the *tekke* a man on the road told us that no *khan* existed nearer than Jelat, to reach which would take three hours' travelling,—a prospect not unpleasant on this evening of wonderful beauty, with bright moonlight to follow. At sunset the wide undulating country, ringed about by mountains, was bathed in violet. No mere suggestion of colour such as is given by distance, but so vivid as to cause wonderment—so potent that it was seen on slopes and rocks only a few hundred yards away. Beneath it the black tents of Yuruk nomads near the road became deep purple. And these dim tents, with their dancing fires and moving figures seen in the otherwise vacant plain against a sunset sky, represented well, it seemed, the Asiatic invaders before whom Byzantine civilisation fell.

A bright moon lighted us into the Circassian village of Jelat, standing a mile or two off the main road. The *khan* was crowded, and men, wrapped in rough cloaks, had already settled themselves to sleep under their bullock-carts in the road. The Circassian host, a tall, thin man wearing a dagger in his belt, received me with hesitation. His difficulty seemed to be that he had no room—at least not of the sort he supposed I should require. With his belted cloak and dagger, and tousled head of hair, he cut a wild picturesque figure in the uncertain light, and his way of speaking harmonised with his looks. When I saw him by lamplight his oddness of speech was explained, but his

appearance became even wilder. His mouth had been injured by a blow, which knocked out his front teeth while leaving the others, and in place of lips appeared now an unclosable void, an ever-open hole from which issued sounds. After some delay and a show of disinclination a room was found for me at last. It was in the roof, and had a ceiling of interlaced pine-twigs, and the window was an opening in the outer wall. Pigeons used the room as loft, and I had trouble in driving them out; and when I was shaving before the window in the morning one of the dispossessed birds entered in flight and cannoned against my head. I doubt whether man or bird was the more startled.

When I left Jelat at eight the next morning the heat was already so great that it seemed more proper to August than November. And when I reached the wide treeless valley of the Iris, which goes up to Tokat, it became indeed the heat of summer, and that upon a land already baked and hot. There are two parallel roads in the valley, not a mile apart, the one scarcely a hundred feet above the other; but that slight separation is said to make all the difference in the world. They call the upper the Summer Road, and say it is used to escape the flies and insects which render the lower road impassable in the hot season. I went by the lower road, scoffing at the idea that roads so close together could differ much in this respect. I soon wished that I had followed the native custom. Hornets, wasps, ticks, grasshoppers, beetles, and flies of all sorts abounded; they kept near the river, it seemed, and the upper road therefore lay beyond their wanderings.

On this northern side of the valley dry watercourses crossed the road frequently; they showed every sign of sudden flood, and on the hills from which they came not a village, not a tree or bush, and scarcely a sign of grass, could be seen. On the southern side of the valley, however—the side which sloped away from the unfriendly sun instead of toward it,—was pasture, with trees and scrub in parts, and several villages.

About midway between Jelat and Tokat appeared the remains of an old stone bridge crossing the river. When I reached it a faint straight band became visible, going from the bridge up the distant slope in the south, and crossing the summit in a little notch or hollow. If this were not a Roman road, it had every look of one. Its northward aim, too, would bring it to the rich valley of the Lycus, a district of much Roman work. It might, in this land of abounding ancient remains and complete indifference to them, be as fine a Roman road as any existing, and yet have attracted no notice.

It is not easy to say why, but on the roads of Asia Minor the passing of the Ottoman mail always creates interest. Every one watches its coming, watches it pass, and throws a glance backward when it has gone; and I found interest in it myself, perhaps even greater than that of the natives. I fancy the cause had something to do with the unusual spectacle of haste in a land whose motto is "*Yavash*" (slowly).

So now, when far in front of us a ball of dust appeared, Achmet pointed with his whip and cried "*Posta!*" with unusual animation. The ball grew larger and larger, though still too dense and too far off for anything it contained to be seen. But at last horses could be discerned dimly, and next a crescent flag fluttering bravely on a pole, and then the driver, and behind him vague bobbing figures in blue. The procession was travelling on one of those curious loops which all roads in the country show, where traffic, weary of the ill-paved road, turns off in fine weather and makes a parallel road perhaps fifty yards away. On such a loop the Ottoman mail, clothed with authority, now passed in its cloud of dust. The equipage consisted of one springless, unpainted, rattling waggon, drawn at a canter by two fine horses, with two *zaptiehs* in blue, rifle on hip, cantering close behind. But there was clatter, jingling, rapid movement, the fluttering crescent, the glinting of sunlight on arms;

there were the easy attitudes of the *zaptiehs* riding with the grace of centaurs, and the strangely oblivious attitudes of the driver and another official crouching in the waggon. Such were the fleeting impressions one had of the Imperial Ottoman Mail from Sivas to the coast. In this fashion it goes day and night, changing horses and men frequently, and covering its hundred or a hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours when the weather is not unfavourable.

In years gone by the valley road between Jelat and Tokat had been the scene of many robberies, nor had they altogether ceased at this time.

It lay near enough to such lawless districts as Kurdistan and Lazistan, and was used by the rich merchants of Tokat and Sivas; therefore two chief circumstances necessary for robbery had always existed. I knew people who had been robbed on this stretch of road, and had heard their stories. The robbers had come up in single file, as if passing, and generally from behind; they had then covered driver and occupants of the *araba* with revolvers. I intended that no such simple process should avail with me. Robbery on Turkish roads is usually due as much to the victims' carelessness as to any special daring on the part of the robbers. Make the opportunity difficult for them, and they may think it no opportunity at all, and go by with salutations to rob some one less prepared. It was the native custom, I found, to pass wide on any lonely road. A couple of men approaching me would gradually incline to right or left when still at a little distance, and give eight or ten yards of space if the road permitted. And after dark or with cause for suspicion, any one may without offence call to another to pass wide on the other side. With these as recognised customs of the road it was not difficult to take such simple precautions as I thought necessary. I never let any one approach me closely; I watched all horsemen as men of necessity under suspicion, and particularly I kept

an eye on horsemen coming up behind,—for such I generally waited, facing them from the roadside. Just how these precautions served me there could be no saying, except by presumption in the long-run, but on this road I shall always think it served me well. Looking back I saw two Circassian horsemen coming up, one behind the other, the distance separating them about the same as that between me and the *araba*—a matter of a hundred yards. No one else was in sight. It seemed like the real thing,—the thing of which I had often heard. I watched them go by from the roadside with my hand on the Browning in my jacket pocket, and each as he passed glanced at me furtively, knowing that I suspected him. In Tokat the next day I saw these men together.

A few miles farther the dusty road entered the walled orchards of Tokat. They were dotted with *yailas*—usually a single room raised six or eight feet above ground and opening to a wide balcony. In these places the owner and his family live during the fruit harvest, and even throughout the summer; and the weather being still so hot many were occupied now, and over balcony railings hung fluttering white garments and gaily striped shawls. Men were pruning with axe and saw, children were playing, and women busy at household work outdoors. There was laughter and chattering, the sound of axes and falling boughs. Tokat is largely Armenian, and most of these orchard folk were of that industrious but unhappy people. In their own ancient homeland they live upon sufferance, and are massacred from time to time as an "administrative necessity"—so I have heard it called. And yet with it all you see them between massacres, as here, apparently blind or indifferent to their daily risk. They remind you of those who hasten back to their old fields and village sites on the slope of a volcano, hoping for the best, for another run of quiet profitable years, after each eruption.

After crossing a picturesque old stone bridge of many arches, with water-wheels beside it, I soon entered Tokat, and saw it as a pleasant town in which to end a hot day's journey. The time was four o'clock, but in a shop on the shady side of the street I saw a thermometer which registered a temperature nearly equalling 80° Fahr.

CHAPTER XI.

Tokat—Dagger-wearing people—A pleasant *khan*—Armenian soldiers—On *yoghourt*—Achmet as kitchen-maid—A Greek visitor—Tokat Castle—Osman Pasha—Death of Henry Martyn—Achmet and the sentry—Breaking into a Turkish house—Commercial *khans* of Tokat—An Armenian pastor—Rumours of massacre on my road.

TOKAT stands in the meeting of two deep valleys, the greater not more than three-quarters of a mile in width. One promontory of the intersection runs out among the buildings in a precipitous tongue of rock, five or six hundred feet high, on which stands an exceedingly picturesque castle. The town has about half the population of Amasia.

I retain strangely vivid recollections of Tokat, all of them pleasant, all of them in colour. It remains in mind as a bright, clean little town of sunlight and cloudless skies; of red roofs and greenery and winding river between bold steep hills; and of many sword- and dagger-wearing people in the streets, for there are wild districts in the east and north-east. By his arms and the way he wears them you may very nicely assess a man's vanity; and not only his vanity, but his position and character. An hour's wandering in the streets of Tokat provided many studies of this kind.

But more than anything else my impressions of Tokat were coloured by the *khan* at which I stayed. It was the best I ever found—not only in accommodation, but also in its air of distinction. Among the many *khans* of Tokat it was the first, without

fear of rivalry or comparison, and yet made no attempt at being an hotel; it provided only shelter, water, and fire. All who sought its hospitality brought their own beds and bedding, and made their own provision for food; but on these terms it was a resort for those who required comfort and cleanliness of the native sort. Tokat has always been a place with large commercial and official interests; and many well-to-do persons come to it upon their affairs and require to stay a while. By generations of such visitors has this *khan* been given its characteristics. In an exhibition of the pleasant inns of all lands—could such a delightful exhibition ever be held—each inn faithfully reproduced and displaying its daily life, my Tokat *khan* would not rank last, and its scenes would be among the most picturesque and diverting of any.

As a solid old-established *khan* it made no pretentious outward show. It was built of whitewashed stone, and its floors were paved with the same material. A servant, as I entered, was sprinkling the outer paving with water on the score of coolness, and took pleasure in making elaborate patterns with his little jet. Being a large *khan*, the gallery and rooms went round three sides of the spacious sunny courtyard, which as yet was empty of vehicles. The door of each room was numbered, and the figures enclosed by a painted wreath of flowers. My room was clean and dusted. The rug upon the floor would have fetched a goodly price in Europe, and the hand-printed hangings on the wall were excellent examples of native art. A stove in blue tiles, and a gilt-framed mirror, were other surprising appointments of luxury.

A few minutes after reaching the *khan* I was seated on the balcony railing, a thirsty man, drinking tea, and watching other travellers arrive. Among them figured well-mounted civilian horsemen accompanied by armed servants, and also a few officers in khaki, attended by orderlies. But the greater number of

travellers came in dusty *arabas* — men dressed in black in European style, except for the scarlet fez which signifies an Ottoman subject; and Armenian women not so European in their garments. A body of troops in khaki, doubtful visitors at first glance, presently marched in to be billeted. But on a closer view they were reassuring; they were clean, they were shaven, they knew how to wear the uniform and wind their puttees. Judged by face and bearing and physique, one would have said they had the making of excellent soldiers. In their new uniforms, picturesque *bashluks*, and brown sandal-shoes with upturned pointed toes, they were as smart and well-set-up a body of men as one could wish to look upon. And then to my surprise I presently found they were Armenians. Just what enemy they would have been content to fight against was not at all clear—one could not well imagine them fighting whole-heartedly for the Ottoman State with which their race is at bitter variance; and yet at various times, and that even recently, Armenian troops have fought well for the Turkish Empire. But these men appeared to be satisfied, and were in the highest spirits, though on watching them I thought their contentment only of the moment. Like me, it seemed, having fallen into pleasant quarters, they were on good terms with themselves and every one else, and could live each day as it came.

Above the low roof opposite to me as I sat on the balcony, I could see the castle high on its rugged crag, with a tall white minaret standing out sharply against the background of dark rock. There were glimpses of grape vines climbing over red roofs. Doves fluttered in the *khan*-yard among men and vehicles and horses. On this hot windless afternoon, the town seemed to sleep among its hills under a blue sky. Life, one thought, must go very pleasantly here.

As I took in these impressions to me appeared the *khan*-keeper, the purpose of whose coming was to ask about food. The cook-shops of Tokat, he said, were

famous, and their food of the best; he would send out for what I liked. At one shop he knew of a sheep roasted whole. At another there might be fish. Was there *yoghourt*, I asked. Yes, replied this local patriot promptly, and added that the *yoghourt* of Tokat was better than the *yoghourt* of Silivri. By this assertion he made a large claim, for Silivri, on the Sea of Marmora, close by Chataldja, produces the *yoghourt* most esteemed in Constantinople.

So they brought me *yoghourt* now upon my order. And because I had said nothing as to quantity, and they supposed my appetite for this food must be in proportion to the traditional English purse, I was served with about four quarts in a tinned copper bowl. I took what I wanted, and gave the rest to Achmet, whose gratitude befitted a larger bounty. A little later I saw him with a friend seated cross-legged before the bowl, plying great wooden spoons, several pounds of bread beside them, and contentment evident even in their backs.

This *yoghourt* of Turkey merits a few words in passing, it being a national food held in universal liking. It is the one native dish—no, there are two, for *keshkek*, I think, is another; but of *keshkek* I do not speak just now—that can be regarded with unqualified approval by a European. An Anatolian peasant sighs with contentment as he sits down to a large bowl of fresh *yoghourt* and a loaf of bread. He has good reason for gratification, for were he wealthy he could command nothing more palatable, nothing better as a sustaining food. It is by no means to be confounded with the vile acid sold in England as *yoghourt*.

There are several sorts of Anatolian *yoghourt*—from the milk of ewes, buffaloes, goats, and cows, and the first is the richest, and the second the most abundant and perhaps the most preferred. *Yoghourt* making and vending is a calling by itself in Turkish towns; but in country districts every peasant woman has the skill. You may see a *yoghourt* man go through the

whole process in his little shop. You see him heat the milk carefully, bring it to a gentle simmer, and then pour it into bowls of various sizes according to the demand in his trade. Next follows the critical operation. As the milk cools he must hit upon the proper temperature at which to impregnate it. He makes use of a thermometer—his little finger to wit—and this he inserts at the edge of each bowl, carefully pushing back the cream, for he must study the look of his goods. The right temperature reached, he introduces a small spoonful of old *yoghourt*, again at the edge, taking care not to disturb the cream, and gives it a deft stir or two. In completion, he drops a few black seeds in the middle of the cream as charm against the Evil Eye. When the basins are cold they contain *yoghourt* ready for use; a substance without fluid, firmer than junket, and which, for twelve hours, has scarcely any acidity. Of this sort is Anatolian *yoghourt*, a food of nomad origin, which a man is content to eat twice a day for a year and ask no change. Drink raw milk of the country and you die with an approach to certainty; but experience shows you may eat *yoghourt* anywhere and fear no ill.

At previous *khans* I had found no difficulty in carrying out my rule of doing all cooking and the like for myself. At this *khan*, however, I was conscious of a certain inappropriateness in performing such domestic labours. I knew that I was watched. I had to clothe every operation with secrecy. I became jealously concerned that my door should be closed; that no smell should escape my window when I was frying bacon or making soup. With these precautions I did well enough, but when it came to getting rid of dirty water the difficulty was greater. At other places I had stepped gaily to the balcony, like other travellers, and flung such refuse into the yard, conscious of doing the right thing. But here, being looked to for the English mode, I felt this primitive course impossible, and summoned Achmet to my aid. Where

should water be thrown? I asked. Below, he answered, finding no difficulty, and wondering not a little at my sudden ignorance. When he understood that I desired him to do the throwing he was even more puzzled; he had never seen me at a loss before, and with past scenes in mind found my present incapacity bewildering. In a sympathetic voice he asked, "Are you sick, effendi?" Assured that I was not, he gave up guessing, and resigned himself to an unsolved mystery. He seized the basin, strode to the balcony, and without a word of warning flung the contents indiscriminately upon doves and *arabas*.

Presently I received a call from the occupier of room "Numero 3." He was a friendly Greek, a very tall, thin-visaged man with iron-grey moustache, and an air of self-possession. He had been in England, spoke English tolerably well, and wore what looked like an English suit; and at this stage in my interested scrutiny I recognised the origin of his nonchalant manner. He talked with one hand thrust into his trousers pocket, the other handling a cigarette; and he stood, as it were, with his back to an English fire.

"Saw you come in this afternoon," he said, "and hear you're tramping it. Have you tramped in parts of Wales? I have been to Wales. Wales is more beautiful than this country. England is a safe and shady garden, yet you have left it. The English go in all places. The law of England and its order are admirable to visitors. There you get swinging damages from the courts if you are assailed by newspapers. Let a brick fall on you in the street and there is money in it from the owner. In Turkey you are shot and stabbed and robbed and receive no recompense."

He assumed that I was in search of oil or minerals, a quest, he had no doubt, that would meet with much success. As for himself, he was a merchant of some kind, returning from Van, Bitlis, and Erzerûm.

Reports had been current lately of Armenians having been maltreated and killed in these districts;

of Armenian girls abducted by Kurds; of the roads being more than usually dangerous. The Greek scouted these stories. He had neither seen nor heard anything out of the common. As for the roads, he had travelled in the company of caravans of course—it was the way of the country—but there was no report of travellers being molested. He regarded these tales, at least at this time, as fabrications for the purpose of keeping Armenian grievances before a world expecting to hear of such things.

I asked how many Armenians he thought were in Asia Minor now.

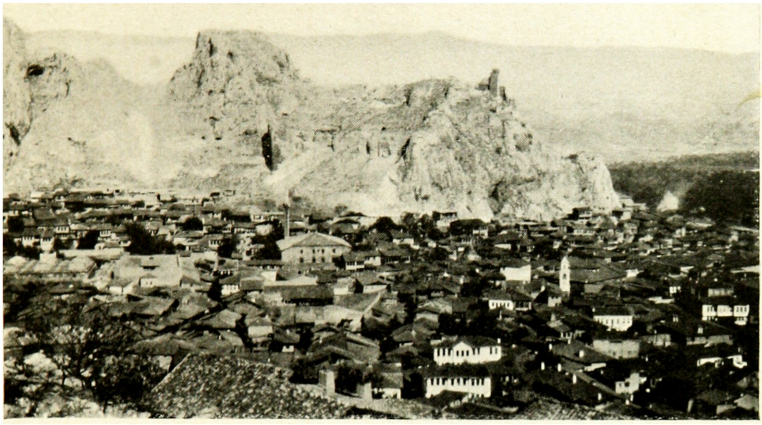
"About two millions," he replied promptly, as if a matter of everyday knowledge.

"And how many Greeks?"

"Four millions."

The subject is one on which both races hold strong opinions: both use somewhat similar figures, but each adopts the higher estimate for itself.

Next morning we set out to reach the castle on its broken rock; and finding no regular way of approach, at last took to the cliff, and after stiff climbing gained the top. The structure is medieval, but of no great interest; a portion is kept in repair as a magazine; the other parts are ruinous. A noble view was the true reward of our climb. Bold, rounded, enclosing hills; a richly wooded valley with an aqueduct crossing it among trees; gleaming stretches of river; long white main roads stringing out into the distance; red roofs and white walls and minarets; blue mountains not far away in the south,—of its kind there could scarcely be a view more satisfying. Close by Tokat was born Osman Pasha, defender of Plevna, who is said to have held his native district in peculiar regard. Gazing upon it as I did now in sunlight and morning air, under a soft blue sky, I had no difficulty in understanding his affection. Not with similar regard, however, is he remembered by people of his native town. They are mainly Armenians, and therefore hold the



Castle Rock, Tokat.

Turkish Recruits on Chamli Bel.

last great Moslem soldier's name in scant esteem,—glad, as one told me, to think him indeed the last.

For some English people Tokat may possess a scarcely expected interest. In a garden of the town lies buried Henry Martyn, whose missionary labours in India during the earlier part of last century are well known. He died here on his way back to England. So much I had heard, and did not suppose that anything more was to be known; but at Sivas I fell in with a pamphlet giving further particulars. He died, it seems, unknown and unfriended, and his body was thrown out unburied on the hills above the town. Thence his whitened bones were recovered eventually by an early pastor of the Tokat Protestant Church and buried in the garden of the church house, where a monument to him may now be seen.

In climbing to the castle we must have taken a way never followed before, unless, perhaps, by stormers; for at the top we found an easy footpath ascending from the farther side. Following it when returning we came to a guard-house near the bottom where paced a sentry armed with rifle and bayonet. He stopped as we approached, seemingly a good deal surprised at seeing trespassers come down whom he had not seen go up. His manner was that of one who had got into trouble by neglect and was resolved to right himself somehow; so he shouted that the castle was forbidden, and ordered us to stop. Had I been alone I should have obeyed promptly; but Achmet went on unheeding, and as he passed contemptuously slapped his own bulky hinder parts for answer, and in the shadow of this invaluable driver I likewise assumed indifference and held on. Achmet's behaviour seemed risky towards a sentry in harness, and in war-time; a sentry, moreover, who could prove duty faithfully performed by bringing us down, and I asked why he had acted in this fashion. For answer I received the curt, sufficing word "Ermenie," which set me wondering what was possible to a slim Armenian sentry in dealing with an offensive heavy Moslem.

It was a problem for the sentry, complicated by more than what might befall himself. The killing or injuring of a Moslem by an Armenian (leaving me, a foreigner, out of the question) is always an enormously serious thing. Moslems might have risen to avenge the shedding of Moslem blood, and Armenians of the town, women and children as well as men, would have suffered. All these aspects of the question the sentry knew well, and passed in review. I looked back to get, if I could, some inkling of his thoughts. He had resumed his beat—the wisest course considering all things—reflecting thankfully, no doubt, that we had been ending the trespass instead of beginning it.

During the afternoon another instance occurred of what Achmet, as a Moslem, could carry through without trouble resulting. I wished to reach a rock, high up the valley side, that promised a fine view over the town and castle. We spent half an hour in a maze of alleys, each stopping with a dead end, vainly endeavouring to get through to the open ground a few hundred yards away. At last I proposed to try farther along, but now Achmet thought his reputation at stake, and that he must discover or make a way here. He became obstinate, and said he would go through the houses. Various doors that he tried were fastened; but one at length flew open before his vigorous push, and bidding me follow, he entered. Certainly it was a poor man's house, but it was Turkish—the place of secluded females, the owner's castle more than is the home of any Englishman; I would have trespassed in many private houses rather than this.

I followed, however, wondering not a little what the outcome would be. We went through the house, out into a yard, and there came face to face with an unveiled woman. I expected screams, abuse, a gathering of neighbours, something like a riot; but Achmet said a few quiet words and all was well. So we went on, climbing over walls, crossing yards, passed through another house, and at last reached the open hillside.

Here Achmet sat down and wiped his brow and smoked a cigarette, and the look of complete satisfaction that he showed, not only in face but posture, told how deeply his pride had been engaged.

The old commercial *khans* of Tokat, dark, stone-walled, massive buildings, testify to great earlier trade. Like the Tash *Khan* at Marsovan, they are places of security from fire and brawl and raid, in which merchants keep their goods and do their business in safety, but seem of earlier date. Such buildings are the bazaars of great cities done in little for the country towns, and have the same Eastern atmosphere and scenes and smells. One of these picturesque Tokat *khans* had a stone fountain in the middle of the court-yard. A few small trees grew scattered about. Over a high horizontal trellis of poles a vine was trained, apparently to provide shelter for standing animals. In the open quadrangle stood bales of tobacco, bags of barley and wheat, bundles of shovels and iron rods, and stacks of skins, firewood, and charcoal — simple merchandise of a simple land — and doves by the hundred fed on spilled grain.

The castle and rock rose not far from this *khan*, dark and impending above red-tiled roofs, and sharply defined against a clear sky. There was a subtle quality in the stronghold seen thus, something of the sort you perceive in pictures of imaginary castles placed in imaginary lands of romance. Yet castle and rock made a combination evidently belonging to days of wild reality; and viewed from the yard of the old *khan*, where camels and asses and strangely dressed figures were coming and going amidst goods of primitive commerce, seemed to fill out a sunlit scene of the Middle Ages into which, somehow, I had delightfully wandered. In these surroundings the present merchants of Tokat, all showing the unlikeable eye of gain-seekers, did their dealings. And here their clerks sat cross-legged wherever they could find shade and a comfortable spot, and smoked incessantly, and wrote with reed pens, and dusted their writing with pounce.

Before the day was out several English-speaking Armenians called at the *khan*, hearing that an English visitor was there. Students in tens of thousands, most of them Armenians, have passed through the various American schools and colleges and taken away some knowledge of the English tongue. The result is that in every town and many villages there are people able to speak English.

One of these callers was the Tokat pastor of that Armenian Protestant Church which is the darling child of the American missions. No more pathetic body of men than these Armenian Protestant pastors are to be found anywhere. The lot of their race is dark—it is darkest for them. In massacre they are among the first to go. A pastor or priest is a more choice and acceptable victim than any shopkeeper. The killing of a group of pastors or priests becomes a very notable achievement indeed in the eyes of murderous fanatics. And by this much the pastor's lot is harder than the priest's: that in a country where the national Church is the very core and essence and symbol of each hostile race, the pastor, by his defection, has cut himself off from the majority of his own people. The path of these pastors, indeed, is about as uncertain and difficult as any ministry has had to follow; little wonder that in following it they become marked by a peculiar sadness. All have passed through American seminaries, and in tastes and outlook are more Western than Eastern. They are intelligent and well-informed, and devoted in their calling. The Ottoman Empire does not possess a body of citizens more inoffensive, more earnest, or more anxious to do good than these Armenian pastors. Yet withal you are conscious of something much awry with them. You feel they are out of place, that the example they set their people is not the example of greatest benefit, and that another sort of pastor might well do better.

The root of the matter is that by some fatal perversion they hold the notion of the cheek to the smiter.

It colours everything they do. Most certainly they have not learnt it from the American missions; American missionaries in Asia Minor have no illusions of this kind. Some go armed on their ministrations; a slung rifle was the familiar companion of various well-known missionaries; among them are men as dangerous with their weapons as you need meet. And if any serious infringement of mission rights by the Ottoman Government takes place, and redress is not made soon, no people are so certain as the missionaries that the arrival of an American battle squadron is the proper remedy. But such principles have not been absorbed by the generality of Armenian pastors; they do not recognise it as an elementary condition of existence that the individual must defend himself. They fall over each other, so to say, in anxiety to oppose Evil in moral form; but when Evil takes physical shape and comes destroying and murdering, they consider physical opposition out of place.

My visitor, the Armenian pastor, was a good example of his brethren and their attitude in the unhappy circumstances of their race. He was gentle and mild-eyed, with a cast of sadness in his looks. He spoke with gratitude and admiration of England, as one might of a country more favoured than any, happier than any, where nothing is amiss,—he pictured it a better place than I knew it to be. In quiet village or town of some land where Law held rule, he would have been in his element; but here he made the figure of a defenceless shepherd anxiously watching his flock among wolves; thinking wistfully of pastures where there were no wolves, yet resolved to share the dangers of his flock to the last.

Another Armenian who called on me before I left Tokat had news of trouble having broken out somewhere on the road to Sivas. He could give no details. It was a rumour just become current in the *khans*—one of those flying stories of disturbance between Moslem and Armenian, like many which pass along the roads.

CHAPTER XII.

Morning scenes at Tokat *khan*—On the southward road—Tobacco smuggling—A smuggling party in the act—A dangerous pathway—Musical bullock-carts—Chiftlik *Khan*.

THE spirit of an old-time posting inn hung over this Tokat *khan* when I stepped out on the balcony next morning. Here were none of the waggons and asses customary in the yards of other *khans*. It was a house for passengers only, and these were now waiting to begin another day's stage on slow wheels that by sunset would have carried them perhaps forty miles. While *arabas* were being loaded and horsed the travellers stood about drinking coffee amid the jingle of harness and bells, the stamp of hoofs and rattle of wheels, and the bustle of servants carrying luggage: half a score of vehicles preparing to start made a lively commotion. It was a scene not European in any way, and yet not wholly of the East. If there were red-fezzed men in baggy breeches and shirts of bright pattern, and some with head and shoulders enveloped in *bashluks*, there were others in black, clerical-looking garments, and khaki uniforms, and one or two in light tweeds. But all the same there was a delightful atmosphere of earlier days in a land altogether foreign, whose whereabouts mattered little.

We congratulate ourselves on the luxury and speed of modern travelling, unconscious that with the coming of these perfections has flown the more robust enjoy-

ment of other days. Who now in train or motor-car is so alive to the goodness of a fine morning as was the traveller by horse-drawn wheels; to the charm of a fair countryside on a slumberous afternoon; to the welcome of old inns; to the food and liquor and chance intercourse of pleasant lands? There was zest and surprise in foreign travel seventy years ago hard to recapture now.

But at Tokat I found most of these pleasures, and in full degree; for I was a traveller doing even better than on horse-drawn wheels. I had got back to a still earlier stage; I was that lordly being of leisure and independence and capacity for enjoyment, a moneyed tramp in a large romantic country where any turn in the road might hold adventure.

With a stage before me called only six hours it was nearly eleven o'clock before I left the *khan*. After passing through the town and orchards my road entered a wooded glen, with a bright stream rushing along the bottom, and began to ascend the range of Kurt Dagh. Long-distance caravans and vehicles had left by early morning, but the road was crowded now with local traffic, the daily commerce of Tokat. There were charcoal-burners' donkeys loaded with two sacks of charcoal apiece; firewood-sellers' donkeys carrying roots and stumps, and faggots corded to pack-saddles; horses with bales of tobacco-leaf and panniers of maize; bullock-carts piled with sacks of grain; and now and then a few camels. There were also Kurdish and Circassian riders, aristocrats of the road, proud of their horses and weapons; peasants on foot wearing goatskin *charooks*, and peasants travelling more delicately on asses. Slowly pacing, with slung rifles, were two blue-uniformed mounted *zaptiehs* on watch against tobacco smugglers.

For tobacco smuggling is a calling which has many followers in Turkey-in-Asia, being profitable and held in honour. It all arises from the tobacco trade being a rigorously preserved State monopoly vested in a private company. Tobacco is grown under

licence; higher grades of leaf may be exported, but the remainder must be sold to the monopoly company at low prices fixed by the company. Between the price paid to the grower and the price ultimately paid by the consumer is an enormous profit, part of which reaches the State. So between districts which grow tobacco and districts which do not, there is abundant incentive to illicit trade. Every man who owns a pack-animal is a possible smuggler; every man who takes his animal or vehicle into a tobacco country becomes a smuggler to a greater or lesser degree. Asia Minor has few roads, but a perfect maze of tracks and by-ways; a smuggler therefore has more than a sporting chance; he finds risk and excitement as certainties, and gain as the sure reward of success. It is said that of all tobacco grown at least one-half escapes the monopoly.

In these circumstances smuggling has become a calling with rules and an etiquette, and almost a code of honour. It offers a career to men of spirit as commerce dignified; commerce with a halo; commerce made possible for a gentleman. A Circassian chief, for instance, the head of a clan, cannot be imagined as a mere bazaar merchant—he has neither aptitude nor patience nor humility enough—even if custom permitted him to follow the calling. But he goes readily into the contraband trade, finds in it opportunities for exercising his military instincts and daring, and by use of these qualities makes profit and reputation. At last, if a really great man in his profession, he reaches the point where the monopoly company will buy him off with a pension. Honourable retirement on these terms is, of course, the reward of only a few; but it happens sometimes when forcible means of suppression have failed over a long period.

There is almost a flavour of border warfare in tobacco smuggling as carried on by such professional

contrabandists. Troops, gendarmerie, and *zaptiehs*, all are used against them, but their natural enemy is a body of police in the service of the tobacco company. These police are not servants of the State, and though bearing arms, and uniformed, and vested with authority, do not carry the prestige of men in the national service. They work, also, under a curious restriction which forbids them to shoot unless first fired upon by smugglers. On this point a great deal depends. In almost every skirmish between police and smugglers each side swears that the other was aggressor. Those who are versed in the niceties of Turkish law assert that smugglers illegally shot at by tobacco police thereby gain support of the law itself, they become citizens illegally assailed and are free to defend themselves by every means in their power, and that if they slay a policeman or two in the process it is not ill doing. Much, therefore, hangs on evidence as to the first shot, and no chance is lost in this direction that might be gained by hard swearing.

To kill or wound a soldier, gendarme, or *zaptieh* means a remorseless hunting for the offender; sooner or later he falls shot by pursuers who had no private intention of capturing him, though capture was their official duty and purpose. They were pursuers with a score to settle on behalf of the uniform. But the regular armed servants of the State do not, it is said, accept these private vendettas on behalf of the tobacco police—these are left to wipe off their own scores as opportunity may offer. Between police and smugglers, therefore, hostilities have much the nature of a tribal feud.

Though the national uniform commands a certain degree of respect from professional smugglers, they do not allow such respect to stand greatly in their way. They are guided much in these circumstances by the force opposed to them. They will not tamely surrender their stuff to a greatly

inferior force merely because it wears the khaki or blue uniform of law. So between hammer and anvil a fair working custom has arisen which is credited with official sanction. It is that the solitary *zaptieh* or gendarme meeting smugglers in strength may look the other way in passing and thus see nothing requiring him to take action. It is a sporting convention of benefit all round. The law, unseeing, preserves its majesty; the State avoids the cost of organised retribution; and the officer carries a whole skin with honour. On their part, too, the smugglers are pleased that they go whole and with credit, retaining their goods, and yet without the shadow of future trouble.

Much of the impunity enjoyed by contrabandists is due to the general sympathy with which they are regarded. An example of this large goodwill occurred under my own eyes an hour or so after passing the two mounted *zaptiehs* a little way out of Tokat. Near the summit of Kurt Dagh five or six dark, hard-bitten men, driving pack-horses, suddenly crossed the road and dived into the scrub on the other side, as if anxious to find cover. They moved in haste, and looked hot and hunted, and revealed their present calling without a word of explanation being needed. A lonely *zaptieh* meeting them, I thought, might well bless the privilege permitting him to pass with averted eyes, or even with a friendly salutation, as some say. As a lonely *zaptieh* myself I know I should have been grateful indeed for this most sensible temporary truce.

When the train had disappeared one of the men lingered on the road and sought information from a passing peasant, for the answer given referred to the *zaptiehs*. And then of me he asked the time; and while I made the calculation necessary for converting my "*à la Franga*" time into Turkish (the difference varies every day), he stood with a good-humoured smile on his face, as if confident that I, like every one else, was on the side of the law-breakers. Nor was

his judgment of me at all at fault—which seemed a curious thing when I came to consider it further. He had, indeed, my hearty good wishes, and I even found that his ready confidence had pleased my vanity, and made me willing to serve him and his party to a surprising degree.

Somewhere on this ascent of Kurt Dagh the road went off in a wide loop, and a path, going among scrub and scattered trees, led directly across the bend. To follow the track seemed a natural thing for a pedestrian, the more so that when I reached it a party of men in front called to me to follow. They looked like friendly folk, in no way different from other peasants, and I had no misgivings. But as I left the road Achmet stopped his *araba*, and when I turned to see what had happened, the vigorous upward toss of his head — the native negative sign — seemed charged with importance. His manner was impressive when I went back, wondering what was in the air.

"Do not go; they are robbers," he said.

He had seen or heard of them during our stay at Tokat—more as footpads, perhaps, than serious robbers; at all events they were men of evil repute.

At falling dusk, or in rain and wind, the appearance of this track might have given colour to Achmet's warning, but now, in smiling sunlight, danger seemed nowhere near. If danger indeed were here, it wore a most beguiling face. If I had been minded to follow the track before, I was conscious now of a trebled wish to go that way. Some curious reasonless influence urged me forward; some other equally curious influence urged me to keep the road, and I found myself standing doubtful at the entrance to the path, summing up the for and against of the shorter way. I turned along the road at last, reflecting that he who takes needless risks loads the dice against himself; but as I went a vast curiosity remained with me as to what incident—if

any—lay unperformed in that sunlit open space over which I looked, where a few grazing camels were the only living things visible. And when, after having passed round the bend, a stone flung by one unseen fell near me, I took it as a mocking tribute to cautiousness not out of place.

Before descending from the saddle of Kurt Dagh the road went across great heaving downs. They were little lower than the ridge itself, and from them, as afternoon drew on, I looked down into the Artik Ova, a highland plain twelve or fifteen miles across. In the south and east it was bounded by the fine broken range which has Yildiz Dagh, of nearly 9000 feet, for its highest peak. A little later the enchanting violet glow I had first seen when leaving Turkhal settled gradually over the country, and in half an hour the whole landscape was a study in monochrome. Yet the colour was entirely transparent, and had no obscurity of haze except where the smoke of several villages, and a line of dust from the busy road below, ascended vertically in the still air. The plain itself lay as a wash of deepest purple, the darkest portion of the view. On the range of Yildiz Dagh sunlight still lingered, but even so assumed the universal colour, though flushing now to pink along the summits. That range, indeed, standing in pellucid air, with side-long light throwing into strong relief each ravine and spur and rock and dimple, and shading them with every imaginable graduation of violet and purple, became the glamorous mountains of a promised land to be reached the next day. And over all was a dome of sky unflecked by cloud; it passed from gold to green above the sunset, and thence to a cool deep grey in the east, where stars were showing already. Such are the evenings you get sometimes on the plateau of Asia Minor after long summer and autumn heat has baked the land.

And the sounds that reached me as I descended towards the plain suited well this evening of elusive

beauty. Nothing more, I thought at first, than the pleasant jingling of my *araba* and the dull steady beat of the ponies' hoofs. But as I listened another sound came faintly and fitfully,—a slow intermittent wailing that rose and fell, ceased, and then floated again along the mountain-side. The cause appeared after a time when two home-going bullock-carts, loaded high with firewood, rose gradually above a skyline on my left, with their beechwood axles sounding like the strings of violins. There was no telling what new variations of sound the wheels would make next, what new extremes would be reached. The wailing would soar like that of a steam syren, slowly throw a loop so to speak, descend to a groan, and next set off in a series of undulations before climbing to a piercing note again.

More than accident goes to this weird music of the turning wheels. Carters believe their bullocks draw better for the sound, and that without it the beasts are deluded into thinking there is little to be done, and either go slowly or stop altogether. Therefore they carry walnut juice with which to dress the axles, and so intensify the sound and make it more continuous and erratic. In still weather this piercing noise of wood on wood carries an amazing distance, and wives are said to recognise the distant notes of their husbands' wheels, and by them know when to have the evening meal in readiness. So I could well believe of these two belated carts. We left them miles behind, yet the tenuous sound of their complaining axles came always out of the darkness.

A cold wind arose just before we reached Chiftlik *Khan*, which stands in the midst of the plain. It came as a sudden squall and raised clouds of dust, and after the heat of the day seemed almost icy. But at the *khan* they were ready for cold weather, and gave me a room with warm earthen floor, and soon made a fire of resinous pine-branches. And when, after a good meal, I lay reading in my sleeping-sack, and heard one say that there was frost, I was glad,

being tired of heat and staring sunlight, and looked forward to bracing weather for the next day.

Frost there was indeed, for in the morning water outside the *khan* showed ice half an inch in thickness; but when the sun got up he soon made it evident that whatever happened at night he would have no cold day to follow as yet. A glance at his brilliant face changed my purpose of wearing heavier garments; and I decided, too, for a straw hat and filled water-bottle as usual.

CHAPTER XIII.

An unexpected meeting—Rumours of massacre at Yeni Khan—Crossing Chamli Bel—Villages in hiding—Turkish recruits on Chamli Bel—The affair at Yeni Khan—Prompt measures—The Moslem mood—Circassians and the Evil Eye—Roadside prayer—The *corvée* in operation—The "Place of Willows *Khan*."

JUST as I was leaving Chiftlik *Khan* a dusty *araba* drove up from the south at a great pace. The driver appeared to think that his passenger's quality required style, so he swung into the *khan*-yard at full speed, with cracking whip and jingle of harness, and manner of unmistakable importance. As the vehicle turned off the road I caught sight of a figure within, wrapped in heavy furs, and a dog beside it. A traveller of strange tastes, I thought, to drag a dog about with him in a country so cursed with dogs.

I had not gone a dozen paces before uproar came from the *khan*. It broke out as if upon a signal. Dogs were barking furiously, the *khan*-keeper and his man shouting, there were heavy blows on boarded walls. It all sounded as if a wild scrimmage were proceeding, yet I knew there were but four men in the building, including the two new-comers. I could not imagine what was taking place. And then, deepening the mystery and giving me a personal interest in the matter, came as hearty a round of English oaths as any one need hear: if called by name I could not have returned to the

khan more quickly. A very simple explanation awaited me. The traveller's dog was chasing fowls; the traveller himself swearing at the dog; and the Armenian *khan*-keeper and his man, seemingly torn between hope of compensation and doubt of exacting it, were obstructing first the dog and next the fowls—at least so they appeared to be doing. After securing his dog the traveller told me he was from Sivas, where for two years he had been the only Englishman in a dismal city. But fair shooting could be got in the district, he added, and he was a sportsman, and his dog so much a sporting dog that it killed birds at sight.

The day's work after leaving Chiftlik *Khan* was to cross Chamli Bel, the highest pass but one on the journey. It is about 6000 feet in height, and on it snow comes early and lies deep and stays late. Of Chamli Bel I had heard many travellers speak with respect. But on the whole mountain-range not a streak of snow could be seen this morning as I crossed the plain in deep dust and sweltering heat, wondering which valley the road would take, which saddle was that of the pass.

Speculations like these are among the pleasures of unknown roads in this land of many mountain-ranges. At least it is so for a pedestrian, whose view ahead is always open, whose pace is leisurely, whose mind therefore is chiefly occupied with what he looks upon. From the summit of a pass you see a far-off range of blue mountains lying athwart your line of route. You will reach it to-morrow you know. But between you and it lie valleys and hills and perhaps small plains to be crossed. You descend from the pass and get into the undulating country below, and for a while lose sight of the distant mountain-range. Then perhaps from a hill, or through a depression of the intervening heights, the range comes into view again; nearer to you now, and greater, and more distinct, and more blue—a vivid suggestive blue that makes the range a barrier

shutting off the delightful summer land which surely must exist beyond. Again the mountains pass out of sight, and leave you wondering when they will reappear, and what they will be like, and because you instinctively measure progress by this distant goal, you wonder how much closer they will be. You go on for an hour or two, in dust and heat, passing slow caravans and vehicles, and almost forgetting the mountains; but then, on mounting a hill, they appear again, and this time have become majestic. Thenceforward, perhaps, they remain always in sight, growing with each hour, changing in light and shade under your eyes; changing, too from blue to green and brown, and showing scrub and forest, rock and valley and rib, till all features become clear. Presently you see a thread of road slanting high round a mountain spur, to reach which your present way must turn aside for several miles, and take you wandering among foot-hills where, as you think, must be your evening *khan*. But soon a long valley opens right before you, and in it your *khan* is visible, and also the road going on up the valley to a saddle above, and the high slanting path turns out to be merely the track to some mountain village. Many times on the long roads of Asia Minor you may spend a day like this.

At the foot of Chamli Bel, just before the road began to climb, was a straggling Circassian *khan* where they told rumours of the kind I had heard at Tokat. But here these rumours had got definitely to the killing of Armenians at Yeni Khan, a town beyond the pass, where I proposed to spend the night. Rumour also said that troops and gendarmerie were on the march from Sivas to the scene of disturbance.

At least a dozen elderly Circassians, inhabitants of a village not far away, were loitering about this *khan*. I had reason to suspect afterwards that young men from this side of the mountain had been sent to Yeni Khan. No doubt there was a wish on

the part of the Circassian population to have it both ways and be sure of something if possible. If massacre and plunder were taking place, or likely to take place, at Yeni Khan, some of the clan must be in it; to stand aside would be unheard-of blindness to opportunity. But with the attitude of the authorities uncertain, as shown by the story of troops and gendarmes marching in suppression, there would also be the wish to prove that all responsible men of the village had remained quietly at home. Perhaps this motive, working dimly in their minds, caused six or eight of these picturesque fellows to stand awkwardly in line while I photographed them. They were not exactly willing subjects, but allowed themselves to be persuaded. They knew nothing of photographs, the camera, indeed, may have been some devil's glass, but they were seen by a passing Englishman, and that fact might be useful.

By one o'clock I was seated in the shelter of spindling pines at the top of the pass—for the wind was cold—eating lunch and looking back over the way I had come. In the clear air every furlong of the road from Kurt Dagh seemed to be in view. Here and there a smudge of rising dust showed traffic. Here and there also appeared villages, but in all the brown plain, though several hundred square miles of country were in sight, I could not count more than half a dozen.

This apparent absence of inhabitants must have struck many travellers in various districts of Anatolia. If the whole country is to be judged by the portions of it visible from the roads, one is likely to think the population of Asia Minor greatly overstated. But the question has another side, one not apparent to those who keep only to the highways. The fact is that villages are built out of sight as a matter of elementary precaution. In days when armed bands and lawless soldiery scarcely distinguishable from marauders passed along the main roads—and these are unchanging routes fixed chiefly by

natural features—small wayside villages could not have existed. Out of sight, and a mile or two from the road, however, seemed to make all the difference in risk; weary soldiery were disinclined to stray far from the shortest route and spend time and energy in uncertain quest, and those who did were few and might be overpowered. Thus it is that in spite of appearances you find villages in surprising numbers tucked away behind rocks, in folds, in glens, on inaccessible ledges, even on mountain-tops, all visible only when you come upon them. Armenian and Greek villages especially are fond of so concealing themselves.

As I took my first steps down the other side of Chamli Bel a column of Turkish troops appeared; they were not a hundred yards away, coming smartly up the slope, and I could not have avoided them even had I been so minded. Turkish troops of any sort met on country roads have a bad reputation with travellers, especially troops under orders for the Yemen. An Armenian or Greek spying troops on the march turns off into the hills or other safe place betimes, for to him they are a certain danger. At best they have sunk their individual friendly natures in the boisterous emotion of a crowd, and are prone to playful devilment which may easily pass into tragedy; but if going to the Yemen they are likely to have murder in their hearts. For to a Turk service in the Yemen means odds of ten to one against return, as he knows by the example of his relations; and in consequence he is often ready to perform any deed that will divert him from that service, even to a long term of imprisonment instead. Each year there is killing, of officers or others, by troops ordered to Arabia.

So I saw these approaching recruits without curiosity or pleasure, and wished them well out of my way, the more so that they were unaccompanied by any officers or gendarmes. Seen together they made as wild-looking and ill-favoured a company

as one would care to meet. Some carried bundles, some merely sticks, many were ragged, others in clean white. A fellow in the leading ranks bore a home-made flag showing the red crescent on a white ground, and behind him straggled eighty or a hundred men. They were going the wrong way for the Yemen, and by so much—a vast deal—were the less dangerous; they were, indeed, on a closer sight, in good humour, somewhat pleased, I thought, at meeting a foreigner. As they approached I photographed them, and then hastened to salute their flag in a manner of respectful friendliness prompted somewhat by discretion. They took both actions as at least well-intentioned, and the flag-bearer waved his flag in friendly acknowledgment, and this meeting on a lonely mountain-top passed off well enough.

With the recruits out of sight I went down the pass, wondering now what Yeni Khan would show. Should I witness one of those massacres which have made Asia Minor notorious? If so, what ought to be my course? I had heard of solitary Englishmen interposing with success in such affairs, but had never met one of that experience. I wondered how they went to work, by what subtle power they influenced a Moslem mob. Not with blazing indignation, I supposed; that sort of thing would surely destroy all chance of success; just as well one might take part in the fighting. One should, I imagined, come in with apparent indifference—the more apparent the better—and with that as his outward attitude, and the help of his country's prestige, be guided by circumstances and do what was possible. Yet it seemed probable that the disturbance, if any, was already over. I had heard of it now for two days. Besides, it was strange that my countryman at Chiftlik had not referred to it this morning.

After I reached the foot of the pass Yeni Khan soon came into sight, a little white town sleeping

in hot sunlight on a brown mountain-side. It lay several hours distant—perhaps ten miles by indirect road—and looked very calm and peaceful in the light of afternoon with soft shadows filling the hollows above it. Of smoke or burning was no sign: evidently nothing serious had taken place. But when I discovered clusters of people and vehicles on the outskirts of the town, my speculations upon conduct awoke to activity again.

When I got to the town it was clear that something had happened. Unusual groups of men, evidently countrymen, stood talking at corners with an ominous manner of suppressed excitement. Mounted gendarmerie and khaki-uniformed infantry with fixed bayonets patrolled the streets. At the door of the *khan* to which I went were sentries, and two others were inside the yard. All this military display seemed out of proportion for a town of five or six thousand inhabitants; and so it was, for it stood for something else. It represented the anxiety of the higher powers to have no massacres when the country was seeking foreign sympathy against Italian aggression.

Nor had any massacre taken place. What had happened was significant of how readily these outbreaks may be controlled when desired. Two or three days earlier a Moslem and Armenian of the town had fought, and contrary to precedent and natural right the Armenian had killed the Moslem. To level matters up the Moslems, who were a minority of the population, then plotted to massacre the Armenians, and called in the Moslem countryfolk to help and share the spoil. Here were present all the makings of a considerable massacre had the authorities been willing. But they were not willing: they were indeed much against massacre just now, and the local governor was a man equal to the emergency. He telegraphed for gendarmerie to reinforce his handful of *zaptiehs*, and a troop rode all night from Sivas followed by infantry in waggons,

and both parties arrived in time. Moslem blood had been spilt, however, and the fanatics had not yet given up hope of exacting blood for blood and something over.

They were still in an ugly temper, and seeing no good purpose in my visit regarded me with dark looks. Here for the first time the epithet "*shapkali*" —hatted man,—a term of dislike or contempt used by Moslems for Europeans, was flung at me in the street. The point of offence is said to be that the brim of a hat advertises the wearer's indifference to getting an instant view of the Madhi when he shall appear from heaven. After one short turn through the town I thought it better to remain at the *khan*.

It happened that the window of my room overlooked a small open space of grass and bare earth with a ragged tree growing in the midst. Looking from this window early the next morning I saw a crowd of men almost filling the open space. They stood in silence, immovable as statues, and watched with rapt attention some performance that seemed to be in progress. It was a little while before I ascertained the cause of all this fixed interest. I then made out the piece of ground to be the town slaughter-yard, where goats and sheep were being killed and hoisted to the tree for flaying and bleeding. When a camel was brought in and killed—one that had broken down on the road I supposed—the crowd appeared to find more interest than ever. The backs of a crowd have been said to be more clearly expressive of general emotion than a sea of faces, and so I thought them here, where their motionless watching attitudes seemed to show an interest unduly strained and acute. And then I remembered the events of the past three days, and knew that what I now perceived was the truth, and that the interest shown was the interest of a disappointed mood.

An extraordinary number of Circassians were abroad this morning as I left Yeni Khan, and all of them seemed to possess bullock-carts. Usually

these people get away at dawn and do not halt till late forenoon but here they were camped by the wayside, their cattle still uncoupled, and no preparation for setting out apparent. I could not help connecting these dallying folk with the affair in the town. They were gathered or halted here in the desire of securing Armenian plunder, and like others on the same business had not yet given up hope of securing it. They could not readily believe that this time the authorities were in earnest to prevent massacre. They argued by past experience. But their patience, I heard afterwards, had met with no reward.

I wished to photograph one of these picturesque halted groups, but found the men unwilling—not hostile, but disliking the camera, and doubting what the effect of facing it might be. However, they put their objections aside after drawing revolvers—taking this course as a precaution, and not with the vain idea of exhibiting their weapons. Like most people of the country, Christian as well as Moslem, they believed in the Evil Eye and the ever-present need of guarding against its influence. Some think that blue beads confer the necessary protection, others have the beads in doubt, and believe the Eye may be averted or disturbed more effectively by an act of definite opposition; all agree, however, that the fatal thing is to be caught by the Eye unawares. There is no saying where the Eye may lurk; but a camera looks a likely hiding-place, so when I pointed the apparatus these Circassians fired a few warning shots, and in this way ensured safety.

During the day's journey my road lay for a good part over naked undulating uplands in which it had more of rise than descent. The sun was bright, but the wind cold. It was a bleak, high-standing, cheerless country, without sign of dwelling, without so much as a bush to break the monotonous brown of coarse sun-dried grass. About noon I came upon a sight entirely and characteristically Mohammedan.

Men praying by the roadside had long ceased to be a curious spectacle, but now I fell in with two worshippers more than ordinarily exact in their devotions. For some little time I had met no one, and then these two lonely kneeling figures suddenly appeared at the wayside. They were kneeling on their jackets, their faces towards Mecca, their shoes cast off. In their coloured shirts they made two bright patches against the brown. The *araba* was out of sight and hearing, and my approach upon the grass was noiseless, so the men thought themselves alone and free to perform their ritual in full. Therefore, instead of perfunctorily turning the head to right and left, as customary, towards the angel and devil who attend each man to record his good deeds and his bad, they looked towards each supposed spirit for a few seconds with appropriate aspect of face. Once before I had seen a Moslem act thus, when praying unseen as he thought among his green vines. Some, not seeing, may be inclined to smile at this touch of Moslem devotion, but witness it in secrecy, and I fancy the most hostile would feel involuntary respect.

From time to time since leaving Tokat I had passed little solid stone buildings by the wayside, which looked like watch-houses at first, and on closer inspection even like blockhouses that had seen fighting. The stone walls and iron-shuttered window and iron-plated door of each were splashed and dented by scores of bullet-marks. Evidently passers-by had fired into the buildings as the humour took them. You got the idea that public sentiment was offended by the existence of these little strongholds. In general sympathy, and moved also by instinct, you felt inclined to draw and fire into them yourself, though to you, a foreigner, they meant nothing. To the peasantry, however, they meant a great deal, and the impression that public opinion ran against these buildings was correct to the letter. Each building was, indeed, a visible reminder of the

corvée, and contained a store of road-repairing tools —or was supposed to do so, for in one that had been smashed open I found only a few broken pickaxes and shovels.

Having seen these buildings every twelve or fifteen miles and moralised upon them, at last I saw the *corvée* itself in operation. Under an overseer, and watched by two *zaptiehs*, sixty or seventy men were labouring on the road. The afternoon was getting late, and apparently much remained to be done, for the men worked with an energy never before seen by me in Turkey. They had no wish to come out the next day, therefore such shovelling went on, such pickaxe work, such flinging about of stones and dirt, such speed of movement in all things, as might have set the example to road-menders the world over. Watching these forced labourers, I could not help reflecting that London thoroughfares, if kept in repair by *corvée*, would probably be "up" and "down" the same day.

Some distance beyond these assiduous road-menders the highway dropped into the deep narrow valley of the Yildiz Irmak, crossed that river by an old stone bridge, and climbed the high escarpment of the farther side. This was an elevation high enough to command the country by which I had come. It was late afternoon, and the air very bright and clear. And now, on looking back, I could see the south-going slow traffic of the day, like an army on the march, stretching along the white road and moving in a haze of dust. As it poured slowly into the valley and filed over the narrow bridge it looked like a column of black ants.

There still was sunlight when I arrived at Soyutlu *Khan* — *Khan* of the Place of Willows. The host told me that Sivas was yet four hours distant, so I agreed to stay the night and enter the city with the advantages of morning. The *khan* and its surroundings were pleasing, and, I thought, should incline any traveller to halt. The building was

two-storied, and white and large, constructed somewhat in the manner of nave and aisles with clerestory. Camels knelt before the door. The willows, though few and straight of growth, were certainly willows in an otherwise treeless country. At a little distance, carrying broad lights upon its surface, was the Kizil Irmak, here four hundred miles from its mouth, and still a considerable river. Brown hills enclosed the scene; the wheels of distant bullock-carts were crying in the valley; over all was the peace of evening.

When they led me to a lower room I protested; I wanted one on the upper floor, somewhere in the clerestory.

"There is no such room," said the *khan*-keeper. And then taking me by the hand he led me to a door just beyond the entrance, and tragically throwing it open bade me look. I looked, and saw nothing but a void, like the interior of a great barn. The building had never been completed, and was merely a pretentious shell. It was a Turkish, or more correctly an Armenian, speculation that had been misjudged and come to nothing. To it, as to a pleasant place of comfortable rooms, and streams and willows and hills, were to have come many holiday-makers from Sivas. But their tastes had not been rightly judged, and they stayed away; and a gloomy *khan*-keeper even saw travellers drive past the *khan*, preferring to reach Sivas rather than stay here.

And yet the next day I thought another *khan*-keeper might have done much better. For this one had deceived me overnight, and to make sure of one guest at least had certainly doubled the distance to Sivas. And on top of that he had sought to treble his charges.

CHAPTER XIV.

Entering Sivas—A city of past greatness—An Armenian migration—Seljuk colleges—Sivas and Russian wars—Road and railway centre—The Crooked Bridge—The difficulties of a Vali—Forty banished pashas—British military consuls—American mission—Armenian Monastery of St Nishan—The Armenian Bishop of Sivas—The Bishop's tradition of Timur.

At Soyutlu in the morning I had misgivings, for the sun rose into a slit of cold green sky between distant mountain-ridge and a canopy of angry cloud. Such a bar of jade-green sky is called a sign of snow in these parts, and snow was about, sure enough, for as I left the *khan* a few vagrant flakes came drifting down. So I had come to snow at last after all this fine weather! If only it would hold off till I had covered a hundred and fifty miles more, how well I should be pleased! That stage would carry me to Kaisariyeh, into country where winter was always less severe; but it was also the stage where snow might be deepest and most dangerous. After enjoying fine weather so long I seemed to have been caught by winter just when escape came into view.

The morning cleared somewhat as I went, and snow held off, but I found new interest in anything that could be thought a weather token. I watched the clouds as I had never watched clouds before. They seemed too high for snow. And when a lark went up singing blithely, I saw in it an omen of clear days to continue.

By ten o'clock the grey city of Sivas was in sight, making an imposing appearance as I marched towards it on a long, straight, dusty road, at the end of which stood the citadel on a bold rock. In the background, to the left, perched on a higher and more broken rock, were a mosque and minaret. Other lofty tower-like structures rose above the city's roofs, and they, I knew, must be the Seljukian minarets, erected when the city was a Seljuk capital. Neither gardens nor orchards, such as usually enclose a Turkish town, appeared on this side, so the brown open country swept up to the buildings, which began abruptly, like a wall.

Sivas is built in the valley of the Kizil Irmak, hereabouts an almost level plain six or seven miles across. The south-eastern side of the valley is bounded by treeless mountains, whose rocky summits, rising abruptly, stand two or three thousand feet above the plain. The opposite side of the valley is closed by rounded downs broken into gypsum cliffs and small glens, and in a few miles goes up to the much higher ground of Melekum Dagh. Although water is abundant, no trees except a few poplars and willows are seen; it is a bleak, graceless country, with a drab city planted in its midst. Some tell you that climate is the cause; that with long winters of deep snow and hard frost in a valley 4500 feet above sea-level you are not to expect foliage and fruit, you are to be well content with wheat and the enormous cabbages peculiar to the district. But what traveller with a liking for forest and rich orchards will receive this as an adequate explanation? The truth is that Sivas, as an old city, has improvidently burnt its forests for fifty or sixty miles around; and as for fruit, there are many places with colder winters and less summer heat where fruit of various sorts is grown. Such a traveller looks at the people of Sivas and finds the true cause of these sylvan shortcomings in them. But when so much is hinted some blame the Government and some the

Turk, while others allege that at bottom it is all Timur's doing.

For Sivas is an ancient city, with a varied past of greatness and tragedy. In Roman Asia Minor it was the flourishing city of Sebastea. In Byzantine times it went on to greater importance, and had its most prosperous days following the reign of the great Justinian. What Asia Minor was like in that era we can only dimly realise, but know it was filled with large cities, and that among them all Sebastea ranked second—Cæsarea, which had at one time 400,000 inhabitants, being the first. In the eleventh century Sebastea became Armenian by a curious political transaction. An Armenian king, Senekherim I., whose native realm around Lake Van adjoined the territory of the Seljuk sultans, found his home prospects disquieting. Rather than struggle against these powerful and restless neighbours he sought personal ease and comfort. He made over his border kingdom to the Byzantine emperor, and received in exchange the province and city of Sebastea, which he ruled in the dual capacity of viceroy and king. Many Armenians followed their sovereign, both at that time and subsequently, and thus the city and district received a large Armenian population which has remained to the present day. A century and a half following this migration of a timid king the Seljuks were in Sebastea itself.

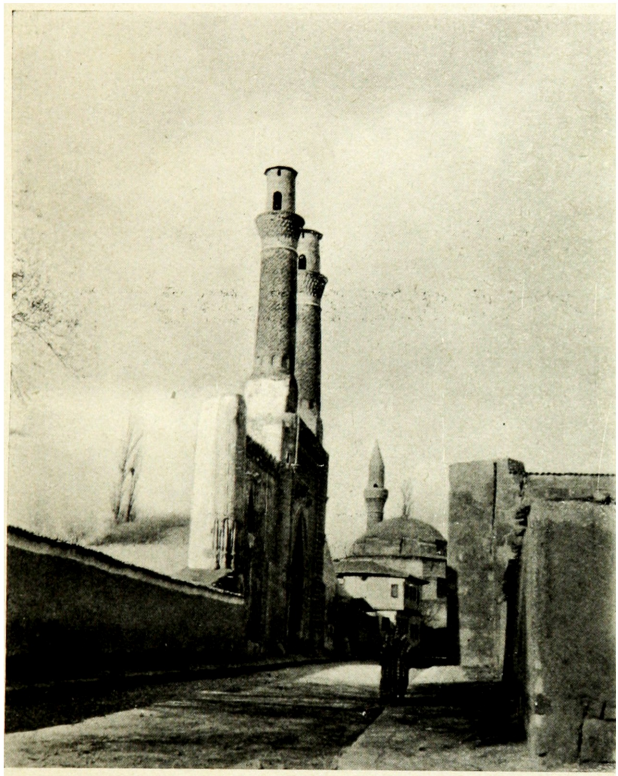
Two centuries of prosperity followed, and then Timur came, taking Erzerûm and Erzingan on his way, storming impregnable castles, and filling up ravines with trees and rocks to forward his operations. With his military proficiency and heavy hand he made short work of Sebastea, and reduced the population of 100,000 by two-thirds. One never goes far in Asia Minor without coming upon memories of Timur—he got as far west as Smyrna, which he stormed—and often they have freshness and reality; at Sivas they have these qualities in full.

At the present day Sivas, with a population of

about 70,000, is generally called the largest and most important city in the interior of Asia Minor. It is a cold, sombre, ill-built town, with little or nothing of Eastern colour and charm. It never attracts you for itself. Cities have a personality, like individuals —some you take to instinctively, and by some are repelled; Sivas is among those which repel brusquely, and leave you pleased with the prospect of never visiting them again. For one thing, you are conscious of having been deceived by its first distant appearance. Its castle and rock together make a fine, bold, confused pile when seen afar, and though not to be resolved into definite parts, thereby gains much in suggestion and interest. But it is the most fraudulent castle in Anatolia, for much of it is mere wooden boarding, and the rock that uplifts this sham is in keeping. Though I spent an hour or two upon it, I could find no trace of rock, and suspect it of being no more than a great artificial mound of earth.

The mosque of Abd-el-Wahab, called also the Church of Holy John, which stands so boldly on another rock, is likewise another disappointing structure. The rock is indubitable, and the position a fine one—a precipitous headland thrust into the plain, with the Pirkinek river at its base, the city's outskirts beyond the river, and the mosque and minaret at the tip of the promontory. But the building is small and mean and shabby, and by no persuading can you be brought to think of it as an old Christian church appropriated to Moslem use. Yet this is the history given it by Armenians, who count it one of several churches so lost to them in Sivas.

Except for colleges and mosques, five or six in all, erected in the thirteenth century by Seljuk sultans when Sivas had become one of their chief cities, there would be little to see in the town. But these buildings, and perhaps a few street fountains of later date, do convey the atmosphere of the East. Several of the *medresses* and mosques exist merely as substantial fragments; others, however, have been



Ruins of Seljukian Mosque, Sivas.

preserved and are still in use. They are generally constructed of warm-tinted yellow stone, though brickwork also may be seen. With their great deep portals elaborately carved and panelled, their fine blue tiles, and round tapering minarets, whose sides and galleries are decorated with panelling and carving, they are examples of Seljuk art as admirable as any in the country. Looking at these broken remains of ancient greatness, you get dim visions of a Seljuk city in the time of its magnificence, and suspect that from the Seljuks has come much of the East's traditional reputation.

From such reflections it is a jarring fall to the streets of modern Sivas. As matters of enlightened civic provision, your eye rests upon stepping-stones, a yard apart, a foot above the surface, by which you may cross the street dry-footed. You are told they are of special advantage in the time of melting snow —which you can well believe — and notice that vehicles and animals pass them with the easy confidence of familiarity.

One small characteristic may be observed to the city's credit in the midst of much that is otherwise —its smiths have not lost the art of ornamental ironwork. Many windows that look into the street are screened with beautiful wrought-iron scroll-work, which may be bought by weight in the iron bazaar at prices which seem absurdly low. Watch one of these smiths making a screen, and he seems to work by sleight of hand and hereditary skill, so deftly and rapidly does he give intricate shape to the metal.

Sivas has not been a great city in the past without ample and evident cause for its greatness; for it possesses the sure foundation of a productive territory. Around it lies a wide country which, in spite of severe winters, grows, let us say, whatever a slothful people endeavour to grow. It is a region noted for its agricultural and pastoral products. Of wheat and barley, oats and potatoes, cattle, goats, sheep, it produces

enough for itself and as much more as primitive means of transport can convey to distant markets without prohibitive cost. Even under present difficult conditions it is the granary for north-eastern Asia Minor, and Turkish armies on this frontier have always drawn their sustenance from Sivas.

This fact, well known throughout the country, has made Sivas the barometer of peace and war for Anatolia. A simple measure of precaution by the Turkish War Office becomes evident here and cannot be kept secret. The report that bakers of Sivas have been ordered to bake and fill the mosques with hard bread flies along all roads as the omen of early war with Russia, the only enemy recognised by the country people. As precursor of such war it has old traditions behind it. It preceded the wars of 1829, 1854, and 1876. Doubtless it preceded the present war, for with limited facilities for conveyance the earlier methods of provisioning armies locally have to be followed still. Though the rumour was often followed by no war, it never lost its impressive quality. It was current at the time of my visit, and then had spread from sea to sea, for Russia, it was thought, would surely come in with Italy. How else, people argued, could Italy hope to achieve anything against the Osmanlis?

Another factor which helped Sivas to greatness in the past, which has influence still and will have much more in the future, is its position upon natural lines of route. In a land of plains or easy surface road-routes may vary as circumstances require, but in a land filled with mountains and valleys, a land also of great distances, the routes do not vary; they are as irremovable as the natural features which determine them. In a mountainous land it is the easy routes which, next to the existence of fertile areas, decide the positions of cities. There is no other point in Asia Minor where routes so important and so numerous converge and cross one another as at Sivas.

The road from Constantinople to Erzerûm and the

Market-place, Sivas.

Russian frontier passes through it. So does the great road from the Black Sea to Bagdad. So also the road from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. From these main roads lesser but still important roads go off to other parts, and the traffic they carry depends eventually on passing through Sivas. You may count at least ten roads, serving a great area, which are controlled absolutely by Sivas.

And as with roads, so it will be with railways, for they also follow natural routes. Each scheme of railway construction yet proposed for Anatolia aims to reach to Sivas, or to link with it as the central place giving communication with other railways. Sivas seems destined to be the greatest and most important railway junction in Asia Minor; and this factor, coupled with the agricultural and pastoral value of the surrounding country, will give the city, under any form of good government, greater prosperity than it has ever known in the past. Those who speak of Sivas as the heart and nerve-centre of Anatolia, as the one central city with the natural endowments of a commercial capital, do so with reason.

The fluctuations that old cities of Asia Minor—Miletus, Sardis, Ephesus, Smyrna, Sinope, Maxaca, Comana, Cæsarea, to name only a few out of many—have undergone, and the causes of their rise and fall, would be an interesting study. So lately as the eighteenth century there was Diarbekr with 400,000 souls where now are not 40,000. What closing and opening of trade-routes, what political events, perhaps outside the boundaries of Asia Minor, brought about the rise and fall of such places might be hard to trace, yet not altogether impossible. Of one thing we may be sure, that similar influences, followed by similar results on a larger scale, will be at work before our eyes as the outcome of the present war.

About two miles south of Sivas the road to Bagdad crosses the Kizil Irmak by an old stone bridge of pointed arches, and rises into Terja Dagh. I came

here one morning to make this point my farthest on the great road and to see the bridge which has a curious name — *Egri Keupru*, or Crooked Bridge—and is said to have been built by King Senekherim's daughter. It is constructed in plan as an obtuse angle, with the apex in mid-stream pointing against the current. Much ice comes down the river in winter and spring, and sometimes piles high against the bridge, which has been given its curious form in order to resist the pressure.

Sivas is the capital of a *vilayet* and residence of a *Vali*, whose position is that of the Sultan's Viceroy. He is a man of immense importance in office. In effect he has powers of life and death. He rules personally, and in the Eastern fashion is accessible to all, so between a good *Vali* and a bad the *vilayet* soon finds all the difference in the world. The present *Vali* was called colourless,—for the *vilayet* had lately possessed an able ruler not many years before, and remembering him judged others by his measure. The able *Vali*, after a long struggle against influences which sought to undermine his position, was translated to the less difficult and more comfortable position of Ottoman Ambassador at Vienna.

It is told that when this *Vali* first came to Sivas the *vilayet* had acquired an exceedingly bad name for robbery on the road. Not merely the work of footpads and highwaymen of the ordinary kind, but of organised bands whose operations were directed by persons of high position, both in the *vilayet* and outside it, by whom large profits were made. The *Vali* set himself to repress this form of lawlessness, as something reflecting peculiar ignominy on the State. His *vilayet* was large—perhaps 20,000 square miles in area—and bordered on Kurdish districts, where the law counted for less than lawbreakers, and whence these could ride out with honour upon their excursions and return to comfortable refuge. However, the *Vali* did his best; he captured and imprisoned—having no death penalty in the legal code—but he also contrived to get much

shooting done in the indefinite period which elapses between the sighting and taking of an offender—the brief period in which there may be intelligent perception of an attempt to escape. Such an attempt places the suspect out of law for the time being; one readily understands that what happens then is much in the discretion of pursuers.

Such success attended the *Vali's* methods that robbery was soon recognised as a business attended by undue risk. Even those who came from the Kurdish fastnesses fared ill; they came, and often failed to return. A few of them perhaps might be seen languishing in Sivas jail, begging bread through a grating; but others had fallen on lonely hillsides to the rifles of *zaptiehs*. Robbery by the individual, or in the picturesque manner by an armed band holding the road for several hours, lost all its old profit and charm.

Among those affected by the law thus asserting itself was a Circassian *dere-bey*, or valley lord, settled with his clan in the neighbourhood of Sivas. He and his followers had made large profits by robbery, though he himself never figured in the game, his part being to direct operations while posing as a man of loyalty and public spirit. He had relatives in the Sultan's household, and was regarded as one of the chief notables in the *vilayet*.

But now when the profession of robber had come to such a pass something had to be done by this *Bey*, for his income was going or already gone, and as a Circassian gentleman openings for gaining money were few. So he interviewed the *Vali*, in private, no doubt, but the gist of the interview is public property notwithstanding—a fact I do not offer to explain.

"You are ruining me," the *Bey* said in effect; "and I will not be ruined by you. Do you not know that my sister is in the Sultan's harem? I advise care. I can have you banished. How would you like to be sent to Bayezid?"

From this interview resulted a feud whose course

could be followed at first only by those in the position to note such things. It was a subtle feud of wits against wits, move against move, for the *Bey* and his sister carried heavy guns, and the *Vali* had to go discreetly. Stories of the feud, echoes of its secrets, obvious results, appeared at last.

In the course of making good his position the *Bey* professed great loyalty to Faith and Crown. He posed as the most patriotic man in the *vilayet*. As a fine unmistakable exhibition of zeal, he raised a regiment of Circassian Horse among his clansmen, and ostentatiously made offer of their service to the Sultan. It was a safe move, there being no work for their arms at the time: it showed a willing spirit, however, and the *Bey* scored. But the *Vali* bided his time, and when rebellion next broke out in the Yemen, as it did every second year or so, and Moslem troops were needed, he caused some friend of his in the Turkish War Office to remember the patriotic offer of the Circassian *Bey* at Sivas. The offer was gratefully accepted at this stage, and the regiment ordered to the Yemen.

The *Bey* moved heaven and earth to have the order cancelled, but without success; and one fine morning the regiment, over five hundred strong, the *Bey* at its head, paraded in Sivas to march for the Yemen. The *Vali* then, it is told, publicly congratulated the *Bey* upon the noble appearance of his regiment, and as the Sultan's viceroy expressed his gratitude for the high sense of patriotism displayed by all, and his confidence that officers and men would, if necessary, die gloriously.

Sivas gladly saw this regiment of Circassian ruffians march away, and yet even more gladly witnessed its return. For after a year or so of Yemen service it came back just thirty strong; and though the *Bey* survived, much of his influence and opportunity had gone. And next came the fall of Abdul Hamid, and dispersion of the Imperial harem. At the time of my visit the *Bey* was said to be a well-known

inmate of Sivas jail, serving a long sentence for the mistakes of his prosperous days.

Owing to its remoteness from the capital, its isolation and cold inhospitable character, Sivas was a favourite place of banishment with Abdul Hamid. Thither he would order wealthy pashas who had displeased him to go and live. Once there, they were under no restraint; they merely had to live in Sivas and not leave it beyond a certain distance. As a change from palaces and caiques on the Bosphorus, houses on the Princes Islands, and all the delicious, sunlit life of the Ottoman capital, residence in Sivas was the refinement of punishment. How these banished pashas and their families had endeavoured to make life in Sivas tolerable, I learnt one day on going into the bazaars. I went into a shop where it seemed that everything could be bought — wire nails, and spades, and reels of cotton, and native cheese done up in boar's skin; also silks, and hats, and ink—this low, dark, unpainted shop was indeed a universal store. I wanted condensed milk for the journey, and had doubt of finding it till I came here. Having served me, the shopkeeper, with the Armenian commercial instinct strong within him, said, "Please buy other goods, sir."

The naïve appeal amused me, and I carelessly asked what he had got, whereupon he said: "I sell you English sauce *piquante*. I sell you *tatler* (Turkish for anything sweet) of the English strawberry and raspberry. I sell you cheese of the English."

Sure enough he had these things, though the "cheese of the English" proved to be Dutch. Surprised to find Soho jams and Worcester sauce here, I asked how it had come about. He replied that at one time there were forty banished pashas living in Sivas, and that they and their harems—a large body of fanciful palates, some of which perhaps were not Turkish, and may even have been English—had demanded these foreign delicacies. He added that when Abdul Hamid was deposed the banished pashas

hastily forsook Sivas, and these goods had been left on his hands.

Perhaps little is remembered in England now of that short period, more than thirty years ago, when British military consuls were stationed at various cities in Asia Minor. There, however, the memory of them still is fresh, and remains to the honour of themselves and their country. In Sivas I heard of these officers often, both from American missionaries and natives. They bulked large in the imagination of the country as potent, inflexible, incorruptible men, before whom even *Valis* had to give way; as men, too, who could and did protect the weak, and whose presence was a guarantee against great wrong. Their reputation for power was greater perhaps than the power they really possessed; but I would hear this sort of remark: "If a British military consul had been there the massacre would not have happened." Or the interesting speculations of a missionary who, having remarked that these consuls "feared neither man nor devil," attributed that quality, and also a certain facility in dealing with native matters, to their having served in India. During the time of these consuls British prestige was at its highest in the country. It is said that some natives looked for a British Protectorate at the time, and even prayed for it. And an American of long experience in Asia Minor told me that an Anatolian dervish sheikh had said to him once: "Nothing will be well with this country until the English take it. I have been in Egypt on pilgrimage, and have seen what the English do there."

There is a considerable American mission in Sivas, but, unlike the mission at Marsovan, its schools, hospital, and residences are not collected within a compound. If Marsovan complains of being cut off from the outer world of subscriptions and benefactions, much more so is there cause for Sivas. The very road to Sivas, it is pointed out, lies past Marsovan—always thirsty for subscriptions. The chance

left to Sivas after Marsovan has waylaid any sympathetic visitor possessed of well-filled purse, is said to be no chance at all. Such visitors do not even reach Sivas. In the matter of missionaries, too, Sivas alleges that new-comers are allured to Marsovan and cannot be allured away—that Marsovan is, in fact, the Sun of the Mission Universe in these parts, and attracts all things to it. So Sivas is pleased to speak of Marsovan as the "gilt-edged mission," and of itself as a useful workaday community struggling against many difficulties. Yet one may notice that Sivas is endeavouring to become gilt-edged itself, and even has prospect of doing so,—at least to the extent of forming a large compound, and thereby increasing its capacity for mission work of all kinds.

The head of this mission took me one day to call on the Armenian Bishop of Sivas, whose residence was in the old Monastery of St Nishan, a couple of miles outside the city. The monastery stands by itself in open country upon a low hill, hardly greater than a rise. From a distance you see little except a high grey enclosing wall, with the pyramidal roof of the ancient church rising above it. A plain, undefended outer wall of no great strength must be, one would think, small protection against massacre, yet this monastery, though it had given shelter to hundreds of Armenians in troublous times, had never been forced by the mob. Even the short distance that separated it from the city acted as a protection. A mob bent on massacre, it is said, always contains a certain number of people to whom the trouble of going two miles out, and two back, ensures that they do not go at all. There are others, also, of small imagination, who prefer to stay by the business they can actually see.

A porter admitted us through the great gate of the monastery. We were shown at last into a small dimly lighted room by a long-haired, black-gowned cleric. A sort of medieval flavour pervaded the room, which had

the smell of an old musty library, but everything was spotlessly clean, like the interior of most Armenian dwellings. The wood-work was unpainted; the walls covered with plain hangings; a heavy padded leather curtain served as door; and the room was warmed by a brazier, which was taken away on our entering. In some such style as this the monks had probably lived for centuries; for though this part of the building may not have been more than two hundred years old, the monastery was founded in the thirteenth century, has had a continuous existence ever since, and customs are likely to have changed but slowly.

The Bishop did not keep us waiting long, and seemed even glad of an opportunity for seeing visitors. As Bishop of a Church and people in difficulties, and a man said to have been placed in this office for his exceptional capacity, I looked at him with more than ordinary interest. His age appeared to be no more than fifty, though doubtless he was older; his full beard and long hair were dark, his figure shortish and strong, and his face inclined to florid. He spoke in Armenian, and my American friend translated. An Armenian bishop in another part of the country had been said to have charged his people to sell their shirts if necessary in order to buy firearms. But the Bishop of Sivas was not of that sort; discretion and patience seemed to be what he relied upon. He avowed himself on good terms with the Government, and satisfied with their present treatment and intentions. I gathered, however, that he not only had to guide his priesthood and flock, but also take part in a game of political euchre with the Turkish authorities and the Greek Church as his opponents, in which the higher cards never by any chance fell to him. It was not a game so important as that which the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople has to play against Turks and Greeks, but had the same characteristics.

Conversation ran on many topics, but without apparent effort the Bishop managed to get in various allusions to his race and Church. With a few in-

direct strokes, their real purpose not apparent at the moment, he gradually sketched the Gregorian Church. There was a passing reference to its antiquity, others to its traditions, to its old churches, some of them now, alas! in use as mosques; to its relics, its ancient MSS., its old furniture and vestments. He also referred to the Mekhitharist Monastery among the lagoons of Venice, not as a Gregorian foundation, for it is Roman Catholic, but as an Armenian monastery and seat of learning in Europe. He mentioned, too, that Mekhithar, the founder of the Order, was born in Sivas three centuries ago. In half an hour of broken talk, during which many subjects came up, the Bishop had created the impression that his people and Church, though now oppressed, were much in being and had not given up hope.

A tradition in Sivas tells that when Timur captured the city he buried alive 4000 Armenian warriors who had helped the Turks in the defence. Armenians still show this spot with pride, and call it the "Black Earth." When I asked if the Bishop had any further information than the bare tradition gave, his interest deepened, he stirred with a touch of impatience; and then, in manner if not in words, seemed to wave the story aside as a thing of worldly vanity. He had the true version, something more spiritual, more creditable to the Church, something much more damning to Timur.

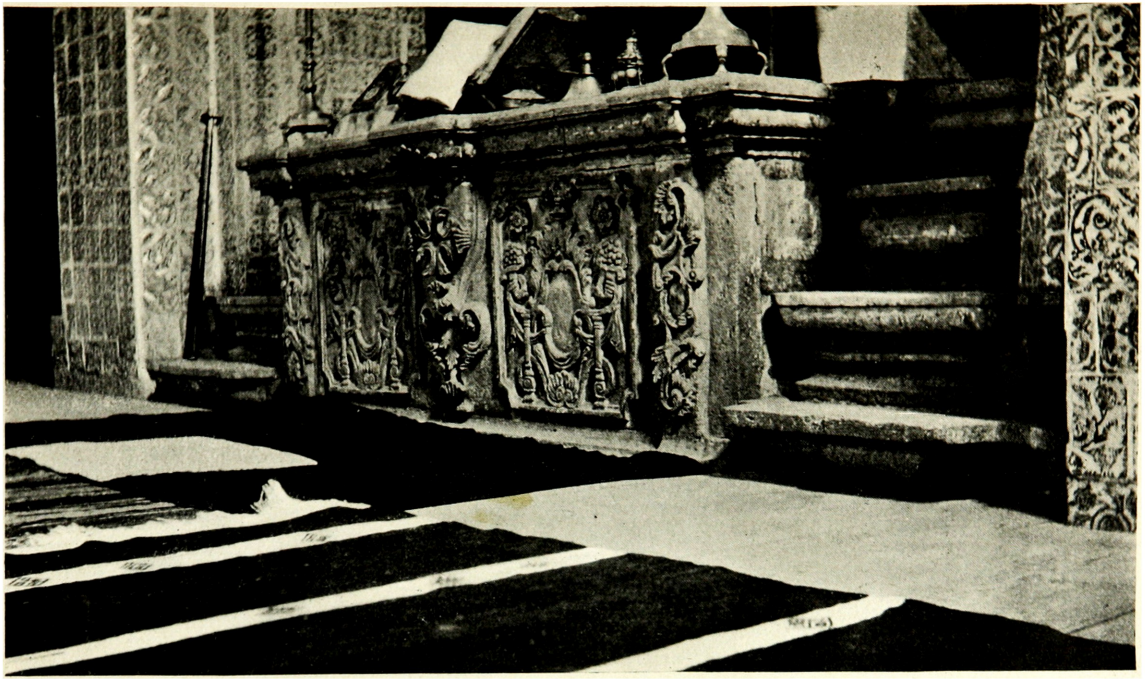
The truth was, the Bishop said—and again he seemed gently impatient—that when the city fell the Church had arrayed 4000 children in white, and sent them, bearing relics, to soften the conqueror's heart. It was these 4000 children, together with the relics, whom Timur had flung alive into a pit and covered up, so creating the place of the Black Earth. I thought the Bishop's version inferior to the secular one. It sounded artificial, even when stated with the authority of an earnest bishop. In his zeal for the Church he seemed to do an injury to his people,

to be filching from them an incident of martial history, and yet history of that kind is just what the race lacks most.

An MS. of the thirteenth century was then brought for our inspection. The Bishop explained that he would have shown us an older one only that it was locked up and the key-bearer away. The throne of Senekherim I., the king who had exchanged his realm of Vasburagan for the province of Sebastea, could not be shown for the same reason. This throne, nine centuries old, is one of the national relics of the Armenian people, who regard it with great reverence. Of more interest to a foreigner, however, was the Church of St Nishan, a well-preserved stone building of the eleventh century — plain, solid, somewhat Norman in the general appearance of the interior, but with a quantity of Byzantine ornamentation. In the church was also a Byzantine reading-desk of wood, held to be of great age.

There seems to be little doubt that this discreet bishop is the same Bishop of Sivas whose torture and death, during the recent atrocities in Asia Minor, have been lately reported. He is said to have died, with many of his people, on the road to Mosul. But first, by way of torture, his bare feet were shod by nailing to them small iron plates such as native custom uses for the hoofs of bullocks. Having been sufficiently shod he was driven forth to march, and succumbed on the road—the same road which goes over the Crooked Bridge of Senekherim's daughter, and up into the mountains of Terja Dagh. Much better, one thinks, had he and such of his race who took refuge in St Nishan's ancient monastery been killed defending the outer wall.

While I was at Sivas report came of events in which I found especial interest. Two robberies, both in the large manner of the past, had been committed on the road over which I had just come. In one a party of bullock-cart drivers, returning from Samsûn after having received payment for a con-



Stone Reading-desk in Chapel, St Nishan's Monastery, Sivas.

tract greater than usual, had been set upon by a Circassian band. The carters showed fight, and lost a man or two, but also lost their money. The other robbery was even more in the spirit of earlier days. A party of robbers had seized the road for several hours and robbed all who passed, holding them as prisoners till the day's operations were over.

CHAPTER XV.

Selecting another *araba*-driver—Mehmet—Boisterous Turkish recruits—On the road for Kaisariyeh—Far-off view of Argaeus—Mehmet's peculiarities—A quarrel—Dogs, and more dogs—The coloured hills—Lazis on the road—The ancient road between Sivas and Kaisariyeh.

AFTER having followed the Bagdad Road in a south-easterly direction for more than two hundred miles to Sivas, I was now to turn towards the south-west for Kaisariyeh. The road lay high, and upon it snow was more to be dreaded than elsewhere. To Kaisariyeh was about a hundred and thirty miles, and with the fear of bad weather upon me I wished to cover the distance in four days; I therefore inquired for another *araba*.

A small red-headed Moslem, warranted to know the road, was sent me the same day. Compared with the burly Achmet, this new driver was altogether disappointing; not only was he small and ineffective in appearance, but he had an incessant and irritating cough that sometimes seemed to become part of his speech. His eyes, too, were feeble and watery. And further, the recommendation upon which he relied chiefly was that at one time, and that not long ago, he had been an inmate of the American hospital for two weeks. In imagination I saw him breaking down if the *araba* got into difficulties, and myself having to bear the chief part in lifting it out. If we should come to a scrimmage anywhere on the road, I saw this little fellow as an interested spectator

and no more. Decidedly he was not the sort of man I wanted; but no driver liked to make the journey at this season, and I had small choice: rather than lose more time I engaged Mehmet—as he called himself—and doubtingly hoped for the best. And yet when I came to eye him more closely there was something in his looks that reassured me. I thought at first it was a confident manner, and next I read it as a devil-may-care spirit, and supposed that in this feeble body there might be, after all, much capacity and courage. But with all my judging I did not guess exactly what Mehmet afterwards proved to be.

Light rain had fallen for three days previously, but I set out on a morning of sunshine and mild southerly wind, when great balloons of white cloud were sailing in a blue sky. It was the 21st of November, and my good fortune in the matter of weather had become surprising.

The narrow road out of the city was filled with a column of half a hundred springless waggons, going the same way as ourselves, crowded with Turkish recruits. The men said they were going to Samsûn. They were in boisterous spirits this fine morning, and so made rather unpleasant company for a foreign traveller. They urged their drivers to bump the *araba*, and after the first attempt had failed and two waggons collided instead, one noisy recruit seized the reins of his vehicle to demonstrate how the thing should be done. At length a blank wall appeared beside the street against which, with some manœuvring, it seemed possible to get us satisfactorily pinned. And now waggon called to waggon with shouting and excitement enough for a riot. But the heavy vehicles, driven at a hard jolting trot, were clumsy in movement; and though the intention was always there, and every one full of advice, we evaded the blow, and beyond the wall made our escape. In this hurly-burly Mehmet did very well. Sometimes he slashed his own horses to good purpose; but more often those in the waggons,

and then with even better; in the matter of abuse, too, he had it all his own way.

Outside the city the waggons drew up in an open field and were marshalled into three sections by *zaptiehs*; and when the train set out again we were several miles ahead and had left the main road. For at a point three miles from Sivas the way to Kaisariyeh left the great highroad and went off to the south-east. It crossed the Kizil Irmak by another of the old stone bridges so characteristic of the country—a bridge built in days of greater prosperity and population than now, and thence rose out of the valley. I could see it zig-zagging up the mountain-side, at the top of which I was to travel on a long bleak plateau forming the watershed between the Euphrates and the Kizil Irmak. In the valley, meanwhile, I passed fields where peasants, ploughing with wooden ploughs drawn by oxen, broke now and then into snatches of weird song, and sometimes into laughter. Larks also were aloft in dozens, and singing in recognition of this sunny morning. With the soft warm wind coming over the mountains from Arabia men and birds alike had been beguiled into ideas of spring.

During nearly three hours of climbing to the mountain-ridge I saw not a soul. The brown slopes around me, dappled like the great deep valley below by sunlight and chasing shadows, showed no sign even of flocks or shepherds.

The saddle of this ridge was the highest point I reached on the whole journey, and could have been little less than 7000 feet above sea-level. At the summit, a rolling plateau of sunburnt down-land seemed to fall gently towards the south. It gave a view of low blue mountain-ridges on the southern horizon that faded into dimness, and then out of sight, as they passed westward. While looking at these I made out a faint mother-of-pearl triangular peak above the farthest shadowy ridge. The peak was scarcely visible in the sunlit sky, but I recognised

it for snow in shadow, and knew that it must be no other than Argaeus, overlord of all Turkish mountains, showing his thirteen thousand feet of stature beyond the city of Kaisariyeh. By airline he was a hundred and twenty miles away, and, as I afterwards heard, not often visible from this point. Mehmet, indeed, scouted the idea that this was Argaeus at all.

"*Erjies Dagh yok*," he exclaimed, tossing his head upward in emphatic negative, as if that settled it. But he was wrong. I could discern a slight shoulder on the western side of the peak, and when we saw the same mountain next day, and Mehmet pointed it out as the first view of Argaeus, there were peak and shoulder as before.

Now that we had reached the plateau, and no more climbing was to be done, and the way, if anything, lay downhill, Mehmet began to reveal his peculiarities. He had been well pleased that I should walk during the long ascent, for thereby he made more rapid progress. At the summit, however, it suited him that I should ride. The trouble was that he had a mortal fear of being overtaken by snow, and therefore wished to reach Kaisariyeh in three days. To do so he had meant to push his horses for what they were worth, and make the forty-mile daily stages which are called fast travelling on Turkish roads. But I had stipulated for a journey of four days, meaning to walk the distance in that time. For his part he could not understand this fantastic and senseless purpose of walking; he had supposed that in bargaining for a journey of four days I judged his horses incapable of doing it in less; he had intended to disabuse me, and now, to his chagrin, I wished to linger. He had never had such a passenger before.

In these circumstances I discovered the most un-Turkish characteristics in Mehmet. I have no doubt that either he or his father was an Armenian convert to Islam, for he had all the disagreeable quali-

ties of Armenian *araba*-drivers. In his small body he housed a devil of perversity like few, accompanied by the proverbial temper of a red-haired man, and the peevishness of an invalid. As I refused to ride, he kept his horses jingling at my heels to better my pace. If I stopped for a few minutes he went on, and left me to overtake him by hard walking or running — whichever I chose. I told him now to follow fifty yards behind, but when I stopped to take a photograph the contumacious little man went wide and tried to drive past me again. This time I seized his horses and backed the *araba* off the road, amid such explosions of wrath that I doubted if he were in his right mind, and doubted more how this journey would end. He threatened, also, to go back, and made it necessary to watch him closely lest he should try to execute his threat. It had been dark an hour when we dropped into a deep glen, and ended an unsatisfactory day's travelling in a small *khan* at Kayadibi.

I think it was at Kayadibi, the next morning, that some indefinable influence first made itself felt and told me I was going south. The country could hardly have been less southern in appearance; it was high and bleak and uncultivated, and warm sunshine, notwithstanding a sharp edge of cold was in the wind. One thing, perhaps, which more than another conveyed a hint of the south, was the sight of a flat earthen roof and a man rolling it with a wooden roller. My *khan* also was flat-roofed, and though upon it I found a plentiful growth of young barley, yet it was a southern roof; and the *khan*-keeper said he slept on it in summer.

Beyond Kayadibi the country dogs were the largest and most savage of any I had met. In build they were like Newfoundlands, but larger, with black head or muzzle, yellow body and long curling tail. From nearly every flock that fed within a half-mile of the road a dog would presently detach itself and come lumbering across country to the attack. I had

no doubt the shepherds set them on—a well-known trick of Turkish shepherds when a foreigner is passing—but I also more than half suspected Mehmet of somehow prompting the shepherds.

There never was a foreign traveller in Turkey who did not long to shoot dogs. To do so, however, is almost out of the question, for Turkish law, and still more Turkish custom, effectually protect these monstrous beasts. In theory you are entitled to defend yourself against them, even to the point of killing; but in practice may not do so, except at great subsequent personal risk. At law it is said to be hard to justify the killing of a dog; the law, however, may be faced lightly compared with the rough-and-ready measures of the countryside. A cry like a jödel goes from hill to hill for a shot dog, and brings the country-folk out with firearms. They do not stop to argue, but open fire upon you as a public enemy. If mounted you may gallop for life and escape, though having to run the gauntlet for miles. And if coming back you take care not to return this way, and even avoid the road indefinitely, for memories against you are not only bitter but long.

So as a pedestrian I went in hatred of country dogs, all the more for the enforced respect I had to show them. Nothing in Turkish travelling, indeed, —neither filthy *khans* nor universal dirt, nor risk of disease, nor chance of robbery,—equals in unpleasantness this plague of savage dogs.

If attacked by dogs once on the road beyond Kayadibi, I was attacked a dozen times in the day. After three or four undignified skirmishes, in which the beasts, bounding into the air and flinging foam, kept just outside the reach of my heavy steel-pointed stick, I climbed into the *araba* whenever a flock of goats or sheep appeared ahead. I hoped Mehmet would not attribute this new way of travelling to my dislike of dogs. Sometimes I thought the faintest trace of smile appeared on his face when I waited for the vehicle, but I attributed the idea to

a sensitive imagination. This changed way of travelling pleased my driver immensely. Whenever I mounted the *araba* he would whip his horses to a sharp trot or canter for a half mile, and then at a word stop for me to get out.

I felt certain, however, that weak-eyed Mehmet had not penetrated my motive, for the flocks were not always easy to see. But disillusionment presently followed, and in the way it came took me unawares. Walking before the *araba* I heard Mehmet cough out: "*Kopek*"—a dog. I could see no flock, so believed he was announcing the bogie man, and wondered how self-respect required me to deal with this display of insolence. Then in the same warning voice, as if doing no more than his duty, he exclaimed "*Ikki*"—two. By this time I felt sure we had come to a crisis, and though respecting his wit, meant to teach him a lesson. But he had truth on his side right enough, and pointed out two immense yellow creatures lying near the road some fifty yards ahead. Thereafter I made no more pretence, nor did he; and his alertness was such that for the rest of the day he was ever discovering dogs and advising me to ride.

In following the back of this high-standing plateau —called the Khanzir Dagh by some, and Terja Dagh by others—the road generally went in shallow valleys. It would wind along such a depression for hours and then cross a low col and enter another hollow. Its views also were always narrow and enclosed. There was nothing to make you suspect that by leaving the road, and going a few miles eastward or westward, you would find yourself overlooking lower country from a height of several thousand feet. Though the western watershed of the Euphrates, it had little to show for the dignity. It was a region scantily peopled and barren, covered with coarse sun-dried grass, but here and there in hollows were patches of plough, and oats, and winter wheat.

This dreary land was enlivened sometimes by

chains of remarkable coloured hills which rose seven or eight hundred feet above the road and displayed the colours of the rainbow. They were formed of naked volcanic ash or rock whose clearly defined strata changed through green and brown and red and yellow and blue, with soft uncertainty between the changes, and a level regularity in the width of band. On these bare hills, and on all other hills hereabouts, the scheme of denudation was apparent as if shown by diagram. You could trace it from foot to summit, from the deep gulleys below going directly up the slope, through the various lateral branches and their subordinate hollows till they ran out above in mere creases. Seen in wondrously clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine, especially when the westering sun filled the hollows with soft shadows, these coloured hills had an appearance of enchanted unreality.

In these conditions of scene and weather the snow that I had dreaded so much became a thing out of question. The mind refused to accept, refused to consider, any possibility of snow coming this day or the next. Some complete change of season, which could not take place in a few days, appeared necessary before wintry weather of any kind could set in. Quite as reasonably, it seemed, might one go dreading snow in June.

This road of unexpected sunshine was lonely beyond any I had so far known. I would go a whole forenoon and pass maybe only a single *araba* or a couple of horsemen. Then about midday might appear a band of men on foot carrying packs and bundles containing bedding and possessions, going back to their homes for the winter from employment in the south. Sometimes these men were Lazis, in short jacket and breeches, tight about the calf and baggy above; but more often were from Sivas, and Shabin Karahissar, and Erzingan. They had money in pocket, they were going home, and the weather was good; so they were a good-natured crew, ready with

salutations and laughter, and the usual questions to Mehmet of where he was from and whither going.

At the time when Cæsarea and Sivas were flourishing cities this road had an importance much greater than it has now. Then it was also the chief route between north and south. At present its value for communication between the coasts has disappeared, for the sea allows of an easier journey. Ottoman mails between north and south, however, still use it regularly, until the snow comes, and then they too go round by Constantinople. Owing to its slight traffic the road is in fair condition, although unmetalled; the surface is dressed with gravel, and traffic and rain do the rest, and eventually provide a track on which a bicycle might travel. By this road also troops are frequently marched between Sivas and the Bagdad Railway at Eregli.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the guest-house at Kara Geul—An Armenian village—The English language in Asia Minor—Another quarrel with Mehmet—Armenians in dread of massacre—The ambitious schoolmaster—A traveller of dignity—The notable *kavass*—Sultan Khan—Mighty Argaeus—The *geomej* on Lale Bel—The sunken roads—A carpet-weaving population—A deserted Seljuk college—The wrong road at evening—At the American Mission Hospital, Talas.

THE Armenian village of Kara Geul came in sight during the afternoon of our second day from Sivas. The valley in which the road went opened out, a small river flowed in the bottom, the enclosing downs rose into definite hills, and in these surroundings the village lay among fields of young wheat. This, I thought, looked a promising halting-place, but Mehmet of course thought not. He wished to go another five miles, and fell into a villainous bad humour when I insisted on stopping here.

The village stood beside a large pond—the black pool of the village name—and presented a pleasant scene of evening activity as I entered. Many cattle stood drinking in the pond. Girls and women were waiting their turn and drawing water at a curious stone fountain; men and boys were sweeping up and carrying away chaff in baskets after the day's winnowing. An air of industry and quick movement and a liking for tidiness characterised the village.

I was taken to the guest-house and welcomed while Mehmet went to look at the stabling, for he had fastidious notions as to where his horses should be housed. By the time he returned the village elders

and schoolmaster had hurried in, for the arrival of guests is an important event in such villages, more especially those occupied by Armenians. In a country where the few newspapers are thoroughly bad, it means definite news of the outer world, definite news of what is being done in Europe on behalf of Armenians.

More than any other race of Asiatic Turkey Armenians take an interest in European affairs. Much often depends for them upon the fluctuations of European politics. To these people the Powers of Europe appear as a number of dim figures ever conferring how and when they shall help Armenians. Such help is often long-deferred, and sometimes does not come when needed most; and when it does come may be worse than no help at all and involve the race in further trouble with its oppressors. But help invaluable has been given from time to time, and building on this foundation assistance from Europe and America is always thought likely.

An English or American visitor is welcomed in an Armenian village and regarded as representing his country to a degree almost embarrassing. In such a village you discover the reputation of the British name perhaps as nowhere else. The British name, indeed, carries with it a reputation in Asiatic Turkey that cannot be understood by those who have not witnessed its influence. Of one who claims to be English much is expected and taken for granted. You are just, you are truthful, you stand by the spirit of your promise and do not seek refuge in the letter, you are incorruptible, you are liberal and no haggler, all because you are English—and among English I also include Americans, for they share the reputation. It is a reputation that has not been gained hastily; it is the outcome of native experience in the intercourse of generations. This reputation of ours has been made largely by a long succession of British officials—by Ambassadors and their subordinates, and still more by British Consuls.

It has also been made by American missionaries. The average native does not readily distinguish between English and Americans; both have the same characteristics, and he regards Americans as some sort of English, for are they not the only teachers of the English language in the country? These missionaries have indeed spread the language, and so doing, and by their own high reputation, have done much for the British name. They are numerous and have been working in Asia Minor for more than a century. They have had more intimate and wider intercourse with natives than have British officials, and though remaining good Americans always, yet one must also call them good English and gratefully acknowledge their influence. To them it is due that wherever you go in Asia Minor you find some one who can speak your tongue.

So it came about in the guest-house at Kara Geul that the schoolmaster held out his hand to me on entering and said—

"How are you, sir? You are welcome to our village."

He had been educated in the American schools at Sivas, and though he had not spoken English for two years had not forgotten the language, for, as he said, "I read in English books."

Outwardly the guest-house made no pretensions, and was no better than any other, but its interior features were unusual. In fact I have never seen a guest-house of the same excellence. The flat earthen roof was carried by massive wooden beams supported from the floor by heavy circular wooden pillars, and beams and pillars were of varnished or polished wood like mahogany. Against each long wall extended a low boarded divan, covered with mats; the door was at one end of the room, the fireplace faced it from the other, and between the divans lay a breadth of earthen floor about seven feet in width. One divan was allotted to me and my bed and luggage, the other accommodated the rest of the company. A fire

of *tizek* or dried cow-dung was made, and a loaf of bread offered me—as a rite of hospitality, for it could be seen that I had bread in plenty.

We had not been here long before Mehmet got into a quarrel with two Armenians. His alleged grievance was the inferior accommodation provided for his horses; the real cause was that he found himself in Kara Geul against his will. He became vehement and insulting, and carried himself and spoke as a bullying master might to slaves. At this point I ordered him to be silent. We had stillness for a minute while he nursed his accumulated wrongs; then he started up, seized his harness, and declaring he would stay in the room no longer, and to-morrow would return to Sivas, went out in a towering passion. The Armenians presently found he had gone to the horses, and there, for all I knew or cared, he remained. As my hosts said they could let me have a pack-horse if necessary, I was careless now what course he might take. Besides, he was unpaid, and therefore unlikely to go off and forfeit his money.

With Mehmet out of the room the manner of the Armenians changed: in his presence they had been cheerful, they now became like people over whom hangs great trouble. They groaned and sighed while the schoolmaster gave me the recent history of Kara Geul, a story of alarm at early morning, and of pillage and burning and massacre that followed.

"Of the people eighteen were killed, and some were hurt, and the others went to the hills," he said simply, as if speaking of rain, or any other natural and ordinary event not to be avoided. He added in the same resigned manner that the villagers went in daily fear of these scenes being repeated.

The outrage had been done by Circassians from the Uzun Yaila, under a noted valley-lord of that district of Circassian immigrants. And now that Italy, a Christian Power, was seizing Tripoli, the

same valley-lord and his clan proposed to do what they could in the way of reprisals against Christians in general, and looked to Armenians of Kara Geul and other villages near by as the readiest and easiest victims. So the Armenians feared that any morning the valley-lord and his men might be discovered coming across the eastern hills intending murder and able to perform it. I tried to reassure them, and pointed out that at this time above all others the Ottoman Government desired to stand well with the Powers, and therefore would certainly prevent massacre.

But dread of the valley-lord and his men, only a few hours' ride away, was not to be allayed by speaking of the Powers. The Circassians were very real, the Powers shadowy and remote, their action doubtful, its effect still more so. The story of what had happened at Yeni Bazaar was thought much better ground for hope. That the authorities should have acted so promptly and firmly there was good news for these poor folk of Kara Geul, living on the edge of massacre, for by it they could read the mood of their Government.

When the subject of politics was exhausted the schoolmaster spoke of his own affairs, but these were not for the elders' knowledge. As schoolmaster here he was biding his time, for he hoped before long to enter the American Medical School at Beyrût and eventually become a doctor. To that end he was keeping up his English. Had I by chance an English medical book I could give him, he asked—any sort of medical book? He possessed two or three already, but had got them off by heart.

By morning Mehmet was in a better temper and had forgotten his intention of returning to Sivas—in fact he showed anxiety to set out in the opposite direction, and had the *araba* ready while I was still at breakfast. He seemed to think I might go off without him; his manner, too, was awkwardly apologetic and solicitous. Under the influence of these

feelings and another brilliant morning he waited patiently and had nothing to say in protest.

About midday, when a little south of Gemerek, an *araba* appeared, coming over a hill as if from Kaisariyeh. For one accustomed to *arabas* there was something about this vehicle, although more than a mile away, that at once attracted attention. It was coming down a long gentle incline where it would naturally travel fast, but the speed attained was greater than customary, and the general appearance unusual. It came in a cloud of dust, yet now and then in spite of dust the eye was conscious of movement not to be explained.

As the *araba* came nearer it was seen to be drawn by three horses abreast—instead of the usual two—that a figure was seated beside the driver, and the speed a sharp canter. But it was the motion of the horses and attitude of the driver and his companion which chiefly fixed the attention. Now and then the horses were flicked, and kept at a capering gait out of unison, causing heads and manes to be tossed in confusion; now and then, too, a horse would prance. Leaning forward from his seat, whip in hand and holding tight reins, the driver seemed to be producing this play as a show of skill. The figure beside him wore a blue uniform and sat bolt upright, the very personification of watchful alertness and importance. It is difficult to convey the vivid impression made by the equipage as a whole; but you recognised with certainty that the driver, conscious of unwonted dignity, was exhibiting his driving, that the *kavass* beside him reflected the majesty of some very great unseen passenger, and that this display by team and men was exaggerated while passing a European traveller. I wondered not a little who the passenger might be to inspire such varied motion and cover his servants with so much reflected importance. Owing to the cloud of dust it was impossible to see him well, but I made out a reclining figure, apparently unconscious of greatness, and not a little bored by his

journey. But the *kavass* I saw better, and knew I should remember always, for his attitude and watchful comprehensive sweep of glance in passing were inimitable. If an abyss had suddenly opened before the *araba* I felt sure that somehow the *kavass* would preserve his master.

Late in the afternoon the road crossed a ridge and then went gently down in a straight line for five miles to a cluster of willows and buildings below, where the smoke of evening fires was rising.

"Sultan Khan," said Mehmet, pointing to the village with his whip and then glancing at the sky. From Sultan Khan to Kaisariyeh was the last day's stage for him, and the sky continued hot and cloudless; with these comforting thoughts he became almost cheerful. I entered the village *khan* as hot and dusty and thirsty as on any previous day of the journey.

Seven hundred years ago, in the great days of Sivas and Cæsarea, sultans frequently used this road between the two cities; and along it, as on other roads of royal travelling, Sultan Khans were built about twenty-five miles apart. This was one of them, and one of the best. It has given the village its name, but is now a ruin, though enough remains to show what a noble building it was in its time. It was about two hundred feet in length, built throughout of dressed stone, and contained apartments for the sultan, his harem, and retinue, and vaulted stalls for the camels of the royal caravan. You may see these stalls still, for each royal camel his vaulted stall. They open like a row of little chapels along each side of the great hall, whose vault exceeds forty feet in span, and part of which still remains. This fine old building has now become a quarry for the mean village which has grown up round it.

At the village *khan* I heard of the traveller whose northward progress in a three-horse *araba* was made so impressive by his servants. He was a British consul, going as quickly and comfortably from the Mediterranean coast to Samsûn as circumstances per-

mitted, and keeping a military eye on the condition of roads and bridges, as is the custom of consuls in Asia Minor. On learning who he was I understood much besides. I might have known, indeed, that the mysteriously important passenger must be a British consul, and no other. The manner of the servants, the indefinable something they imparted to the horses and *araba*, and way of going, represented their views, and these views reflected the prestige which the consuls enjoy on behalf of their country.

Mount Argaeus had played hide-and-seek with me daily ever since from the ridge of Terja Dagh I first saw his shadowy summit against the sky. He grew more and more majestic with each reappearance, and to a solitary pedestrian it became an interesting speculation when he would reveal himself again, and what changes he would show them. Soon after leaving Sultan Khan the road went up to a ridge from which Argaeus could be seen almost to his base. He was a mighty, irregular cone, thirty miles away, standing against a cloudless sky. His spreading lower slopes were purple, and above them rose gleaming snow, broken by rock and precipice whose surface was made violet blue by distance. Viewed from this ridge he dominated everything, as well he might, for he is a mountain of 13,300 feet, standing alone, and so compact in form that you may easily walk round his base in three days. Thenceforward he was always in sight, and drew the eye to him ever as one of the world's great isolated peaks seen now at his best.

From the same ridge, a long slope known as Lale Bel descends gradually towards the plain of Cæsarea. No spot in Asia Minor has a worse name for death by snow. It is said to be the haunt in winter of a local blizzard, the *geomej*, which comes almost without warning; and is so violent, and accompanied by such blinding snow and cold, that to be caught in it involves great risk. The only refuge for those so waylaid is a guard-house midway down the slope. In this manner Lale Bel had been described for my benefit by several

who knew it well. I had heard the story always with unbelief, and on this sunny morning was more than ever inclined to doubting. In fact I had forgotten Lale Bel, and might have passed down it unknowing, only that the guard-house and a couple of lounging *zaptiehs* presently appeared. And yet even had there been no guard-house, perhaps I should have remembered Lale Bel before leaving it behind. For I had not gone half-way down the slope before a cold strong wind came from the north, though the sun was warm, the air quite motionless till now, and the sky perfectly clear. It came as suddenly as a squall, and for its surprising coldness might have blown straight from the dazzling snowfields of Argaeus, only that they were in the opposite direction; indeed, I found myself presently breaking into a sharp trot for warmth. And while I ran I thought with new respect of the *geomej*, and was glad that I saw Lale Bel in no wilder mood.

Some little distance beyond this place I entered a district overlaid by sheets of volcanic rock representing the last labours of Argaeus. He has been long asleep, and though, considered geologically, these lava-sheets pertain to yesterday, yet they are so old that no tradition exists of the mountain as an active volcano. In places one may see the rock run out to a thin edge; there are areas, too, where the rock seems to have great depth; the country looks like an undulating district levelled up by lava, and great crevices appear filled with vegetation. Hereabouts, also, are signs of a large population having existed in times gone by, for the surface of rock is crossed by a network of ancient roads. They go in all directions, and yet in curious parallel series that at first are puzzling. In a few minutes, however, you grasp the key of their riddle, and with a map can roughly fix from the course of these roads the positions of various outlying towns and villages which surrounded Cæsarea when it was the greatest city in

Asia Minor. You can recognise in these old ways roads ancient, roads merely medieval, roads of still later date, and see the process which has made them being continued now on the very road by which you travel. Some of these ancient highways are sunk ten, fifteen, twenty feet in the soft rock, and are immemorial monuments; for they have been excavated by the wear of traffic through centuries—perhaps through more than a score of centuries. Each hollow way is roughly an inverted semicircle in section. In the bottom are always two deep narrow parallel channels, formed by the wheels of vehicles. Between them is a blunt ridge with a shallow depression along the middle — beaten out by the feet of men and animals. Because wheels cut faster than feet the wheel tracks sink in time till axles strike the central ridge, and the road becomes impassable to vehicles. At this stage, on important roads, the ridges and perhaps the sides also seem to have been broken down, and the process of wear went on again, followed indefinitely by more breaking down and wear. While I stood looking at one of these deep roads, the process was illustrated under my eyes. A loaded bullock-cart came along with its axle just clearing the ridge. The driver walked in front, and seeing a slight projection that he thought would obstruct his cart, broke it off with a heavy stone. But farther on, where a projection appeared too great for that method, he dropped pieces of stone into the ruts and so raised the wheels. In fact, one may suppose that in earlier and busier days the ruts had been filled up from time to time, and the wheels so enabled by change of track to do nearly all the excavating which has taken place. The parallel roads were examples of another process, and came about where sufficient lateral space existed: when the ruts grew too deep for wheels, the old road was abandoned, and traffic took a new course beside it.

A good deal of rug- and carpet-weaving goes on in this Kaisariyeh country. The art comes also into daily life, and reveals itself in strange places and when least expected. When I first saw an irregular patch of carpet pattern worked on the seat of a peasant's white cotton breeches, I thought it a botching attempt at repair; but noticing similar patches on other breeches, I recognised them then as an expression of art and entitled to respect. I heard that they were experiments—studies of patterns, as one might say. The custom is also followed on the pannier-like horse-hair bags called *habes*, which are thrown across the backs of horses; and any bullock-cart loaded with grain shows that each sack has two or three such irregular patches of pattern, the fugitive careless efforts of instinctive art.

Soon after midday I came upon one of those characteristic Seljuk buildings which ever convey the idea that the race was far advanced in learning and the arts. It was a little *medresse* or college, standing solitary by the wayside, with no other building of any kind in sight. Beside its western wall ran the sandy road, where half a dozen buffalo-carts had unyoked, and their awkward black beasts were lying at rest. The building was an oblong, whose greater length scarcely exceeded a hundred feet. Much of it was in almost perfect condition, and its yellowish smooth-hewn masonry looked almost as fresh and new as when erected many centuries ago. At the angles of its northern end were two low octagonal towers, like roofless minarets, and between them a recessed portico with doors; the other fronts were massive walls of clean stone-work, twenty-five or thirty feet in height, each pierced with two or three small windows high above ground. The doors were blocked up, but a glimpse of the interior which could be had showed the cloistered courtyard, open to the sky, with cells for students along the cloisters. The college had long been abandoned, and stood now,

with animals at rest under its broken walls, a forlorn monument of a race scarcely remembered in its own land.

Evening came on when we were still a long way from my destination, the hospital of the American mission at Talas. For a couple of hours Talas, a detached suburb of Kaisariyeh, five or six miles from the city, had been visible on its high bluff, with Ali Dagh close behind. To reach Talas we were to turn off somewhere on our left, but no sign of a road appeared, and Mehmet held on steadily towards Kaisariyeh, whose minarets and Seljuk tombs and cloud of blue evening smoke rose before us under the sunset sky. Just before darkness fell it became evident we had gone too far this way. A belated peasant said that we should have turned off at a point several miles behind, and have gone boldly through the vineyards, that being the custom, for no road as such existed there; we now would have to go almost to Kaisariyeh, and then take the main road to Talas.

"*Jannam!*"—my soul!—cried Mehmet, jumping from his seat in fiery anguish on getting this information. Here was night upon him, some five miles still to go, and a *khan* to find for himself; for the point of all his anxiety was to set off early on the morrow for Sivas.

"Ride, effendi! Ride! ride!" he exclaimed, striking his whip-handle on the footboard in the vehemence of his request.

So I got into the *araba*, and at a headlong pace he drove across the plain for Talas, where lights were beginning to shine. He urged his horses up the steep winding road which climbs several hundred feet to the American hospital, and lost no time in discharging me and my baggage at the doctor's hospitable door. He pocketed his fare in haste, and before the door had closed was rattling down the road to find shelter in the Turkish quarter, and snatch

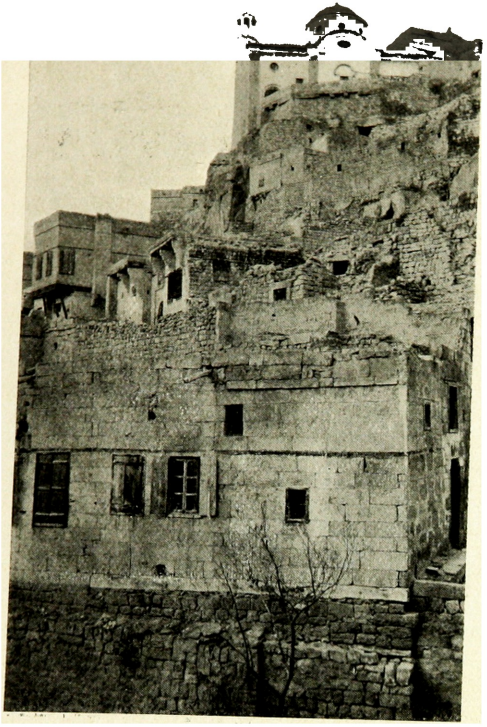
a few hours' sleep before beginning his return journey. Four days later the snow came, and on looking northward I saw nothing but whitened hills and mountains; but I knew quite well that Mehmet had reached home the day before with three pounds odd as the reward of his venture.

CHAPTER XVII.

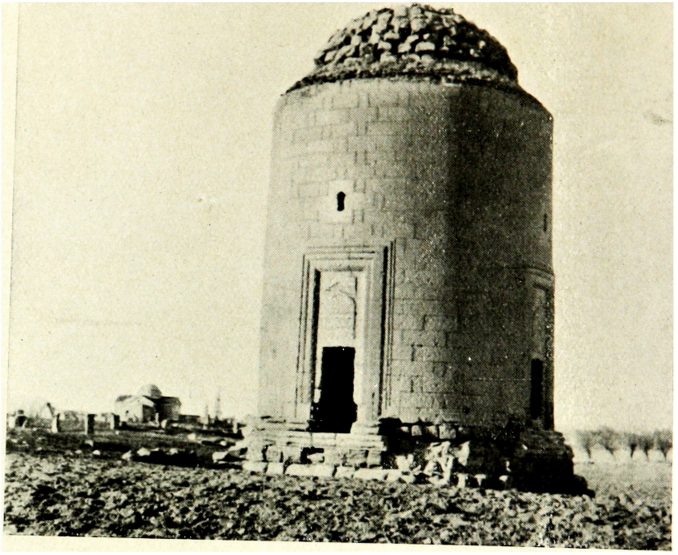
In Talas town—The most medieval-looking streets in Asia Minor—Rhodian masons—*Mangals*—Ali Dagh and Argaeus—King George and Argaeus—A troglodyte chapel—An Armenian monastery—Bones of John the Baptist—Finding a pack-horse and driver—I engage Ighsan.

TALAS, which has eight or ten thousand inhabitants, covers the face of a steep broken slope at the eastern end of the plain of Cæsarea. On level ground, at the foot of the slope, is the Turkish quarter; and above it, clambering in terraces among rocks and ravines and orchards, the Christian portion of the town goes up five or six hundred feet to an undulating plateau behind. The inhabitants are mainly Cappadocian Greeks, Talas being a place to which many of these people return and live upon gains made in various parts of the world.

The streets and buildings of Talas are the most medieval and picturesque in Asia Minor—partly owing to the abrupt steep on which the town is built, but also to outside influences; and thereby appears an interesting example of how such influences are conveyed and persist. Greek masons came to Talas from the south and western coasts of Asia Minor long ago, and among them, it is told, were masons from Rhodes. These Rhodian builders brought ideas derived from structures erected by the knights of St John at Rhodes, and put them into execution here, with the result that the streets of Talas show a style of



View in Talas.



Seljukian Tomb, near Kaisariyeh.

building considerably influenced by medieval France and England and Italy. The material, too, in which these masons worked helped them much. It is a grey-green volcanic stone, light in weight, and so soft that when quarried it may be cut as easily as chalk. With this facile material the builders have built boldly according to their knowledge. The upper stories of buildings are made to overhang, carried on rows of heavy corbels, and arches and vaulting are used as familiar forms. On the least opportunity a bold gateway is contrived: even a door in a plain garden wall is thought worthy of embellishment, and has a heavy arch or moulding, or piece of panelled surface. The narrow streets are never straight, and often are mere flights of steps. They pass under buildings as stone-vaulted passages entered by medieval-looking gateways. Buildings climb upon each other, and the flat roof of one sometimes abuts against the lowest floor of its neighbour above. The unexpected is never wanting. You may, for instance, follow a passage a little way among heavy stone buildings, and presently find that it dives through an archway and brings you to a deep ravine spanned by a stone bridge, with a tumbling waterfall and gardens and orchards in the bottom. For in Talas there is no lack of water: streams come down from the high land behind and are carried into gardens in channels for irrigation.

Looking westward from Talas the plain is bounded on the south by the first slopes of Argaeus, covered here with orchards and vineyards counted among the finest in the country. Thousands of acres so planted are in view from the town. They provide the only foliage of the district, for you find it hard to discover a dozen trees in the whole scene except in orchards and gardens. On the north are bare brown hills with many folds, and much of the plain has the same barren appearance.

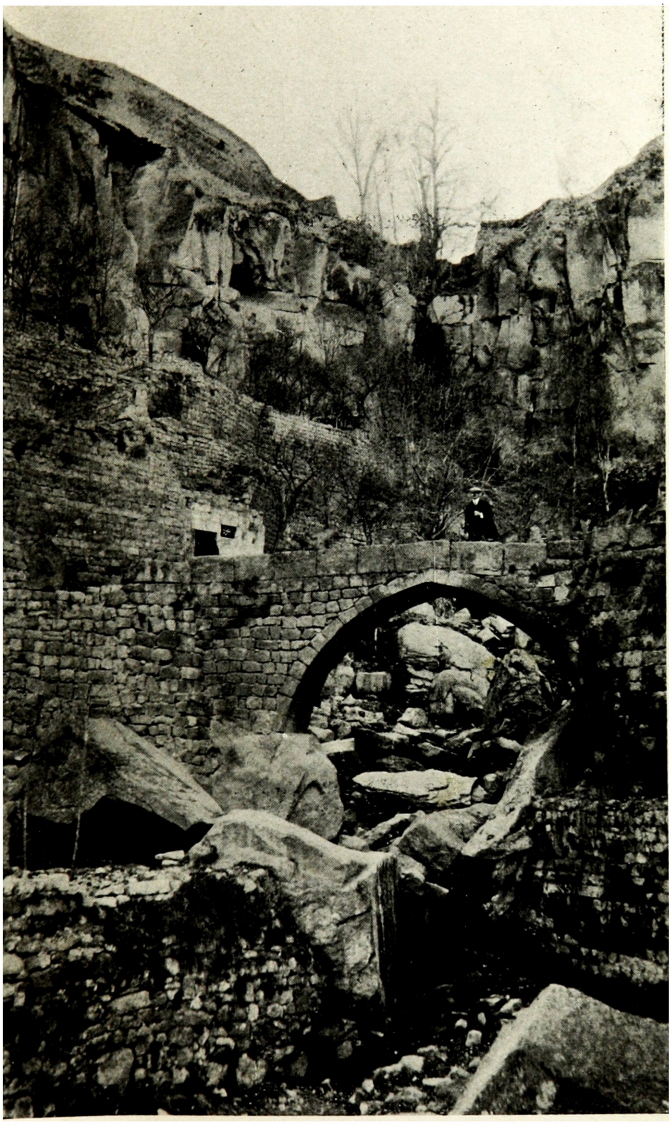
From almost any building on Talas hill you look

over the plain to Kaisariyeh, a huddle of flat roofs and minarets six miles away. Beyond it the eye travels on to Yilanli Dagh and other enclosing hills, and traces the road, the one great artery connecting the Cappadocian capital with seaports on the Mediterranean, with the Bagdad Railway, Konia, Constantinople, and the world. During late afternoon this road smokes with the dust of arriving traffic: with *arabas*, riders, waggons, and caravans. They first come into sight round the brown end of Yilanli Dagh, and thence may be watched till they reach the city's western edge.

From Talas, one may notice, too, something of the domestic habits of Kaisariyeh. On still mornings and evenings a blue haze gathers among the minarets and gradually deepens into hanging blue smoke. It comes from a closely built, compact city of 60,000 souls, who, at morning and evening, light their *mangals*, or braziers of charcoal, and place them on flat roofs or in the street before bringing them indoors,—that being the careful native custom.

All natives know that a freshly-lighted *mangal* is capable of killing every soul in a closed room, and are careful therefore in the use of these fires. Incidentally it may be remarked that they think this knowledge peculiar to the country, and not shared by foreigners. Call for a *mangal* at a *khan*, and it is placed outside the door, with explicit instructions to let it remain there until it has burnt to a clear glow; you may notice also that from time to time a careful *khan*-keeper or his man will come and make sure that you have not been impatient, and that all is still well with you. To these sophisticated people of the East a European seems much the simpleton in many matters.

Dwellers in Talas see no more of Argaeus from their homes than if that mountain did not exist, although the summit is not fifteen miles away; for Ali Dagh intervenes, a hump of mountain like a vast pit-head heap, and rises three thousand feet above the town.



A Glen in Talas.

Cross a ravine from the romantic streets of Talas, and you are on the steep slope of Ali Dagh, which goes up so abruptly and with such economy of distance that, in spite of snow, I reached the top by a zigzag path in an hour and a half, and returned down a gully of rolling stones in half the time. No position gives so good a view of Argaeus as the ridge of Ali Dagh,—the two summits are only twelve miles apart by air-line, and the one becomes a grand-stand for the other. From Ali Dagh the giant is seen as a whole, and his detachment from outlying heights becomes more apparent than ever. A deep narrow valley, in which roads and fields are seen as in a map, separates the great mountain from the lesser. You see the whole profile of Argaeus from base to summit on two sides, see the lower slopes steepen, see the domical mounds which surround the mountain at about a third the way up, and then see the upper bulk heaved into air in an unsymmetrical obtuse cone. I saw Argaeus from the top of Ali Dagh on a day of strong sunlight, when a few clouds hung trapped in his lower valleys. Higher up a bar of cloud floated aslant with the carelessness of wind-blown lace; and above it rose five or six thousand feet of mountain, in rock and snow and ice, going in blue and glistening white towards the sky.

August is the best month for ascending Argaeus; November altogether too late. On inquiring when and how one should go about this climb, I was referred to a Canadian missionary in Talas, who had served through the Boer War in a Canadian mounted regiment. He had climbed Argaeus thrice, and knew more about the mountain than did any one else; he was also said to have another ascent in view. This projected fourth ascent, however, proved to be very much in reserve. The soldier-missionary would not, for himself, go up again—he had seen enough, and more than enough, of Argaeus already. But when King George should come to Kaisariyeh—an event perhaps seeming less unlikely within Asia Minor than

without it—why then, indeed, His Majesty being willing, a British Columbian proposed to conduct him to the summit of the greatest mountain in Asiatic Turkey, and enable him to look over territory from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean.

One afternoon I accompanied my host, the American doctor, to a village among the hills behind Talas. His professional business over, he asked a boy of the village if he knew of any "written stones"; for in this region you never know what you may come upon in the way of ancient inscriptions. The boy knew of some, and after a stiff climb of four or five hundred feet among boulders and brambles, brought us to a hole in the hillside, partly masked by a large stone. The opening looked like the lair of a wild beast, and was so low that even the boy had to crawl to enter. Twenty yards of horizontal passage, never higher than four feet, brought us to a chamber which, by the light of matches, proved to be an abandoned ancient chapel. Perhaps it was twenty feet in diameter, or a little more, with two small apsidal chambers opening from it. The ceiling was an irregular dome, twelve or fifteen feet in height. Sand lay deep upon the floor and ledges, evidently due to disintegration of the friable volcanic stone in which the cave was hewn. But above a ledge, seemingly the altar, was a projecting surface of plaster, on which crude paintings of human figures could be discerned—as grotesque in proportions and artless in the representation of features as the work of a child. In this chapel and others like it which abound in Cappadocia, the rude paintings ever recalled for me the story of the juggler found juggling before a statue of the Virgin,—both sorts of artists had offered their best, and no more could be said.

Instead of returning to Talas by the way we had come, we continued farther up the valley to see an Armenian monastery of some note which stands there. The valley narrowed to a rocky gorge enclosed by cliffs, with the path and a brawling stream at bottom.

Rain was falling, the day uncommonly gloomy, and the gorge, never a place of brightness, was now a dark throat between rocks. Just where all things seemed most gloomy stood the monastery, a small huddle of whitewashed buildings planted in the face of the cliff. As a monastery it must have been one of the smallest; and though more accommodation than visible may have existed in excavations—after the manner of Cappadocia,—yet by no such arrangement could you imagine that many brethren lived here. The portion clear of the cliff was no greater than a cottage, and completely occupied a scanty ledge half-way between river and summit. Walls and roofs merged into cliff. The sun, you thought, could scarcely reach this human abode. The only way of human approach was along a narrow horizontal path in the face of rock.

In this place lived no Asiatic type of those jolly friars who make such a figure in English tradition. Monks they might be called, but each man who devoted himself to retirement in this situation must have been at heart an anchorite. He might qualify his solitude with the company of a few others like unto himself, but the true spirit of community life was absent. Imagine a dozen gloomy religious enthusiasts cooped up in caves hanging between sky and river, with little of sunlight, still less of stirring air, no exercise possible, a breviary — known by heart—as their chief book, the offices of their Church their only fixed employment, and you do not have an attractive picture of monastic life in this place. Better, you believe, with all its overstated abuses, the religious houses amid fat meadows, drawing fat rents; and better, too, the boisterous brotherhood who could tell you ale to a nicety, and produced Friar Tucks and Friar Johns, and, after all, have left pleasant names and picturesque buildings and not unpleasant memories in the land. When you look at the monks occupying these Cappadocian monasteries—pallid, tousle-headed, heavy-eyed men—you

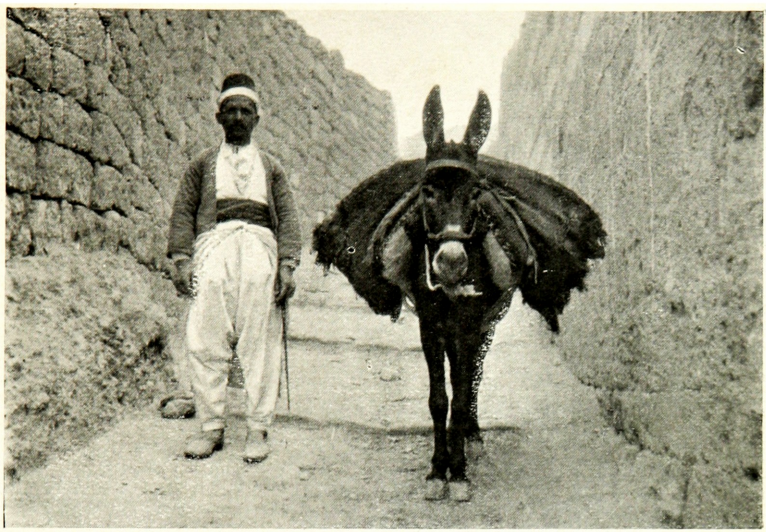
frankly prefer the austere, sunburnt, ascetic dervish of the open road, who goes with bowl and battle-axe and shining face. These two types, the dull Armenian or Greek monk, and the perfervid dervish, represent well the impotent Christianity and ascendant Mohammedanism of Asiatic Turkey.

In a particular way the influence of the early Christian Church survives in Cappadocia; as the country of Basil and his brother Gregory it retains the impress received from them, and is a country of Christian monasteries. Even Moslems, indeed, seem to have felt an impulse to plant religious houses in this region. At Hadji Bektash, sixty miles north-west of Talas, is the headquarters of the celebrated order of Bektash dervishes, whose founder, the Hadji Bektash, from Khorsabad in Persia, founded or had much to do with founding the military order of the Janissaries. Of Greek and Armenian monasteries are various large ones around Talas, to one of which, the Greek monastery of St John the Baptist at Zinjirdere, I was urged to go by a Greek. His argument did not impress me so much as his manner, for he was greatly in earnest.

"At the monastery," he said, "you see the true bones of John the Baptist. It is not far, and the bones are true. You will like them." And then, speaking as one who has investigated matters for himself and established their truth, he added—

"You do not believe? The bones of saints are many times the bones of other men, but these I recommend without mistake. You may believe them and have not a fear. At this monastery are the true bones of John the Baptist, which can be seen in no other church in any place. You should go at this opportunity, for the bones are all right."

But I never got to Zinjirdere. For one thing, and chiefly, the matter did not interest me greatly, not even though there an Armenian king had massacred a Greek bishop and his following in old days. For another, the monastery was four hours distant—to go



A Greek of Talas.

Sunken Path behind Urgub. "Hatted Rocks" in background.

there and back meant a whole day, and I grudged the time.

Being now out of the country of deep winter snow, and haste on the road no longer essential, I resolved to travel in the leisurely manner of my first intention. So far I had followed roads; now I proposed to follow paths, and take a road only when no path offered. It was somewhat of a lottery to cast off into the wilds with an unknown man, but I had always got on well with Moslems—excepting always the irascible invalid Mehmet—and a Moslem servant was in himself an important passport. Between the probability of a Turkish Moslem being faithful, and what I could discern of a man's character in an interview, I had few misgivings about being ill-served; for the rest I would depend upon myself. The Armenian steward of the mission knew a Turk who might be suitable, and undertook to find him.

So one afternoon I was called into the doctor's garden to see this man. I went with as much curiosity as one could have who knew that the success, or at least the pleasure of the coming journey, depended greatly on the guide engaged. I went, believing firmly in the value of first impressions, and alert to be influenced by them, and received an unpleasant shock. I saw a white-bearded, mumbling old man, on whose face seemed to be the vacant smile of senility. This candidate would never do, I thought; and yet, after looking at him closely, these first impressions faded away. White-bearded he certainly was; but without movement of any sort, or change in manner of speech, another aspect appeared which commanded my curiosity and attention, and even respect. He stood confident and completely at ease, in the attitude of a Dutch peasant, with hands thrust deeply into the pockets of well-worn chocolate-brown breeches, loose and ample above and tight at ankle. His shirt was of bluish cloth, tucked into a wide girdle, his coat black and faded, and a fez with a dirty white *yazma* around it covered his head. He

was of middle height, wide across the shoulders, lean and tough-looking. But it was as to face that my first impressions had been most widely astray. He was, in truth, a handsome old man, with sharp, clean-cut features, prominent forehead, and hawk-like glance. The smile of senility that I had noted with apprehension at a little distance became, on a nearer view, a smile of superior and almost condescending amusement at the proposed journey—as of one grown old on the road who laughs at the scheme of a beginner. It dawned upon me then that I had to do with no ordinary person, either in intelligence or private history. But I still suspected his physical capacity. Thirty years ago, no doubt, he had been as tough as any; now, however, I feared he might break down after we had got well on the way.

Asked by the doctor how many hours he could walk daily, he said, six, eight, or ten, and laughed at the question as one indicating foolish doubt. He knew all the country through which I wished to go, knew the roads and paths, knew the guest-houses and *khans*. Going farther afield, he knew Aleppo and Damascus and Beirût, had been in Konia and Angora, Selefke, Karaman, Tarsus, Adana, and even to Ajemistan. By this time I seemed to have found the very guide I wanted; for if as tough and hearty as he claimed to be, his age and experience would be advantageous. His name he gave as Ighsan. As for his horse, he said there was no better in Kaisariyeh.

By this time I had grown to regard him as a fortunate discovery; I said he would do, and he and the steward then stepped aside to arrange terms of service. For the sum of one *medjidie* (3s. 4d.) a day, it was agreed that he should go with me anywhere. He was to feed himself and his horse for this sum, and take his discharge wherever it suited me to get rid of him, nor was there to be any claim for the return journey. In two days' time he was to meet me at a *khan* at Kaisariyeh, and bring his horse, and be ready to set out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ighsan begins his duties — Fever at the *khan* — Seeing Kaisariyeh —Salutations—Self-conscious Turkish officers—At the Mosque of Houen—The castle—Dungeons—On the castle tower—The site of Maxaca—St Basil and Cæsarea—Buying in the bazaars—"Another Englishman has come"—A dinner-party at the *khan*—A Jew-hater.

I TOOK my gear into Kaisariyeh by *araba*, and put up at the Yeni *Khan*, purposing to spend only two or three days exploring the city. I was anxious to get on the road with the pack-horse, and see just what that form of travelling had in store for me, the more so that some had predicted trouble.

Ighsan arrived punctually on the day appointed. He put off his shoes at the door, and kneeling before me placed my heavily booted feet on his head and shoulders and embraced my knees. It was embarrassing, and I had difficulty in preserving not only my dignity but also my physical balance, for in raising my feet he almost tilted me backwards over the stool on which I sat. He was promising faithful service, however, and I would interrupt no rites having that for their purpose, so kept a solemn face while propping myself ludicrously with one hand. But again I seemed to find in him cause for serious misgivings. He mumbled dreadfully, and was inclined to shed tears. More than ever I had the picture of him giving out on the road and having to be nursed. I resolved to feed him well, notwith-

standing the contract that he should feed himself, and hoped in this way to keep him going.

But these fears changed as soon as he had done embracing and kissing my feet and knees. By a very singular change in manner, not entirely unconscious I fancied, he seemed to become another person. He seated himself cross-legged on the floor and produced his arms: first a nine-inch dagger, and then a silver-plated Smith & Wesson revolver with ivory stock, a mighty weapon, ·44 calibre, and long in the barrel. He handled it as readily and familiarly as a spoon, threw it open, extracted and replaced the cartridges, and altogether showed that he knew everything about his arms. Next he dived into the recesses of his girdle for spare cartridges, and produced twenty-seven, all that he possessed. While groping for these he pulled out also an old English silver snuff-box which he used for tobacco, and an English silver watch. All these things he had got at Beirût, he said, having been there often. By this time all traces of his earlier manner had vanished, and he was flashing out like a man used to authority; a man, moreover, who had laid a certain reserve upon himself and now and then forgot it. I asked what he had been, for no one more certainly showed signs of having seen an interesting past. He had been a soldier, a sort of sergeant, and served five years in the Yemen. As an incidental piece of information, he volunteered that two of his sons had perished in that grave of Turkish manhood.

The time of year in which I travelled reduced the chances of contracting malarial fever, but as a further safeguard I dosed myself each day with quinine. This precaution notwithstanding, fever took me the second day after I reached Kaisariyeh. I thought at first it was a feverish chill, and expected soon to get rid of it; but days passed into a week, and I grew worse instead of better. I got up and went into Talas to see the doctor, but he was out, and rather than wait I returned to Kaisariyeh to effect my own

Ighsan.

cure in the way that I had treated chills in the past. With a bottle of native brandy, two lemons, sugar, and about a pint of thin oatmeal, I made a boiling brew, drank it with hope and goodwill, and wrapping myself in everything I possessed, got into the sleeping-bag and awaited results. They were not long in coming, and then were memorable. Such fever and delirium, such a sense of scorching heat, such a series of wondrous fantasies as took possession of me that night, I had never known before. The little room became an enormous hall, so vast that I was continually lost in amazement at its incredible size. Going to the flat roof and looking at Argaeus, his snowy form, dim and ghostly in the clear starlight, became a mountain proportioned to the room. Such a prodigious mountain the eye of man had never rested on before. I grew weary and faint with wonder, and getting into the sleeping-bag again, at last fell asleep. I awoke in the morning so unbelievably wet that at first I thought I must have fallen into a vessel of water; but it was perspiration; and strange though it may seem, I was well—in feeling as well as ever I felt in my life. A trifle weak, perhaps, but with the appetite of a hunter, and ready for any excursion, and after breakfast I set out with Ighsan to see Kaisariyeh.

It was his first real duty in my service. While the fever was on me he had come in each morning, much concerned to see if he could do anything, but finding nothing to be done had mounted his horse and gone off to his home at Talas, and looked in again after returning in the evening. Now that I had suddenly become well his pleasure was great; he would take me anywhere in the city, he said, for it was his native place, where he was well known.

Kaisariyeh always has the name of being the most fanatical city in Asia Minor, a city of Turkish stalwarts, who believe that everything was better three hundred years ago than it is now, and do their best to delay the progress of decadence. When foreign

pressure is applied to the Ottoman Empire men of Kaisariyeh hold meetings and send fiery resolutions to Constantinople. They are always ready also to back their opinions with action; many had recently gone to fight against Italian infidels in Tripoli; and because access by sea was impossible had travelled to Egypt, filtered across it in disguise, and so reached their destination. The city also has the reputation of looking ill-naturedly upon giaours. Here, more than elsewhere, the visiting giaour runs risk of having stones or other missiles flung at him. He may be hustled in the street, or find that charcoal-laden asses are driven over him more often than can be explained by any theory of accidents. He is also sure to hear the cry "*Shapkali*"—hatted man—intended for himself, and may have the unpleasant experience of hearing it taken up, as if some innate dislike of him were general and many anxious to express it.

With Ighsan, however, I went not only unmolested but welcomed. It was no vain boast of his that he knew the city and its people well. In bazaar and street, in mosque-yard and commercial *khan*, he was ever giving and returning salutations as we passed. Perhaps because a foreigner was in his charge these exchanges were made with unusual exactness. There was no slurring of the movements. Hand went to feet and breast and forehead in turn, with the precision of a military salute. Particularly was this so when we met any of the higher priesthood. I never tired of seeing these meetings, so much ceremony was involved, so much of apparent motive and goodwill on both sides, so much expressed in the various motions. The white-robed sheikh would come briskly along, seemingly expecting no greeting at all. But with the halting of Ighsan, and his stoop to bring hand to feet, the sheikh would prepare to acknowledge the compliment by backing off a pace or two with the air of one greatly surprised and gratified. Having got into this position he went through the salutation with somewhat greater speed of movement

than Ighsan, but with infinite grace and courtesy. These courteous sheikhs might be the most bigoted and fanatical of zealots for aught I knew; but seeing them in these circumstances they compelled my admiration. And if dignity, courtesy, and apparent kindliness of heart count for anything at all, I cannot imagine any one, who saw them as I did, being otherwise than favourably impressed.

Quite different was the manner of Turkish military officers whom we chanced to meet; in them other feelings were apparent. These men were always mounted — I never once met an officer afoot in Kaisariyeh — as if any other form of progression were beneath them. Their chief concern seemed to be the appearance they presented, but there was also another cause for their manner. The impotence of their country under Italian aggression in Tripoli had cut Turkish officers to the quick, each felt that his personal honour was affected, and with that became inordinately sensitive. They saw in every foreigner at least a silent critic who should be kept at arm's-length. Meanwhile, to make the best of things and impress the supposed critic favourably, they individually presented the best appearance at their command.

Here, therefore, I grew familiar with the sight of Turkish officers stiffening in the saddle on seeing me, and throwing into posture and aspect whatever of hauteur and nonchalance they could combine with showy horsemanship. Their stallion mounts would be made to go restively, with tossing head and champing of bit, while the rider, sitting erect, swayed with easy grace, and was fiercely oblivious of the foreigner for whose benefit the display was made. Ighsan never took any notice of these fine horsemen. In khaki uniform and gold-laced khaki-coloured fez they stood for the new army, the new order of things, the Young Turks—in short, for European ideas as he understood them. Even at this early stage I gathered that he preferred the times of Abdul Hamid to anything the

Young Turks could offer, and had nothing but contempt and hatred for the party of reformation.

In taking me about the city Ighsan's first care as a staunch Moslem was to show the tombs of sheikhs —dreary spaces grown with weeds and enclosed by railings. From these melancholy spots he passed to mosques, particularly to the great mosque of Houen, or Houvant. It was just before the midday service, and hundreds of men were performing their preparatory rites of washing in the mosque-yard. Neither place nor time was propitious for a Christian, but the quality of my guide ensured a welcome, and I held something like a reception. One mullah, indeed, a stout, black-bearded man with the wild eye of a fanatic and huge arms and hands, proposed that we should go into the mosque; but Ighsan politely put this suggestion aside, and yet, I thought, with a touch of caution behind his excuse. Not always is it acceptable to worshippers that Christians should enter a mosque, even on the invitation of a Moslem. It had happened to me before when in a mosque with a Moslem that another Moslem objected, finding the presence of a Christian disturbing to him in his prayers. After this example of Ighsan's discretion I had more confidence in him than ever, and was prepared to follow his advice in many things; so when he suggested that I should take a photograph here, it seemed warrant enough. Every one was willing—and too willing, for more wished to be photographed than could be included—and I got little more than a crowd of faces gathered around the black-bearded mullah.

The castle of Kaisariyeh is a structure going back to the Seljuks, but is said to be on Roman foundations. It now encloses a village which has become a sort of inner dwelling-place of Moslem fanatics. No Christian other than a doctor could venture here, I was told, except at some risk; but into this castle and village Ighsan presently brought me as a place of his friends. He went familiarly among

the little dwellings and courts, seeking one of his intimates, who was custodian of the castle and charged with the duty of firing the sunset gun in times of fasting and feasting, when punctuality is so desirable. An important man, this gunner, in a city holding the Faith so strongly. On one side of the proper minute the forbidden period, on the other the time for which the clamorous appetites of those who fast have been waiting. In exactness alone can such a gunner find security of position and the goodwill of his fellows. It is a post for one of regular habits, of faithful performance, and good repute as Moslem and Osmanli. And of this sort I found the custodian to be—a Turk of Turks, a Moslem of Moslems. On the explanation of his friend Ighsan that I wished to see the castle from top to bottom, he summoned his son to help, produced bunches of rusty keys so large that carrying them was a labour, and called for candles. First I was taken to the dungeons. They lay deep underground, reached by low passages along which crawling sometimes became necessary. Places of despair and short life were these low cells, without light or opening to the air, but with ancient rusty ring-bolts in the walls and lengths of heavy much-rusted chain attached. The city had changed hands many times, and each new conqueror, whether Byzantine, Seljuk, Mongol, or Osmanli, had demanded dungeons; and here were dungeons of the best. Within the last twenty-five years robbers had been confined in these cells, where some had died, as might have been expected.

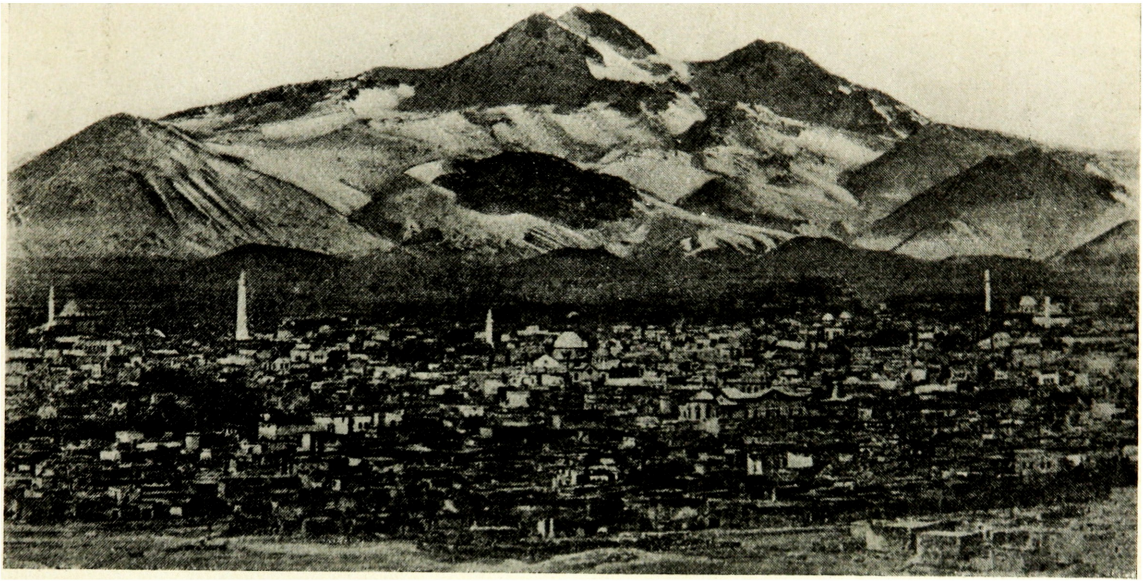
The custodian and Ighsan avoided these underground dens; better the open air, they thought, than needless crawling in low passages; they waited above ground while, with the son, I groped in dark places like disused sewers. After the dungeons our party ascended the main tower by climbing ladders, and reached the flat roof, scene of the custodian's chief duties. Here were his signal guns, canisters of powder, wads, and coils of slow match;

here, in days of fasting, he sat watching the sun go down behind the hills. His guns were two blocks of cast-iron, the size of anvils, the powder-chamber of each a four-inch cavity half a foot in depth with a touch-hole bored to it. We spent an hour in this airy place, while our host served coffee and cigarettes and *rahat locoum*, better known as "Turkish Delight."

Hence was had as good a view of Kaisariyeh as could be found anywhere. The old walls were all in view, so also the interior of the castle with its huddled village. We looked down upon the city's flat roofs, which from this height lost their privacy, and allowed us to see Moslem women at prayer. The city's minarets were counted and their mosques named with pious satisfaction.

Apart from the favouring and ever-present majesty of Argaeus, Kaisariyeh is a dull city, with nothing of beauty in itself or site. It is ill-built, and has neither greenery nor water. Immediately around it are wide stretches of volcanic ash, barren and uncultivated, save for a few vegetable gardens. Brown hills surround the plain at a little distance except in the south, where Argaeus goes up in his lonely grandeur, so near at hand that his first slopes come almost to the city's boundary. By the overshadowing presence of this noble mountain, however, the site of Kaisariyeh, otherwise a mean one, is made remarkable and attractive. Better placed, though, was Maxaca, the earliest city, and ancient capital of Cappadocia, whose ruins, set among vines and fruit trees on the slope of Argaeus, I could see plainly from the tower. It is difficult to understand why the ancient and much finer site was abandoned, there being little more than a mile between old and new. Mere prejudice, perhaps, for what is now Kaisariyeh was once the Christian suburb of the pagan capital which destroyed its temples on turning to the new faith.

On a morning of sunlight and clear air I went



Mount Argaeus and Kaisariyeh, from the North.

to the site of Maxaca and wandered in the orchards which now cover the slopes. Among them stand little *yailas*, the makeshift buildings used as dwellings by owners when summer heat causes the narrow streets and packed dwellings of Kaisariyeh to be almost unendurable. No sooner is the site reached than you find the soil as plentifully mixed with fragments of brick and stone and marble as a field on the chalk is sprinkled with flints. The dry walls between gardens are formed of piled fragments, and similar materials help for the *yailas*. Vines are spread on undisturbed masses of concrete or brickwork which have been foundations. Here and there may be seen portions of brick conduits—for water evidently played a great part in the city—and old vaults running back into the hillside, the outer end broken down, the interior filled with debris and earth. Now and then a small glistening piece of marble arrests the eye and proves to have been polished, and may even show a fragment of carved surface—part of a leaf, a scroll, or moulding. On a wider survey the site of the stadium becomes apparent; and the morning sunlight, falling much aslant on the bare surface of a shallow valley, brings out, at a little distance, a series of faint regular shadows which suggest unmistakably the greater steppings of an amphitheatre. A great city, indeed, extended over these low spurs and valleys coming down from Argaeus.

Having rambled here for a couple of hours, I sat in the verandah of an empty *yaïla*, while Ighsan lay down beside me like a dog and waited in silence. Hence I looked over the grey, flat-roofed, minareted city, with a thin film of blue smoke above it; over the plain, with its patches of green, to the northern hills where a few gaunt poplars stood on the skyline, and in the north-east to mountains covered with snow. Any one who takes an interest in the early history of the Church finds much to think of here. Basil was born at Cæsarea—as the city was then

called, and in time became its bishop. There are ruins existing still of the ancient church dedicated to St Basil, which was stripped by the Seljuks and lost its accumulated treasures in this way. Of secular history, too, much had happened within eye-shot. Sapor had been here and done his part in producing all this rubbish on the hillside. So had the Byzantines, so also the Seljuks, the Mongols, and the armies of Timur. Twice at least the city had seen its inhabitants massacred; and once seen them deported in a body and settled near Bitlis by an Armenian king, when performances of this sort were in the power of Armenians. They, like others, followed the customs of the country when they could.

It had always been a doubtful matter to me how Ighsan could expect to walk seven or eight hundred miles in the worn-out slippers that he used. Therefore on the day before starting I offered him an advance against his pay, saying nothing about my object. He took the money with dignified gratitude and asked permission to go to Talas and leave half with his wife; the remainder he proposed to spend on articles required for the journey. He returned in three hours; then we went shopping in the bazaars.

One thing I wanted was a large *habe*, two pannier-like saddle-bags of horse-hair, to throw over the horse's back.

"When the journey is over," I said to Ighsan, "the *habe* shall be yours; get a good one." At a *habe*-maker's stall various materials were brought out for approval. They were strips of stuff, with a carpet-like pattern in black and white, varying in length and width according to size of horse and of bag required. A strip about ten feet long and two and a half in width was chosen; the ends were turned up nearly two feet, the sides stitched together with twisted horse-hair while we waited, and the *habe*

was ready. It cost about seven shillings, and seemed cheap.

Ighsan slung this double pouch over his shoulders, and as our purchases were made threw them into the pockets. He bought what he regarded as a pair of walking shoes: pointed and turned up at the toes, the sole of two thicknesses, the inner one soft and thick like felt, the outer hard and studded with flat nails. They were shoes something like those the Turkish infantry wear, heel-less, and fastened with a thong; but of more interest was the semblance they bore to the shoe in Hittite sculptures. They were obviously the same thing. The marching Hittite warriors of these Cappadocian highlands had evolved a foot-covering so suitable that it still survived. Ighsan bought as well rough sheepskin gloves, having a stall for the thumbs and a bag for the fingers, and hung them round his neck by the twist of horse-hair connecting them for the purpose. A coil of rope, a new *yazma* or coloured turban for his fez, and a pair of rough socks completed his purchases.

By the time we returned to the *khan* the *habe* was a heavy load. It contained in the way of food, half a flat Bulgarian cheese, apples, oranges, dried figs, walnuts, half a dozen loaves of bread, olives in an empty tobacco tin, and a slab of *pasderma* or sun-dried beef. Cheese and olives and *pasderma* were for Ighsan, supplementary food of the sort he liked, which I hoped would prevent him breaking down. One reads of Turks eating nothing but morsels of bread, and performing marvels of endurance thereon. It is a convenient fiction of the vegetarians. Bread is the Turkish low diet, adopted only when nothing else can be got, and then is eaten in quantities never imagined by English theorists. I have seen native labourers eat four and five pounds of dark wheaten bread a day, provided as stipulated ration, and then be ready for *pilaf* or anything else. A Turk eats a greater weight of

native food daily, if he can get it, than a European does of his.

On this last evening in Kaisariyeh I was preparing a meal when the *khan*-keeper entered in obvious excitement. Another Englishman had just arrived, he said, and was now in the room next to mine—two Englishmen in one *khan* he seemed to find a surprising occurrence. Great news though this was, it did not account altogether for the *khan*-keeper's manner. But when he went on to explain that the other Englishman was tall—very tall—and illustrating the height with his raised hand made it something like seven feet, I began to understand and share the *khan*-keeper's awe, and hastened to see who this newcomer might be. I went into the next room, past a strange servant cooking on the flat roof outside, and saw a very long fair man stretched on a travelling bed, apparently asleep.

He looked like a raw-boned Yorkshireman, but as he sat up his square-cropped hair came into view and suggested nothing but a German. He proved to be a friendly Austrian, however, who had drifted hither on some unstated business. His chief concern, he said, was to get away from this place as soon as possible. As a hospitable man, and one who travelled with a cook and a case of wine, he invited me to be his guest at the meal now almost ready. But I, also, had a meal in preparation, and being my own cook thought well of it, particularly of the soup; so I begged leave to contribute this course to the repast, as something not unworthy.

As the two European waifs of Kaisariyeh we eventually pooled our victuals, and found that, with a little licence in the counting, they made out a dinner of five courses. My host had all the Austrian prejudice against Jews, finding in that race the cause of half the trouble of the world. He discovered the hand of the Jew in every political move and change in every capital. In lesser matters, so he asserted,

the same hidden influence prevailed, could you but trace it. Indeed, he was not at all sure that his own presence at this moment in Kaisariyeh—a presence much against his will—had not been brought about by one who was Jewish in blood if not by faith. His parting advice was a warning against the Turkish Jews of Salonika.

CHAPTER XIX.

The start with a pack-horse—Dull road and weather—Benighted—Tired travellers—No room in Injesu *Khan*—No room in the village—Billeted troops—A barber's shop receives us—The wine of Injesu—The drummer of Injesu—Ottoman drums.

WHEN I had packed up this morning, and piled my gear on the floor, I was staggered by the quantity, and wondered how it all could be carried on the back of any single horse. There was art in loading and cording a pack-horse, I knew, and Ighsan professed that art, but I could only faintly hope that his skill would enable him to dispose this monstrous heap of stuff in such fashion that it would travel without giving trouble. As one who went with a pack-horse I flattered myself that I journeyed with Spartan simplicity, yet here was all this luggage!

Luxury had grown upon me, it appeared, but on fresh consideration there seemed to be nothing I could discard. There was the *habe*, its two pouches filled with tinned goods and cheeses, the food of my country, by which I set such store. There was a large canvas kit-bag which, when stuffed with bedding, folding-bed, rug, and sleeping-bag, was swollen to an imposing size. There were two well-filled gladstone bags. And there was also the cooking-box, an article I have not mentioned before, though a unit held in peculiar regard, as one contributing much to my comfort and wellbeing. It was a wooden box, a yard in length and a foot

square, with one side hinged as lid and fitted with a lock. The interior was divided into compartments in which various articles fitted tightly. In one section was the vapour stove; in another a gallon reservoir of paraffin, and a quart of methylated spirit. All the aluminium utensils, the boxes and canisters in which tea, sugar, milk, and a day or two's supply of food were carried, packed in snugly here. On reaching a *khan* this box was always the first thing to be taken upstairs; the open lid made me a table; everything necessary was then to hand; and by the time my other goods were deposited in the room water was boiled, tea made, and I could proceed to further cooking. This invaluable box was made for me in the mission workshop at Marsovan by the Armenian foreman, whose ingenuity conjured success out of various difficulties.

Besides these chief articles of luggage there were various lesser ones, all of them indispensable. A linen bag for carrying bread—not a small affair by any means when containing six or eight large loaves; a similar bag, but smaller, for fruit and nuts and potatoes; and yet another for an enamelled iron wash-basin. Altogether this luggage weighed between two and three hundred pounds, and to that was to be added Ighsan's belongings.

An interested crowd watched the loading of the horse in the *khan*-yard, some of them experts in the science, who offered advice not well received by Ighsan. First a folded rug was placed on the devoted animal's back, and secured by two girths, and next the *habe* was slung. Then with much care Ighsan arranged a complex system of ropes, laid loosely but in a certain order over the *habe*, not for immediate tying, but each in its proper turn as different articles were superimposed. The gladstone bags, slung together and hanging one on each side of the horse, were then corded. Above them came the cooking-box and kit-bag, balancing each other from opposite sides, and secured by more cording,

which now was taken down to the girths. On the summit of the pile, between bag and box, was a safe cavity into which were thrown the bread- and fruit-bags and basin, Ighsan's hairy cloak, his bundle and pair of old shoes. The water-bottle hung on one side of the horse, Ighsan's old umbrella was thrust under one of the ropes, my mackintosh under another, and even my straw hat was secured in some such way. All these articles in place, Ighsan pulled sideways and endways at the great mass to test its security; it stood firm and well-balanced.

"*Biti!*" (finished), he exclaimed, eyeing his work with approval. Then he picked up his stick, cried "*Haide!*" and, taking the halter in hand, led out of the *khan*-yard upon our long road.

It was the 6th of December. There had been frost, which now had turned to a raw fog with periods of drizzling rain. Since leaving Samsûn this was my first morning on the road without seeing the sun.

If the day was raw and gloomy, the road was in keeping. Nothing could be seen on the right hand or the left; once or twice, indeed, the fog lifted somewhat as we passed the foot of Yilanli Dagh—mountain of snakes, so named not without reason—a bare height with vineyards upon its lower slopes; but for the rest of the way was the dull flat road, with a few hundred yards of bare plain or marshes visible on either side. Now and then we passed an *araba*, or a group of peasantry afoot. First we travelled west, and then turned gradually south, skirting always the base of Argaeus, but without once getting sight of the mountain, or even of his lower slopes though close beside us.

Our destination was Injesu, a village on the plain, reputed to be only six hours' travelling from Kaisariyeh. The Turkish way of reckoning distance by road is always by hours. But unless you know the road—whether it is level, whether it has more of ascent or descent, and what its surface—you never can form any idea of the actual distance before you.

The hours stated are generally those taken by *arabas*, but they may be pack-horse hours, which have another value.

The six hours to Injesu were said to be *araba* hours, and I imagined a distance little over twenty miles, such being other six-hour stages I had known. So I had started rather late, expecting to reach the village in the afternoon. But evening came on, and still was no sight of our destination; though the weather had cleared somewhat, not even a distant minaret could be seen against the background of gloomy hills. The horse lagged, and so did its owner—man and beast were plainly weary. We were going now on one of those stone roads which cross a lava sheet, and darkness made its channelled surface dangerous for animals and pedestrians. Complete darkness fell and found us plodding on without the encouragement of having seen the place we aimed for. By some instinct the horse kept to a channel, and except for stopping now and then made better progress on this risky going than might have been expected. We on foot followed the horse's lead in single file.

During a couple of hours Ighsan's reply to my question of how far to Injesu was "*yarim sa' at*" (half an hour). I asked twice at intervals, and getting the same reply, thereafter held my peace. He had been in and out of the place scores of times, and must have known where it was well enough; but finding sarcasm in the repeated question, his dignity became ruffled. Besides, he was weary, and grew visibly more so with every mile. I could, indeed, well understand that he was touchy, for I was hungry and tired myself and inclined to question his guiding. Fever had pulled me down, and this long-drawn, stumbling walk in darkness and uncertainty did not make for evenness of temper; furthermore, I had discovered an unpleasant feature of winter travelling with a pack-horse. Once upon the road there was no stopping, no halt at midday for a meal and

rest. On this point Ighsan was inflexible, with a good deal of reason on his side, as I had to admit. To stop would involve a risk of chilling the horse; it would also mean unloading and reloading the burden. This considerable operation was to be avoided, so in native fashion we had continued walking, and munched bread-and-cheese and apples as we went.

But more trying to me than this new custom was the slow dragging pace at which we went. I had been used to a comfortable swinging gait of four miles an hour with the *arabas*, and now had to conform to a dawdle of less than two and a half. It was the uniform pace of loaded pack-horses and donkeys and those who drove them, and nothing I could do would make it better. If I took the halter myself I had to drag the beast by main strength, and soon grew tired of that labour. Travelling with a pack-horse, I saw, meant this tedious rate of progress always—a pace so slow that it would not keep me warm on a cold day. Not yet had I learnt how to get speed out of a loaded horse and leisurely driver.

It was now seven o'clock, and grown so dark that I could see neither man nor horse, and we had gone ten hours without a halt, and eaten little. Nor could so much as a light be seen. I believed we had got off the road, and was beginning to think my guide a failure, when the horse's footsteps re-echoed sharply from either side, and more by instinct than by sight I knew we were passing through an archway.

"What is it?" I asked.

"*Kapu*" (door), replied Ighsan curtly, now so dead-beat that he could hardly speak. A little way farther lights appeared, and the outlines of buildings; we were undeniably in a street, and the knowledge was cheering.

"Injesu," said Ighsan, with a tone of righteous justification in his weary voice.

We reached a *khan*, whence came the ominous buzz of voices telling of a crowded house. A servant at

the gate refused us entrance, for the building was filled with billeted troops, who seemed to be camping even in the yard, and Ighsan turned away with a gesture of despair. We went down the street inquiring for shelter at various doors, but troops were in every house, and our prospects went from bad to worse.

At this stage Ighsan put the halter in my hand, and telling me to wait, stumbled off to make further inquiries. Half an hour passed and I saw nothing of him. It seemed evident he had collapsed. I could not imagine him wandering about all this time without complete exhaustion taking place. And then from the darkness I heard his voice saying, "*Ghel!*" (Come!), and he reappeared, and leading the horse down an alley stopped before an open door from which a stream of light poured out into the blackness. Looking in I saw a little room, not more than ten feet square, in which were two barber's chairs, half a dozen waiting customers, and two barbers busy lathering and shaving. I hoped to find a room at the back, but there was none: this little barber's shop was the only shelter we could get, and it became us to be thankful, as 2000 Turkish infantry were billeted in the village.

At the back of the shop the divan, a yard in width, was allotted to me as guest of honour. The waiting customers upon it stood up, and here I placed my bed, opened the cooking-box, and made tea and began to warm a stew I had cooked the previous evening. These operations excited such a degree of interest that the room became crowded to suffocation. Instead of leaving, so many customers remained to look on that the barber had to interfere and turn the gazers out of doors. "*Haide! Haide!*" (Get out!), he cried thereafter as each customer rose from the chair after being shaved. As the light shone through the doorway it fell on a crowd of peering dark Rembrandtesque faces, content to watch from outside the silvery glitter of utensils, the stoves with blue flames, and

an "*Ingleez*" traveller practising the customs of his country and eating food which, as Ighsan found strength to explain, was *Ingleez* food. All these men were young peasants, amongst whom horse-play or jokes at my expense might well have been expected. They showed not even a smile, however, and spoke always in undertones, and one man rolled and offered me a cigarette in a friendly way. A Turk eating *pilaf* with his hand in an English barber's shop, crowded with customers, would have fared much worse than I did here.

Injesu is noted for its wine. Soil and climate, and perhaps the race of Greek wine-growers, who live here side by side with Moslems, have combined to produce the wines of Injesu, the fame of which extends far beyond the district itself. To be in Injesu and not taste its wine was unthinkable, so I asked if any one would get a bottle of it for me. At once a bullet-headed young Moslem, who had just begun to brush his hair with my brushes, offered to fetch some from a grower. I gave him five piastres for the wine, and promised something extra for himself on his return.

After he had been gone an hour, the company explained that his errand involved a journey of half an hour each way. He came back a few minutes later, bringing a quart bottle stoppered with a plug of Greek newspaper, and handed me three piastres change. You who have never had to do with races whose constant thought is to possess themselves of your money, by fair means or by foul, may see little in this example of native honesty. But to me it came gratefully, though not unexpected, and in appreciation, and for the man's ready service, I added five piastres to the change and said the eight were for him. With that he went off as surprised and pleased as if he had unexpectedly received double pay for a whole day's work.

On looking more closely at Ighsan, I was disturbed to see how completely exhausted he seemed. He sat stone-still, his face drawn, his colour an ashy grey.

A cup of tea placed before him he left untasted; a plate of stew, which he knew contained nothing a Moslem might not eat, for he had seen it made, he treated in the same way. He would not even smoke a cigarette, and my worst forebodings seemed justified.

Shaving went on without interruption for nearly two hours, then the barber turned out all spectators and bolted the door. Presently he sent his boy outside, who came back with a bowl of rice *pilaf*. With bread, a piece of *pasderma*, and the basin of *pilaf*, followed by coffee, the two and Ighsan, who by this time had recovered somewhat, made a great meal. My man regained strength while he ate, and with it his appetite increased so much that when the native food was finished he turned to the stew and made an end of that also. With a sigh of contentment he then dragged himself to a corner, and wrapping his hairy cloak about him immediately fell asleep.

We slept four in this small tightly-closed room, yet for my part I never slept better in my life, nor felt more fresh on getting up. The door was open when I awoke. Outside I could see the barber washing himself at a dribble from a tin with a hole in it, held up by the boy, for a Moslem always washes in running water. Washing over, he fell to business at once, for customers came in as soon as it was light.

On going into the street I found it filled with sleepy, dishevelled soldiers in khaki, standing about waiting for food. They said they had come from the south, and were marching to Sivas. While I looked at them, and thought how difficult they found the wearing of a European uniform and puttees, the sound of drums was heard, and a drummer appeared, a fine resplendent figure in scarlet and blue and gold, with two small drums, no larger than good-sized pudding basins, attached to his belt. He advanced slowly, stopping now and then, and facing in turn towards north, east, south, and west. At each halt he gave

an extra flourish to his music, and on stepping out again beat a simple rhythmical beat. He had nothing to do with the troops. He was a village functionary, a sort of town crier, whose labour this gloomy morning was neither more nor less than the announcement of a wedding. He took his stand at last in the open space before the shop, and there for half an hour beat his drums with as much skill and satisfaction in his calling as any drummer may hope to attain. On one drum he would beat a difficult rhythm, and then suddenly break in and complicate it with another rhythm on the other drum. He would go slowly with one drum and fast with the other, and keep the two always in time. He beat softly and loudly, slowly and fast; one might even say that he got expression into his monotonous instruments, and that listening to him was a pleasure.

The drum, I think, may be called the Turkish national instrument. Certainly I brought away from Asia Minor more memories of sounding drums than of all other musical instruments put together. I heard drums by night and morning and evening, by fast and feast and holy day; heard them also sounding in the villages on outbreak of war, calling up men for mobilisation—a most impressive sound coming from many distant unseen villages at once—and heard, too, the sonorous earthenware drums of Smyrna, curious jar-shaped cylinders, open at one end, the parchment over the other which is beaten with the flat hand. Do you know how the drums go in that march called "The Turkish Patrol," the far-away sound of them at first, drawing nearer and nearer, passing, and then receding into the distance? Whoever composed that drum music had caught, either of his own experience or by most accurate report, the very spirit of Ottoman drums.

CHAPTER XX.

I leave Injesu for the land of cave-dwellers—Ighsan disappears and returns—A strange land in sight—Ighsan shows his scars—Urgub of the Holes—Introduction to cave life—A travelling merchant—Rock-hewn houses, monasteries, stables, chapels, and tombs—Door of a stronghold.

I WISHED if possible to leave the southern highroad at Injesu, and go westward for a few days into the cave-dwellers' country beyond the mountains. Whether I should go or not depended on the weather, for the country stands high, and the pass over Topuz Dagh is often closed by snow, and I desired much to return to Injesu after the visit and continue my southward journey from that point. Light rain was falling this morning and clouds covered the mountains; but it was scarcely wintry weather, and I set out hopefully. If snow prevented my return I proposed to go farther westward, descend into the Axylon—the great plain of Asia Minor—and reach the Mediterranean by following the ancient road which comes from Constantinople to Cilicia.

From the village the path to Topuz Dagh ascended a valley for several miles, planted everywhere with vineyards. At the head of this moist green valley, with its strips of wayside grass and trees and stream, the path quickly rose to a desolate and forbidding piece of country. It was thickly strewn with lichen-covered stones and boulders, and showed scarcely any vegetation—a bleak, dark mountain-side, on which the path sometimes climbed in a long straight ascent,

and sometimes dipped into a ravine. We had now risen into the clouds, and were enveloped in swirling vapour that shut out every object beyond fifty yards, and at times brought a little snow.

After crossing a deep ravine, Ighsan took it into his head to return and drink at the stream, as the last we should find on this side of the mountain. He was absent so long that I presently thought it necessary to go and look for him, for why he should take half an hour to cover a few hundred yards I could not imagine. I therefore went into the ravine the way he had gone, but could find no sign of him there. I passed up and down calling him by name, but got echoes only in response. Had the stream been more than a thin run of water among stones I should have thought him drowned. Where he had got to was beyond conjecture. Indeed the ravine was so dark and forbidding and so heavily shrouded with vapour that no ordinary theory of disappearance seemed reasonable; the mind favoured instead some untoward happening as the likely explanation.

At this stage it struck me that I had been a fool to leave the horse, for had any one come upon it in the fog, horse and goods might have been carried off without hope of recovery. With that I scrambled up the mountain again more quickly than I had descended, and was glad to find the animal safe. Considering the care Ighsan had always taken to prevent the horse standing still, his prolonged absence became yet more inexplicable. I could do no better than continue to wait, but now becoming suspicious, I drew off some twenty yards and took cover behind a boulder, whence I might see without being seen. Here, I told myself, instead of being taken unawares, if that sort of thing were preparing, the ambush would be mine.

I waited thus for what would come, and had little doubt that something was afoot when a boulder came leaping down the hillside into the ravine. Another followed from the same point high above me, but still

I could see no one. At length I made out a figure, but lost it almost at once in the driving vapour; it soon reappeared, however, and then proved to be Ighsan, coming from a direction opposite to that in which he had gone. He said he had lost his way in the fog, an explanation which seemed reasonable at the time, but afterwards I felt sure that the incident contained more, and suspected him of having met some one in the ravine. At least this was the only spot I could connect with a remark he let fall in anger a few weeks later.

It must have been about three o'clock when we reached a level stretch of track, evidently the summit of the pass, though nothing could be seen confirming this idea. The mist was thick as ever, swirling in great wreaths which alternately hid and revealed dark rocks and slopes, here covered with rime. And then, as the path descended gently, the vapour thinned, in fifty yards the fog was left behind, we emerged into clear sunshine, the ground dropped away at our feet, and my astonished eyes rested on a wide sunlit country far below, under a clear blue sky. The change was so sudden and unexpected that presently I went back a few hundred yards to see if the fog were still on the reverse side of the mountain, or whether the clearing had been general. There it still was, sure enough, dense and raw as ever, rolling along the slopes, but keeping on that side of the ridge as behind a wall.

The prospect from the pass was magnificently wide. From north-west to south-west distant isolated peaks covered with snow bounded the view; from south-west to south-east were continuous ranges of snow-clad mountains. Ighsan named them in order as they came, and had them correctly by the map. In fact I hardly know whether map or man should receive the more credit for accuracy, the agreement was so complete. In the north-west was Bozak Dagh, beside Kirshehr; beyond it dim white ridges close to Angora; and westward of these, and nearer,

was Hodja Dagh, which stands beside Tuz Geul, the great Salt Lake. The twin peaks of Hassan Dagh, an extinct volcano, showed sixty miles away in the south-west, rising from the Axylon plain. And then came the long level wall of the Taurus, beginning in the farthest south-west somewhere above the Gulf of Adalia, and passing eastward as a pearly cloud which grew in whiteness and distinctness till in the south its features became visible. There it merged into the still nearer range of Bulgar Dagh, and then into Ala Dagh, whose white serrated peaks, seen foreshortened against a blue sky, were like the teeth of a saw. Farther to the east were various high white peaks, and these, when we came to them, Ighsan dismissed as the mountains of Ajemistan, or Persia.

With all these distant landmarks in sight it was possible to trace afar the route I hoped to follow. For a part of the way I aimed to travel down the wild little-known track which passes under the peaks of Ala Dagh for a hundred miles. Ighsan grew eloquent as he spoke of that long valley. He knew it well. There the guest-houses were always good, the water sweet, the *yoghourt* plentiful. While gazing on these distant mountains and recounting travellers' joys, he opened his shirt and bared his arms. I wondered what he was at, for his action was strangely vigorous; he seemed to be preparing to fight, or for sudden and unexpected labour. But he only wished to show old scars on chest and arms —scars of his younger days recalled by the scenes he now looked upon, and which, it seemed, he had not beheld so well for many years. This slash coming down from forearm to hand he had received under Ala Dagh, these bullet-marks also. A stab had been got beside Hassan Dagh. Another cut at a village in the Bulgar Dagh, over there. He had seen much in his life; he had learnt the names of these mountains with his blood and had never forgotten them. Animated by such recollections he spread out his full beard, extended his moustachios, straightened

himself, threw his head back and cocked it jauntily from side to side. Like this he had looked when young, he said—something like a lion; he had gone where he chose, and never known fear.

When this curious scene was over — and it had more human nature in it than is set down here, as the old man's tears may indicate — I examined the country immediately before me. From time immemorial this part of Cappadocia has been a land of troglodytes. Over an area measuring perhaps fifty miles or more in each direction, the cliffs and rocks are bored with strongholds and villages, still swarming with people who live of choice in the old way.

The panorama was so crowded with strange shapes and features that it conveyed an impression of unreality. An illustrator of fairy tales would have found ideas in it for authentic fairyland. It was a district unknown to those who wrote romances of chivalry, or assuredly Amadis of Gaul, Don Bellianis, Florismarte, and many others, would have been sent a-wandering here. I sat in the sun in a sheltered corner for half an hour looking at this curious land which had such strange detail and gave rise to such curious impressions.

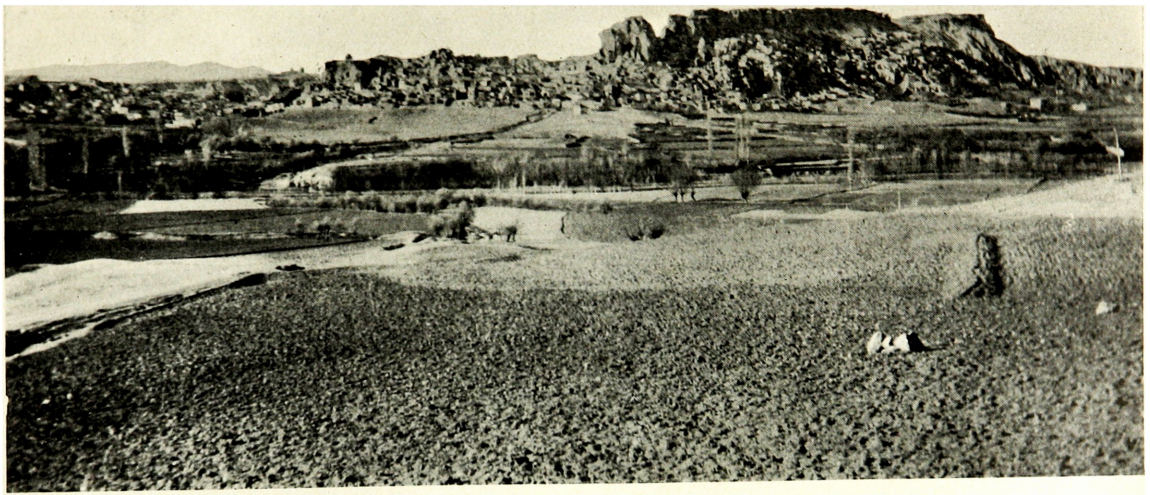
It was a country broken into countless small hills and glens and escarpments, and because the sun was getting low these made a bewilderingly complicated display of alternating high light and deep shadow. And yet for some time I saw the country as pale jade-green in colour, and only presently found this to be an illusion. What I saw at first was the general blend of many colours — of light and shade upon patches of brown and red and yellow and green and white, in which the green of vegetation really amounted to little. I was looking, in fact, upon bare volcanic rock and sand of many colours in which grey-green and yellow predominated. Here and there were white patches which by no length of gazing became anything but warm white

towns. Here and there rose distant white fingers of rock in light and shadow. At the foot of the mountain a river flowed, sometimes overhung by cliffs, sometimes with patches of green grass, and trees, and cattle along the banks. There were shadows and reflections in the water; and this part of the country being so near—from the pass it lay at the bottom of a steep glacis—the fantastic shapes of the cliffs were visible in detail. Every surface showed curves like wind-blown snow-drifts—hollows and projections and overhangings revealed the fantastic surfaces of cloudland in green and yellow and soft shadow, but all done in coloured rock.

Entering the country by this road my destination for the night was Urgub, known as the largest of the rock villages. It lay five or six miles beyond the pass, looking across a shallow valley, and I gazed at it with a wayfarer's added interest in the place where he hopes to find accommodation. On the whole it promised well, but with just enough uncertainty to add a further interest. It was pleasing to the eye—a jumble of white buildings extending along the foot of a broken cliff, with meadow-land and orchards sloping to the river in front. In size, too, it had even the appearance of a town, though with a certain vagueness difficult to account for. It looked so much of a town—indeed, a clean, pleasant, busy town—as to make me doubt whether, after all, I should find, as I hoped, an old cave-dwelling in which to sleep. By this time the sun was getting low and the air keen with mountain frost.

"The horse is cold," said Ighsan with concern, wondering what kept me here so long, and wishing to set out again. With that we got upon the turning path, went down the mountain-side, and crossing the stream by a ford and stepping-stones, reached Urgub of the Holes before dark.

There was no delay in coming to close quarters with cave life after we arrived. The *khan* to which we went was built of stone; two stories of pointed



Rock-hewn Village of Urgub, from the valley.

arches made an arcade round the interior courtyard, one side of which was formed by the cliff: the *khan* was like many others in the country. Not much cave accommodation here, I thought, as I looked around. Yet they took me upstairs, passed along one of the side arcades, and at its farther end put my baggage into a room as certainly formed in a cliff as any cave in the world could be. It was a cell perhaps nine feet square and seven high to the crown of its arched ceiling, with floor, ceiling, and walls of naked stone. A door and window opened to the arcade, and in the rear wall was a second door, a flimsy affair, which excited my curiosity. Opening this door I looked into a black opening from which issued echoing voices, the sound of chains and a gust of foul air. Visions of unpleasant possibilities rose before me at once. A cave was what I wanted, but not a cave connected with inner recesses of which I knew nothing, but could imagine a great deal.

So the *khan*-keeper was summoned, and when I wished to learn what would be found if I went far enough through the doorway, he spoke reassuringly of stables and other domestic offices to be reached that way. The dwellings of these cave-villages are said to be connected by a labyrinth of passages going back into the hill, with safety from outer danger as the underlying principle; but the idea of my room being part of such a system was not to my liking, and I resolved upon precautions. No one, I vowed, should come upon me from that quarter unawares; I would have such visitors give unmistakable announcement of their coming. Therefore I heaped my baggage against the door, and put the foot of my bed against the baggage, and as the door opened inwards it thus could not be forced without disturbing me.

During the evening a Greek merchant came to my room, presented his card, on which, after his name, he was described as "*Ipekji* (silk merchant), *Tahil Oglu Bazar, Kaisarie*," and proposed to do business with me in silks or anything else. He was young and

keen-faced, with small black moustache, and what Americans call the "dollar eye." Dressed in red fez, black frock-coat and trousers, and red slippers, he made altogether a typical Greek merchant of the interior. He spent much time endeavouring to sell me silk-embroidered towels and handkerchiefs and shawls, which he displayed alluringly with curious flourishes of the hand. Of more interest, however, was the information he gave incidentally of how he carried on business. During the summer he generally travelled, going wherever he thought he could profitably buy or sell; during the winter he remained at Kaisariyeh. There were no limits to the distance he would travel in search of business. He had now come from Angora, by way of Kirshehr, on the road home, but Nevshehr had drawn him a day's journey aside—without benefit as it proved; and that he bewailed, holding the people of Nevshehr in diminished respect. For he recognised only two distinctions in cities—where he profited and where he did not; and only two sorts of mankind—those who bought and those who sold.

When I went into the town after breakfast next morning the market-place was beginning to fill. Asses and camels were standing or kneeling in groups, stalls were being set up and loaded with goods, and many figures in bright-coloured garments were moving briskly about, for though the sunlight was clear there had been hard frost. And yet, as I noticed afterwards in this dry, high-standing region of sand and porous stone, visible signs of frost were absent. There was a keen, tingling temperature with brilliant sunshine, but until you came upon a vessel with solid ice in it, or a frozen fountain or stream, you were deceived by appearances, and never realised the degree of cold. And so this market-place, with its bright colours and camels in sunlight, looked warm and Eastern in spite of skating weather.

I had not gone far in Urgub this morning before discovering why the town had looked so vague and

mysterious from Topuz Dagh the previous afternoon; it was that so many buildings were merely fronts, without visible flanks. Houses looking real enough from the road changed into formless masses of detached or projecting rock when seen from the side. The town is built along the foot of the broken cliff, from which great fragments of rock have fallen and little spurs of rock project; and the people's instincts driving them to live in stone, the opportunities given by these isolated masses have always been turned to account. Any block of stone sufficiently large, any prominent little spur, has been hollowed out into rooms. Earlier custom required no attempt to provide a façade, merely one small opening for entrance, and perhaps another higher up for ventilation and light. But with more settled conditions of life, and the example and advantages of built dwellings continually before them, cave-dwellers hit upon a compromise. They would still live like conies, yet combine with that manner the benefits of more ordinary dwellings. So they hollowed rooms out of the solid, and hewed the fronts into forms resembling those of constructed dwellings; and because difficulty often arose in making the exterior suit the interior, they next took to building fronts in the usual way. This compromise is adopted now wherever possible; but many of these dwellings with hewn-out rooms and fronts of masonry exhibit an awkward junction between the real and the artificial. The town has spread beyond the area where solid rock is available, and buildings there are constructed in the usual way, but always with a curious memory for the earlier style.

These Urgub people, indeed, are a race of stone-hewers, with little sympathy for wood, who use stone in familiar and confident fashion, as their operations in constructing a small bazaar I passed showed clearly. A length of road, with an abrupt bank of virgin rock on one side, and shops already on the other, was being covered in. The builders made no

difficulties about the work, and with busy traffic proceeding were throwing a series of arched stone ribs across the road from the rock to the shops, and filling in the open intervals with light stone vaulting. In this way, with small expense, the cave-dwellers were bringing their town abreast of cities which had covered bazaars.

But the most remarkable part of Urgub stands in the cliff northward of the present village. There is ancient Urgub, the real rock village, Urgub of the Holes, a stronghold whose ramifications no one knows, whose antiquity no one can estimate. It is safe to say that human beings have lived and died in the cliff here ever since, driven by danger and recognising what could be done, they first went to ground in these parts. Cave-dwelling has been adopted throughout Cappadocia more than in other districts because of its soft, dry, volcanic rock. Greater rainfall perhaps would have made the rock too damp, but as it is I never entered a cave-dwelling against which a serious charge of dampness could be alleged. At old Urgub the escarpment of rock offered the further benefit that dwellings could be driven laterally into the cliff, with openings higher up for light and air, without diminution of security. Borings in this part make the whole cliff a warren, with few accesses. You may find here examples of rock-hewn apartments for every purpose known to centuries of cave-dwellers. There are the mere burrows of the earliest dwellings; more elaborate chambers with store-houses, and stables, and interior staircases; monasteries with refectories—their very seats and tables of stone,—and chapels with wall paintings. Of another sort are the little isolated cells of anchorites, and the numerous tombs. Go into any of the small ravines which come down the cliff, and you are almost sure to find tombs or cells laid open by the rock decaying.

In one opening leading into the cliff could be seen traces of the primitive apparatus used for closing such approaches on the coming of danger. The rolling

stone had gone, but parts of its recesses remained. A complete specimen was said to exist somewhere in the cliff, but I was unable to find it. Several are known of elsewhere, so it may be supposed that at one time all important entrances were closed by this contrivance. The passage I saw which had been closed thus was about five feet high, and less than a yard in width. Ten or twelve feet inwards from the face of rock was a deep vertical recess on each side of the tunnel, and apparently a similar but shallow horizontal recess, or groove, had extended across the floor at right angles to the tunnel. In this groove a flat circular disc of stone, like a great millstone, perhaps more than a foot in thickness, had stood on edge. When not in use it remained in one of the recesses: to close the entrance it was rolled out along the lower groove till it covered the whole width of the tunnel, and when blocked in position there from within no force short of powder could remove it. It would seem to have been a little less in diameter than the height of the passage, or one cannot understand how it was got into place.

I saw much less of these old excavations than I had hoped; but that was only because of a curious and inveterate disinclination on my part against entering them alone, or even with Ighsan. I never went far, and always made sure that the line of retreat was open. My chief desire was for some one to remain outside who could be trusted. In Ighsan I had great faith already, but not yet to the point of leaving him on guard without while I went alone with strangers into the dark subterranean dwellings of a mysterious race. If he went in with me, then more than ever I felt the need for comrades who should remain in the open air. My instincts demanded a party for such places, and after the first few visits I gave up the idea of exploring these caves alone.

CHAPTER XXI.

A fine morning in Cappadocia—A ravine of caves and gardens—The Valley of Guérémé—Cones standing like tents—A troglodyte café—Bishopric of Matiane—Uch Hissar village and rock—A muster of Moslems—Nevshehr—Another Greek merchant—Nar: a delightful cave-dwellers' village—Rock and village of Orta Hissar.

In Constantinople and the coast towns of Asia Minor they have it as a commonplace that "anything can happen in the interior." This idea went with me always, and insensibly coloured the prospect of each day's journey. Every morning I set out with keen anticipation of what was to follow: each evening I looked forward with pleasure to the next day upon the unknown ways of an ancient land. There was ever speculation as to what might be behind the next hill, what behind the next mountain-ridge; and beyond each succeeding turn or dip of road seemed to lurk endless possibilities of scene and incident and adventure; every mile, indeed, had been made pleasant by this delightful uncertainty. But on no morning had anticipation been so strong as when I left Urgub by a sandy track winding up a gully to the higher land behind the town, knowing that the strange Cappadocian country lay before me.

The day spent in Urgub had made the town seem, after all, a decadent metropolis of troglodytes—a place fallen greatly from primitive simplicity. Now, however, I was going to see unchanged haunts of the race;

for I had heard of villages called almost eerie in aspect, and more like the fantasies of a disordered dream than the dwelling-place of human beings. Altogether I went in lightsome spirits, with expectation on edge, and somewhat like one who believes that before nightfall he shall behold enchantments.

The weather, too, was all in favour of buoyancy and exhilaration. Here was the first week in December, yet in feeling and appearance the morning might have been in spring. Certainly the air was keen, though no keener than proper to 5000 feet of altitude. There had been hard frost, in fact, but of that, again, no proof could be seen except the ice hanging from a wayside fountain. For the rest were intoxicating air, a dome of deep-blue sky without a cloud, the sun looking over the ridge of Topuz Dagh, and the coloured rocks of the country showing bright in the clear atmosphere. And under foot, to complete my satisfaction, lay paths of delight after the stones and deep dust of earlier roads. They were of firm clean sand, bordered sometimes by a scanty margin of green grass; and sometimes they went in deep hollows, like sunken lanes, between banks of disintegrating rock that varied through yellow and green and brown to a brick red, whose surfaces showed the wayward curves of gale-driven snow-drifts. Above these banks appeared here and there, instead of trees, pinnacles of rock, distant or near at hand, the "Hatted Rocks" of local name, so called because each is surmounted by an irregular block of harder stone.

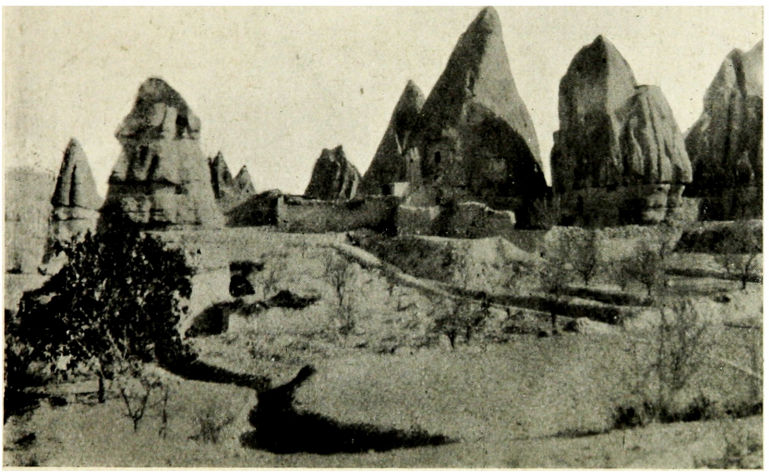
All tramping men can recall hours of special delight upon the road; but I knew that none could have had better than fell to me this early morning on the romantic uplands of Cappadocia. Even Ighsan felt the charm and exhilaration of the day. As he walked before his horse, leading it by the halter, he began to dance.

"*Altmish! Altmish! Altmish!*" (Sixty!) he cried, with stooped head, watching his feet as he bounded

and kept time to the words. It was the morning air, no doubt; but a definite and considered purpose also lay behind this avowal of age and unexpected show of activity. He had been a very weary man on reaching Injesu, and again at Urgub, and now was seeking to remove, or at least reduce, any impression then made to his disadvantage.

We soon dropped into a narrow ravine in which trickled the beginnings of a stream with grass along its edges. All flat ground in the ravine was carefully cultivated and planted with fruit trees—pear, apricot, apple, almond—and here and there were patches of vines. Nowhere in Turkey had I seen such careful cultivation before. The ground had been deeply dug by spade, by a digger who took professional pride in his work; the surface was even, the edge of the dug ground finished with a neat line, and hardly a weed appeared. It was possible to observe also the influence of natural boundaries and surroundings upon the cultivator's mind. In an open field of the same area he might have been as orderly in his work, but the results of loving attention there would not have been so evident, either to himself or any one else, as in this irregular space circumscribed by rock. Here he had a little strictly contained estate, in all scarce more than a straggling acre, and sought to make the most of it. Only this morning he seemed to have broken down an intruding bit of rock (the fragments lay in a careful heap), and so doing gained a few feet of ground, and also improved the shape of the patch. Everywhere he had carried the dug surface up to the very edge of the bank. You could declare with confidence that he liked to see coloured rock rising abruptly from dark freshly turned soil. You wished to meet this careful tiller, for Turk or Greek, or, as a cave-dweller, more certainly something of an aboriginal, he had the right gardening instincts. His burrow was in the rock hereabouts, but neither he nor it was visible.

A little farther on, where the ravine opened out



Inhabited Cones in Valley of Guérémé.

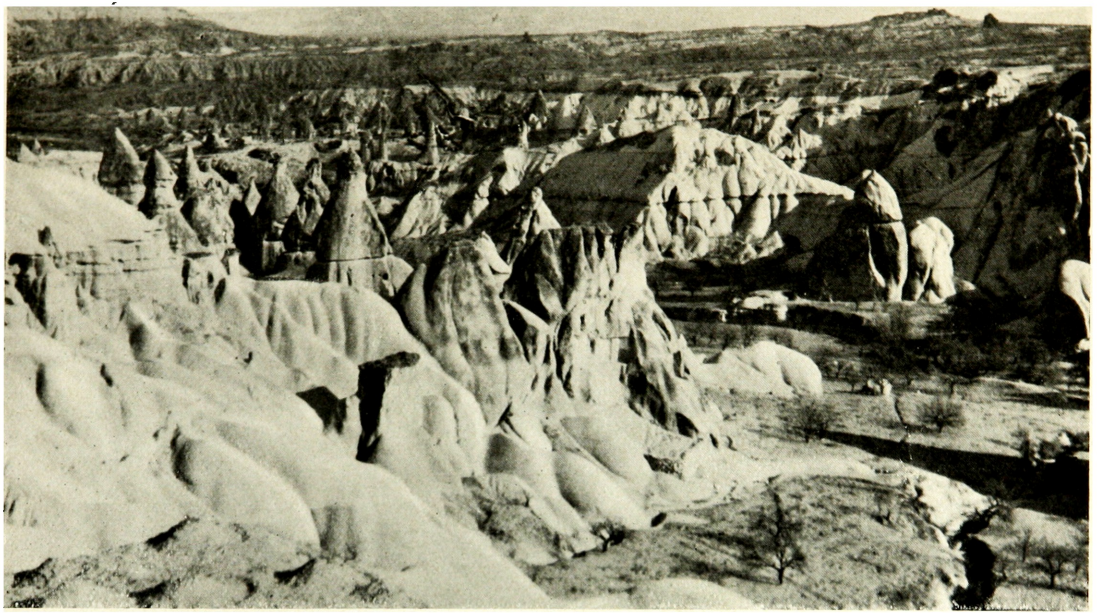
Uch Hissar Rock, from valley.

more, the low cliffs were scored and pitted by ancient chambers laid open by the rock decaying. You could see the inner half of a gallery, fifty yards long and four or five feet high, stretching along the cliff's face and joining chambers which now had the appearance of caves. There were also excavations like tunnels which ran back from this gallery into the still solid rock.

Where the ravine widened yet more, a broken isolated mass of rock, fifty or sixty feet across and thirty or more in height, stood in the midst of the open space like a rugged island in little. It, too, was honeycombed with passages and cells, of which some had been exposed by weathering as in the cliffs. While I looked at this primitive dwelling something moved in a hole close to the ground, and the head of a chubby brown-faced child appeared. It came out as much at home and unconscious of its surroundings as a slum-child in an alley, but on seeing me drew back out of sight with the startled manner and instant movement of a wild animal.

Within a mile or so the ravine brought us to a valley, three or four hundred yards in width at this point, and something over a hundred feet in depth. The bottom was level, and the enclosing cliffs of coloured rock were weathered into flowing curves. I had come into this celebrated valley, sometimes called the Valley of Guérémé, about midway in its length. Reaching it thus it opened on me suddenly, and was a sight more singular than anything I had expected to find.

I came out of the ravine, and passed between several huge cones of rock standing close together and occupied as dwellings. They had doorways at ground-level, and openings as windows higher up, betokening interiors occupied by rooms and passages, to say nothing of flights of steps. They rose abruptly from the level bottom of the valley, like so many great bottles. Similar cones seemed to fill the valley hereabouts; and between two that stood a little



Cones in Valley of Guérémé, Cappadocia.

upon monasteries also hewn in the rock—for such abounded, and at one time are said to have absorbed a great part of the adult male population. And here one is led to suspect a worldly rather than a spiritual prompting to monastic life in earlier Cappadocia, and throughout the Byzantine Empire generally. Some say that as a monk of those days you held your estates and other possessions with greater security than as a layman: that at least you enjoyed a lighter taxation: and that at one period you might, by adroit legal contrivance, convert your sumptuous mansion into a private monastery for yourself—and a few dependent brothers, to give the scheme colour—and so be firmly seized of both worlds. Nay more, that as a monk you did not feel yourself free to go to the wars, your country's great extremity notwithstanding.

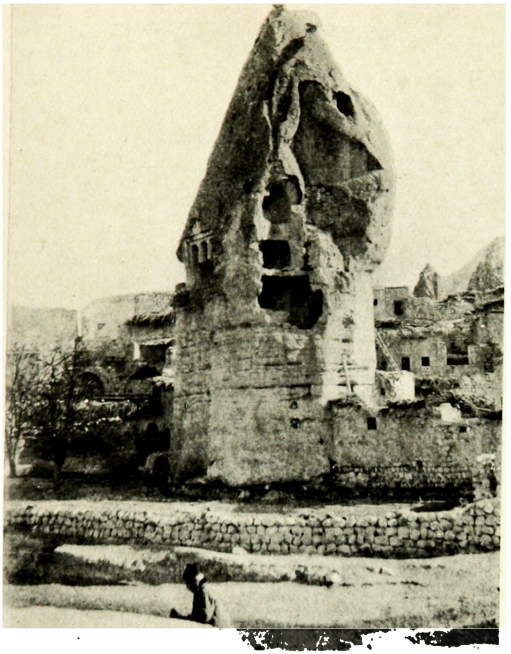
One cone which I examined was nearly forty feet across the base, and rose to more than eighty, and the thickness of wall beside the door was about eight feet. Steps in the wall led from the domed lower cell to mysteries above which I did not care to explore alone. Likewise, instead of entering a passage said to lead downwards from the cell into solid rock, I willingly imagined its features and everything to which it might give access. Christians these people might be, but their looks bred in me no confidence. In open sunlight we all stood on our merits; in their narrow lairs underground the cave-dwellers would have the advantage, and instinct warned me not to trust them.

Every cone in the valley owed its formation to a cap of hard rock which had covered the top, while disintegration went on in the softer material outside the protected area. A number of cones still retained the cap. On more than one it had shown a tendency to slide off, but had been buttressed and supported by masonry. Cones without the cap displayed the sharp-pointed tip which told of decay. Very curious were the great cones from which the cap had fallen, and

which therefore had been subject to the full effects of weathering. The outer walls had gone in places, and one could look into broken chambers as into a house cut in two, and see winding steps and the whole arrangement of the interior. Such forlorn cones were of great size, and seemed to have been the earliest inhabited and most embellished, for the lower part was sometimes shaped into an octagon and even showed signs of having been given an ornamented base like a column. Other cones were reeded on the external surface by convex vertical flutings, and over various doors and windows rough pediments had been worked. Windows were few, and had the form of small square openings like embrasures.

There seemed to be an inherent tendency in the stone to form cones, for on the valley sides were many tiny pinnacles, each with its hard cap sometimes no larger than a walnut. It appears that on the surface of this soft rock blocks of hard stone had been deposited, or perhaps a thin sheet, which eventually broke into fragments. Then denudation and weathering began, and unprotected portions of the lower rock were removed. The largest cones are never higher than the level of ground on each side of the valley, and coloured strata of the valley cliffs extend from side to side through the cones themselves.

About two miles south of Matyan the valley comes to an abrupt end. At this point a high columnar mass of rock, which may be the plug of a volcano, rises from the edge of the plateau in which the valley is cut. Around it lies the village of Uch Hissar, whose huddled flat roofs descend into the hollow and intermingle with the great cones at the bottom. The crag is bored with galleries, chambers, and tombs, and seems to have been a stronghold from the earliest times. The village dwellings are as much underground as above, perhaps more so, for they honeycomb the foot of the rock and the valley-side with their excavations. Look into one of these stone-built



A Rock Cone at Matyan.

Street Fountain, Nevshehr.

houses and you find rooms going out of it behind; and in passing along the narrow alleys, you are often uncertain whether you are on solid ground or on the made roof of a building.

I was always in doubt what these underground dwellers were in blood and faith. Some say that living underground is sure sign of a non-Moslem population, for the reason that Moslems have never required subterranean safety, and that no people would voluntarily adopt this mode of life. Before reaching Uch Hissar I had asked Ighsan whether the inhabitants were Moslems, and he asserted that they were. But when we came in sight of the village I could see no minarets, and therefore remarked that the people of Uch Hissar were Greek and not Moslem. The argument posed him at the time, but he took it to heart and bided his opportunity to refute me, for when in the village he pointed out a small mosque and minaret. Nor was he satisfied with this justification, but said he would show me Moslems of the place. So under the plea of visiting a friend, while I waited on the flat roof of a house, he went away and presently returned with a score of men, who were followed by others in a little time. Then various Selims, Mustaphas, Mehmets, Mahmuds, Ahmets, and Sulimans, several of each name, were brought forward as the Moslems of Uch Hissar. With dignified triumph in tone and manner Ighsan announced their names: here were three brothers, here two, this Mustapha's father had gone to Nevshehr, that youth Selim had four brothers serving in the army, and so on, accounting in all for a considerable total. I reckoned there might be a couple of hundred Moslems here, out of a population of perhaps 2000. The others were of that mingled blood which calls itself Greek on the strength of belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church.

Any one who goes among these cave-dwellers notices at once how unlike other Greeks they are in appearance, or indeed any other inhabitants of the

country. They are a Christianised race, possessing perhaps a strain of Greek blood, but more closely related to some ancient people from whom they have received distinctive features and characteristics. These cave-dwellers can never have been exterminated; they are unlikely to have ever suffered more than small losses. Consider what a difficult, endless, laborious task the hunting down of such a people would be. For one thing, no possibility of ever dealing them a great blow. One small nest of dwellings might be dug out with infinite labour; but by that time the inmates would have filtered away by underground passages to some other place of safety. Nor were they ever important and offensive enough to ensure a protracted effort for their destruction. Think of their present lairs, and the miles of ancient passages said to connect them, and you are convinced that these people are survivors of a race existing nowhere else. You are convinced also that, if their burrows and old monasteries and chapels and tombs could be thoroughly explored, much valuable information would come to light.

The lower part of Uch Hissar rock may be climbed with little effort, and provides a most remarkable view. From the edge of the village the cones go away into the distance beyond Matyan, checkering each other with shadows, and looking, with people moving among them, like the tents of a great army pitched among orchards in a valley of coloured cliffs. For wherever there is open space in the valley these careful cultivators have planted fruit trees.

Following paths and byways under brilliant sunshine that in early afternoon was too warm for comfort, we went from Uch Hissar towards the town of Nevshehr. We journeyed over bare, gently undulating land, cut here and there by deep little ravines. Here and there, too, were orchards and vineyards, and naked areas of tufa in cool green, and yellow, and brown; and in the distance were rocks. In the

south, a couple of miles away, was a line of low hills; in the east, the shining white triangular summit of Argaeus looked over the ridge of Topuz Dagh. Sometimes we went by a shallow stream bordered with stiff willows, but more often upon a sandy path of disintegrated tufa. And always a great sense of loneliness lay over the scene; for scarcely could a human being be discovered, and dwellings were ever underground. Once, indeed, a tall upright figure appeared working in a field of vines. He wore snowy white garments, which in the distance gave a touch of weirdness to his appearance, and I went out of my way to get a nearer view of him. Digging with a spade six feet long in the handle, and the soil being light, he found no occasion to use his foot to the implement nor to stoop in his labour, and so got over the ground quickly. The vines were planted in long straight rows, of which he had uncovered and lifted the roots on one side of a row and spread them out in the sun for their good. That, he said, had been his morning's work. While these black roots were laid in the sun he dug between the rows. Presently he would replace the roots and bury them again, and that would be work for the afternoon, for they must be covered against nightfall and frost. During next winter he would similarly treat the other side of each row.

Farther on the Ottoman Mail passed us at a hard trot — a man on horseback with a leathern bag of letters across his saddle-bow. Though small, the mail was escorted by a blue-uniformed *zaptieh* riding on a shapely white horse, with rifle carried across his saddle-bow. These two intent picturesque figures, scurrying like fugitives across the sun-filled, open landscape, gave a vivid touch of something—it was hard to say just what — which reminded of seventeenth and eighteenth century engravings, particularly those of the Thirty Years' War, and wars of the Grand Monarch. Perhaps the scene really con-

tained the spirit of that earlier period, the spirit which its illustrators have truthfully and unconsciously caught and fixed upon their blocks.

Late in the afternoon we reached Nevshehr, a place containing eight or ten thousand souls, and which, like so many other towns in Anatolia, has a castle on a high detached rock, as if a defensible position had always been attraction enough to gather a population. Nevshehr is not a cave-town, and for me was to be merely a halting-place whence I should go on to Nar and Chat and Tatlar, other villages of the cave-men.

Most Turkish towns have a Yeni *Khan* (New *Khan*), the name implying not only the latest improvements, but chiefly a lesser plague of vermin. It is a name, therefore, which means much in the way of securing custom. At Nevshehr, for instance, knowing nothing of the place, I told Ighsan to make for the Yeni *Khan*. Sure enough there was one of the name, a solid stone building, garish and white in its newness, but reached through filthy narrow streets like alleys. When entering I stopped suddenly, arrested by the legend over the gateway, and almost doubting my eyes. To a traveller who had eaten his lunch three or four hours earlier on the rock of Uch Hissar, with primitive dwellings at his feet, the superscription, unexpected in itself, came with double force. At a step I seemed to have passed from the ancient world to the modern, and doubted if this could be a *khan* for travellers at all. In bold characters the legend ran: "Agence Commerciale du Chemin de fer Ottoman d'Anatolie." I entered the courtyard wondering what energetic influence had produced this place of commerce, for I knew that the nearest railway was the Constantinople-Bagdad line a hundred miles away among the Taurus mountains.

The *khan* was new indeed. It was so newly built that oozing moisture stood like dew on the bare stone walls of the room allotted to me. The well-known signs of vermin were absent, and I thought of them almost with regret, as friendly tokens

of quarters that would at least be warm and dry. But having entered I had no wish to go out again, so called extravagantly for two braziers of charcoal —the cell being intolerably wet—and while these were preparing looked round the *khan* that advertised a railway. It combined the accommodation usually provided in a travellers' *khan* with that of a commercial *khan*. The "Agence Commerciale" was on the ground floor. On the floor above, one side of the courtyard was occupied by rooms like mine, the other by offices like miniature warehouses, for they were packed with bales and boxes of goods, both native and foreign, some even from Chemnitz. A foreign atmosphere pervaded the place, and I had not returned to my room before a Greek merchant, who occupied one of the offices, spoke to me, and assumed that I was a German. Discovering his mistake, he explained that he had seen similar Germans in these parts. At Urgub my nationality had been misjudged in the same manner. Evidently I had reached the shadow of the Bagdad Railway, and was in the German sphere of influence.

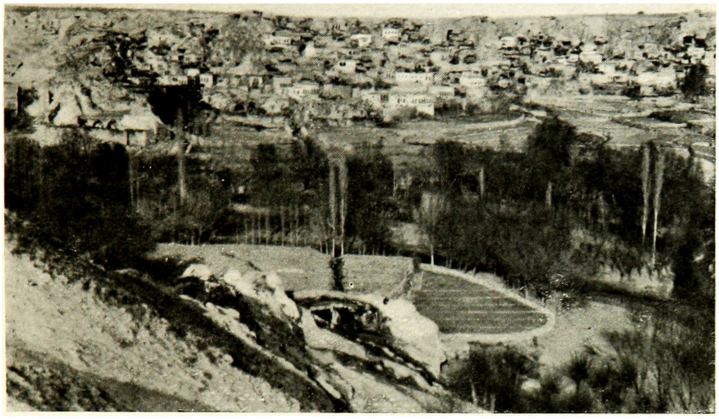
After learning that I was English and had come from the Black Sea, the Greek merchant's inquiries—he was inquisitive as a child—reflected the gossip and ideas of these parts. Was I an English engineer exploring for an English line of railway? Was it true that after all the English proposed to build railways in Anatolia? Was it true the English had bought the Bagdad Railway? Whoever owned the railways of Anatolia would own the country. A further summarised view was that the English were too late, that the future lay with the Germans, and that although he personally liked the English, yet, as he put it, they only looked at gold and never at silver—which I took to mean that the English cared only for large trade opportunities and not for small. He closed his remarks by saying that the trade of Anatolia would be very great when the country possessed railways, and that this trade would be German

—two self-evident truisms to any one who goes about in Asia Minor. From this district onward, as I travelled to the south and west, the Bagdad Railway and the Germans were in all men's mouths.

Despite its commerce, Nevshehr was such a wretched little town that half an hour in its streets the next morning made that short time seem wasted, and even the castle could not establish interest. So leaving the horse here we set out before nine to spend the day in Nar and Chat, as villages said to be well worth seeing.

Within a couple of miles Nar appeared unexpectedly. It opened at my feet, like a vast quarry in a gently rolling country that allowed no view of what was coming. I found myself on the edge of a cliff looking into a valley four or five hundred yards in width, two or three times as long, and perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in depth. The village lay under the farther cliff, white and glistening in the morning sun, and the intervening space, and all other spaces in the valley bottom, were filled with gardens and vineyards and green patches of grass. A stream that tumbled into the valley was carried away at once in various channels, for purposes of irrigation. The impressions given by Nar as I looked from the edge of the brown and barren plateau, were of autumn foliage, green grass, and yellow rocks, the sound of splashing water, and bright warm sunshine over all.

And when I clambered down the cliff, and crossing the valley of gardens entered the village, it was even better than its promise. Clean, narrow, sandy paths wound about and went up and down among rocks, and vines, and trees, and quaint buildings, and running streams, with the unexpected at every turn. A path, narrow as a goat-track, would take me round, or perhaps over, a great detached mass of yellowish rock, and on the other side would be latticed windows peeping from the surface of this same rock, for it was in fact a dwelling. Steep



Valley and Rock-hewn Village of Nar.

Ala Dagh.

paths and flights of steps led up to the cliff, where other dwellings and galleries were hewn in the safety of inaccessible positions as at Urgub. Now and then a white minaret appeared above the trees, and from it presently came the call to prayer. Later on, when still wandering among the hollowed-out boulders and white buildings, and paths that would have befitted a rock-garden, the fresh voices of children were heard repeating in unison. They were heard and then lost, and heard again—a pleasant sound that harmonised well with this quaint village of an older world. And then at last I came out on a little open space between buildings and trees, and found a class of children sitting cross-legged on the sandy surface repeating the Koran under the direction of a white-bearded mullah, a benevolent-looking, kindly old man, who stopped his pupils at once and saluted me with the dignified courtesy of his class.

Here was Ighsan's opportunity. He had in high degree the power of embodying in briefest form—word combined with tone and gesture—a whole world of meaning. Not a day passed but he gave some example of his quality in this respect. And now he glanced at the mullah, the mosque, the seated children, let his eyes sweep slowly over the village, then let them rest on me.

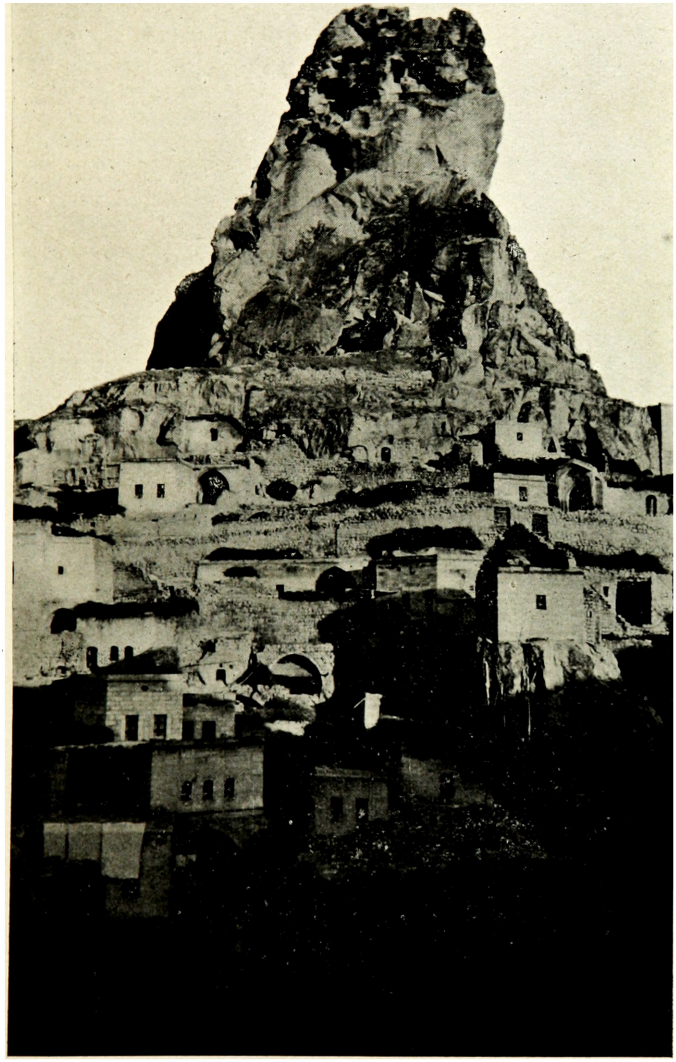
"Many Mussulmans," he said quietly, satisfied with that degree of vindication. For he knew I should remember the suggestion, made at Uch Hissar, that these villages had a Greek population. So far as I could make out, about a third of the inhabitants of Nar were Moslems, and they, I suspected, were mainly converts.

Outside the village the gardens were cultivated with the utmost care; every yard of ground that could be irrigated was used for grass or vegetables or fruit, and with water, and sunlight possessing more than seasonable December heat, they were even now getting grass in the sunken plots. These little water-meadows, some no larger than a tennis-lawn, stood

in stepped tiers, each plot surrounded by a bank of earth perhaps a foot in height. The plots were flooded in turn, and the grass cut for feed while green.

I had meant to stay an hour in Nar, but ended by staying four, which left no time for Chat, seven or eight miles beyond. Besides, I had a conviction that neither Chat nor any other of these cave villages would equal Nar in interest, and more likely would be quite inferior; I would therefore let this place stand for the others, and be satisfied with what I had already seen. Another reason also influenced me, for as one now hanging upon weather signs I was influenced by trifles. I had wandered into this high country temerariously, a sense of stolen pleasure added to its charm, but all the same I felt like a truant who is ever on the watch against discovery. So now, as the day wore on, when I noticed low down in the north-eastern sky a white cloud, and below it, between cloud and mountain, a strip of clear green, I recognised the warning of snow. Chat and Tatlar, and other places which I had fondly hoped to visit—Soghanli Dere, with its cliffs hewn into façades sixteen stories in height, and Melegob, whose villages are altogether underground in level country and reached by vertical shafts like coal mines—I decided to leave unvisited. We went back to Nevshehr, and thence set out for Urgub the same afternoon, to spend one other day there before returning to Injesu.

On the way to Urgub, when crossing a low ridge after leaving the road and taking to a path, a distant finger-top of rock began to rise slowly over the sky-line. It seemed to be pierced with openings like a great dove-cot, though Ighsan failed to recognise it as marking any place known by him. It lay to the east, somewhat off our road, in country sinking to the valley under Topuz Dagh. We went towards it, however, and after an hour and a half of cross-country tramping were near enough to see it as a



Orta Hissar Rock and Village.

rock like that of Uch Hissar, with a large village clustering round its base. The afternoon had grown late, and this village, which a peasant called Ortessa, or Orta Hissar, I left for the next day's excursion.

On foot Ighsan's pace was always less than three miles the hour; for the last day's ramble, therefore, I put him on the horse as mounted guide for a pedestrian. The change enabled us to cover much ground, and also gave him a needed rest. It involved a loss of dignity for me in native opinion, for to make the true figure of importance I should have ridden and Ighsan have gone afoot; better still, both of us should have been mounted, he carrying a rifle behind me as armed servant. But these perfections were unattainable, and I had to make shift as best I could; and in spite of my party looking like *zaptieh* and prisoner, I ignored appearances for the sake of advantage.

This order of travelling tickled Ighsan hugely. He laughed until tears ran down his cheeks, and I never looked back without finding him still amused, and still conscious of some unwarranted reversal of position. But on meeting people his manner became serious and dignified, and when Moslems stopped and asked him what he was doing, he explained the seeming mystery to my advantage.

About three in the afternoon, after a long circuitous ramble almost to the Kizil Irmak in the north, and thence back up the valley in which Matyan stands, we entered the ravine of Orta Hissar, whose huge rock had attracted my attention the day before. Although from a little distance the ground about it appeared open, yet it proved on a nearer view to be extraordinarily broken. Small nullahs and irregular masses of yellow rock covered the slope to the river. At length the village itself was reached, filling the bottom of the ravine, and going up to the great rock on high ground.

In the tangle of passages and alleys, which appeared to lead nowhere except underground, we soon lost

ourselves completely. I wished to get to the rock, an object in sight not three hundred yards away, yet for any progress towards it that we made we might have been caught in a maze. A passage would end in a door, or a flight of steps leading up to a dwelling, or descend into the hillside. Nor was there ever any certainty whether we were on solid ground or no. More than once I discovered, with the heavy uncomfortable feeling of serious trespass, that the whole party, horse and men, had somehow got upon a stranger's roof. At length a woman saw our difficulty, and voluntarily put us on the right way, and came a little distance, and watched us till out of sight to make sure that we should not go wrong again. She was old, and I offered her *baksheesh* for her kindly service; but she declined the money pleasantly, having acted out of the goodness of her heart.

Up a steep winding alley, past masonry that had the appearance of age, and a fragment of Roman inscription—as it seemed to be—built into a wall, we passed under an archway, and then came out upon an open space at the top of the hill. Men of the village had gathered here sitting on low stools, smoking and drinking coffee in the sunlight of an afternoon that already had in it more than a touch of frost. Above them the rock rose like a tower, pierced with openings near the top, some of which were closely stuffed with straw and looked as if the instincts of underground dwellers rebelled against the fresh air of these upper chambers.

The afternoon had an extraordinary quality of brilliancy which caused all distant objects to seem crystalline and much nearer than they really were. The sky was cloudless save in the north-east, where a few far-off pearly cirrus hung low above Topuz Dagh, the sunlight strong, and the dry rarefied air perfectly still. Amidst these conditions the massive yellow rock, splashed with contrasting light and shade on its irregular surface,

gave an indescribable strangeness to the village and little drowsing plaza and groups of men sitting at its foot. The greater number of these were dressed in white, though here and there was a dash of colour; they sat in postures bespeaking the last degree of placid contentment — some tilted back against the wall, others with sprawled legs and slippers fallen from their feet, and several lay upon the ground. Life passed easily and pleasantly enough for all, whatever pity their lot as Ottoman subjects might excite in the western world. Nor were they Moslems, and therefore contented by faith and privileged above others. It scarcely needed Ighsan's contemptuous monosyllable of "*Rum*" (Greek) to confirm their race. Their dark complexions and raking profiles showed them of the cave-dwelling race and oldest blood in the country. One might travel far and look upon many ancient scenes, and yet never find a spot giving a stronger impression of remoteness and unchanged survival from past centuries than did this open village-place under the rock of Orta Hissar. It provided, so to say, the reproduction of a past ancient beyond judging, and for that a traveller may return thanks.

It was freezing hard when we reached the *khan*, but my cell in the cliff was warm; and I recognised that those who had grown accustomed to cave-dwellings might well be disinclined to change, and urge advantages not apparent to others without experience of the life. Indeed, when the *khan*-keeper presently told me the best room was vacant, and that I might occupy it if I wished, I said I was lodged well enough already, and had no desire for better quarters.

CHAPTER XXII.

Return to Injesu—A native washing-day—The drummer again—The pasha at the *khan*—An ancient caravanserai—Gypsies—Castles of Asia Minor—A murderer in custody at Develi Kara Hissar.

THE next afternoon, in Indian summer weather, I came down the long road from the pass of Topuz Dagh to Injesu again. The country gained nothing in appearance from sunshine and brilliant air. Mist had veiled its barrenness and made it seem merely local during my ascent; but now I saw a wide stretch of naked mountain-slopes strewn everywhere with stones. The only attractive feature was Argaeus, whose shoulders and peak showed over an eastern ridge as a vast blue-and-white glittering pyramid against the sky.

In Injesu valley, a mile or more above the town, all the women and girls of the place seemed to have gathered beside the stream to do their washing. A Turkish matron of full proportions is a prodigy of shape when seen in her working trousers. Such trousers they are too! for if she is wide they are thrice as wide, and each leg becomes an inverted crinoline, which narrows to tightness at the ankle. In this garment she waddles about her duties, squats or sits cross-legged when it suits her, and seems almost lost in the quantity of material surrounding her hips and lower limbs. Startling drab figures of this kind were in rows along the stream, whirling wet garments in air to beat them on stones,

and similar figures stood face to face in grotesque pairs, apparently struggling for something held between, which a nearer view revealed as an article in the wringing. On the sunny hillside, and on every boulder and face of rock which caught the sun, clothing was being laid out to dry. This work was done by young girls, whose henna-stained hair glinted in the sunlight like gold.

Even before I reached these busy women the penetrating banjo notes of the little drums I had heard in Injesu before came floating up the valley. They came without ceasing, rising and falling, sometimes almost dying away, sometimes heard as if near at hand. Before reaching the village I could make out the drummer himself. He was standing on the flat roof of a bride's house, gorgeously dressed as before, beating ruffles and flourishes with the same conscientious industry he had displayed outside the barber's shop. Now, as then, he faced the four quarters in turn, stepping to the edge of each parapet to make the news of his drums known. As I passed he became a figure in blue and gold and scarlet raised high against the sunset, and with the sound of his drums to help made as perfect an Eastern glimpse as imagination could desire.

On reaching the *khan* the best room was vacant, to which I was taken as a traveller bringing profit. But I had done no more than light my stove before an *araba* drove into the yard; and from it alighted a Turkish officer in khaki and gold lace, besworded, and also beslippered, who spoke to the *khan*-keeper rather longer than I thought necessary. I guessed the subject of the conversation, as did Ighsan, who came hurriedly to me.

"Make haste," he said in his most abrupt way, and with that disappeared like one not wishing to take sides in a dispute, nor did he show himself again that evening. What he thought I might do, I did, and that in excess; I hastened to pollute the room by frying bacon as the most promising method

of retaining my quarters, and I made the utmost speed in the operation. The officer did not hurry,—he was by nature a sedentary, inactive person,—and when he looked in at the door my precautions were well under way. He was confronted by a cheerful Christian who held pork in both hands—who even had pork in his mouth; and the room was filled with the smell and smoke arising from the same unholy meat burning in the pan. My rival turned sourly away, and I thought had been driven off; but in a little while the *khan*-keeper appeared, troubled in face, troubled also in manner. He came to his subject indirectly. There was another good room with a mat floor, adjoining mine, he began. It was small, but I was only one, whereas the pasha and his man, as I could see, were two. Although the new-comer was certainly not a pasha, he possessed sufficient importance to have his way with the *khan*-keeper if he chose, so in order to avoid trouble I agreed to the change. Half an hour afterwards the officer and his servant seemed still dissatisfied with the condition of the room, for I noticed them industriously fanning the air with rugs. When next I glanced through the open door both were at prayer, and oblivious to everything else.

A raw threatening morning followed for my next stage on the road. When leaving the town I turned aside into the ruined *khan* of Injesu, a caravanserai of old days, whose size indicated the immense traffic which had passed this way at one time. Unlike other *khans* I had seen on the journey, this was a true example of an eastern caravanserai, a structure without rooms, merely a general place of safety and shelter for caravans and travellers during the night. It comprised no more than a spacious open quadrangle, surrounded on each side by a cloister of one-storied stone arches. The low enclosing outer walls, against which the cloisters stood, were also of stonework unpierced by windows. The open courtyard contained space for hundreds of camels, travel-

lers and goods found shelter in the cloisters, and the massive containing walls, once fitted with heavy gates, made the edifice a stronghold that would resist any raiders. There had been excellent reasons for erecting this sanctuary here.

At Injesu the old western road from Constantinople through Urgub and Nevshehr joined the road going between Cæsarea and the Mediterranean. At this junction, one day's journey from Cæsarea, many rich caravans came together for the night, and were within a day's ride of a district always notorious for its lawlessness. For at Injesu a track came in from the wild country south and east of Argaeus—in earlier centuries a land of semi-independent freebooters, till twenty years ago a nursery of brigands, and still a district of which it is said that a criminal who reaches Ferakdin is beyond pursuit. The people of this broken inaccessible district, living hard upon the flank of the chief highway between rich Cæsarea and the outer world, ever levied marauders' toll along the road. It was against their bold operations that the strong *khan* at Injesu was built. What the need for it was, what previous affairs of battle and murder and frenzied merchants ravished of their goods, the costly nature of this free refuge still bears witness.

As I walked in its broken cloisters it was still being used, and gave a faint hint of its earlier scenes. A party of gypsies had sheltered here for the night, and their gorgeous rugs—it is a peculiarity of gypsy caravans that they often possess wonderful rugs—were thrown carelessly over a heap of articles in the arcade. Their camels, attended by a couple of men, knelt in the court, a fire was burning, and against the wall were other men still asleep, while shrill-voiced women and children prepared food and made ready for the day's journey. The awkward gait, the furtive eyes, the sense of being completely at home wherever the camp—such gypsy characteristics were evident in a glance.

The rain which had begun to fall while I was in

the old *khan* did not last above an hour; but the day remained cold and gloomy, and though I was still skirting the base of Argaeus, nothing of him could be seen. The road kept to a sandy plain, with marshes upon the left which soon merged into a lake. It was the beginning of that sheet of water, twenty miles in length, which extends along the western foot of the mountain and receives the rainfall of a great basin with no outlet to the sea. It spreads over a wide expanse of country in winter and spring, and shrinks by evaporation during dry weather, but at its lowest remains a large lake.

On this dreary plain the road almost disappeared, and traffic followed the course which individual or beast preferred. The only vegetation was dead thistles, standing as bushes with indigo-blue stems —one of four hundred varieties in this home of all the thistle kind. Now and then appeared a hurrying *araba*, or a string of crawling bullock-carts, or a caravan slowly plodding its way northwards; and scattered over the plain were wandering camels, in the distance looking like beetles. Without obvious cause skeletons and carcases of camels and donkeys seemed more numerous here than elsewhere; and vultures were ever in sight, as if they found the plain a feeding-ground beyond the ordinary. At a watering-place in the midst of this desolation the sign-manual of old Rome appeared — one of her ponderous milestones telling that an important road had passed near by: the road between old Cæsarea and the Mediterranean; a highway, in its time, great and crowded as any in the country. The stone had been uprooted and still further dishonoured by being hollowed into a drinking-trough for animals.

Although Argaeus remained closely hidden, the outlook on the opposite side of the plain was better; for there, during the greater part of the day, I had before me as visible goal the dark castle of Develi Kara Hissar, standing in trenchant silhouette against a gloomy sky, upon its ridge a thousand feet above

the village of that name. This huge battlemented stronghold must surely be one of the greatest castles in the land, yet of its history nothing remains. It is no more than seven or eight hundred years old, but the period of its building, the names of its lords, the affairs of arms before it, all alike are forgotten. You may infer the general course of a country's history by its strong places; may trace from them periods of peace, periods of a strong central power, of strong lesser powers, and of mere petty states and robber lords, and so doing have the skeleton of history. But you demand that the skeleton shall be clothed, that dates and details shall be given, that some hints of the personality of those who built, and ruled, and fought in these old controlling places shall be forthcoming. You require these particulars—but you never get them in Asia Minor. You also expect reasonable names for such castles, before you can do them proper reverence, otherwise they stand without touch of life or reality. You are seldom out of sight of a castle in Asia Minor; but unless it belongs to some historic city or town you are always irritated by the trivial name it bears. You have many Black Castles, you have White Castle, Snake Castle, Earth Castle, Nose Castle; often there is no other name than merely Castle. There is even an Asar Kalesi, which may be taken as Castle Castle. These senseless names are the ready designations of an invading race who found the buildings in existence on overrunning the land, and never put them to any use, nor suffered at the owners' hands, and see the structures now without the interest of tradition.

Develi Kara Hissar, like Injesu, made a longer day's stage than I had expected. But at last the usual dark line of orchards appeared, and above it a white minaret or two, and then in a couple of hours the *khan* was reached. A little after we arrived came two *zaptiehs* bringing a prisoner taken in the mountains to the south. He was handcuffed;

his feet were wrapped in blood-stained rags; he had marched a long way and looked altogether spent and woe-begone. They spoke of him as a robber of known reputation. Some weeks earlier he had attached himself to a travelling merchant as a fellow-wayfarer; as the next proceeding he had knifed the merchant and taken his property; now he was on his way to trial, and perhaps a sentence of twenty years, which is the maximum Turkish penalty for murder.

Without any warning my fever recurred this evening and continued for twenty-four hours, a period of which I have no remembrance. I spent the day at the *khan*, and on the second morning was fit to travel again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The caravan track to the Mediterranean—Heavy snow at last—The guest-room at Enighil—Robbers before us—Circassians at Kavluk Tepe—A Turkish burying-ground—A place of memories for Ighsan—Under Ala Dagh—The guest-house at Bayam Dere—A morning visitor challenged.

THERE could be no doubt of the season when I turned out of the *khan* at Develi Kara Hissar to resume my southward road. The sky was overcast and threatening, the wind bitterly cold, and all the north was piled with masses of rounded leaden clouds, scarcely visible in the general obscurity except for a steely grey light about their edges. Snow, you would say, and much of it, was close at hand.

I had cherished some hope of turning westward again from this place, and reaching another part of the cave-dwellers' country; but the weather, and the touch of fever which had not yet altogether gone, dissuaded me from any new detour. Depression, also, was abroad this morning. Dust came flying in clouds down the village street, and with it a few scurrying flakes of snow. The forlorn country, the mud-built *khan*, across the way a dilapidated orchard wall of sun-dried bricks topped with a thatching of dead twigs,—all made a picture from which the glamour of travel had disappeared. And yet I was about to enter the finest portion of the journey, the part to which I had looked forward with the greatest anticipation. By evening I should be in the long, narrow, mountain-enclosed valley which leads down

to the Cilician Gates and the Mediterranean; and the sea itself, by this path, was only a week of travel away. With these thoughts for encouragement I gave the magic word "*Haide.*" "*Haide,*" Ighsan repeated to the horse, fetching it at the same time a whack with his staff, and at that we went out into the dust and wind.

Soon after leaving the *khan* we left the highway—which kept to the plain—and entered the hills to make a short cut. Emerging on their southern side about midday we rejoined the road where it forked at Araplu village. To the south-west the main road, leading to the Bagdad Railway at Eregli, and thence to Konia and Constantinople, went along the plain and skirted the northern slopes of the Bulgar Dagh or Taurus. The other road, no more than a horse-track, struck due south into the mountains, aiming directly for the Cilician Gates and the sea. This insignificant-looking track was, indeed, the caravan route by which the wide central district of Asia Minor lying around Kaisariyeh communicates with its port, Mersina, and the Cilician plain. No vehicles can travel by this path. They have to use the Konia road, and go by way of Eregli, which adds a hundred miles to the journey between Araplu and the Cilician Gates.

This horse-track was one of the goals of my journey; report credited it with traversing some of the grandest mountain scenery in the country; for sixty or seventy miles it was said to follow a narrow valley between the two 10,000-feet ranges of Ala Dagh and Bulgar Dagh. In Kaisariyeh I had heard much about this road. Every one knew something about it; every one advised me to follow it if I would see the country; and a Greek urged me to go by *araba* if I would go quickly and with comfort—he was positive that *arabas* could pass this way. As a matter of fact I never found any one, except Ighsan, who could speak of the road from personal knowledge. For one thing, it still had a name for robbers, men not

so daring as in the past, but still to be respected; for another, having no *araba* traffic it had no *khans*.

In the triangle of the forking roads stood a small group of white buildings, where the blue uniform of a *zaptieh* might be seen now and then. This was a police post, placed here in earlier days against brigandage, where an escort could still be hired by travellers for the small matter of two shillings a day and food for the man and horse. Did we need a *zaptieh?* I asked Ighsan. He replied that he was a *zaptieh* himself, and better, and seemed to find the question a slight upon his worth.

Snow had fallen thinly all the forenoon, but an hour after we passed Araplu it began in earnest: no mere squall it proved to be, but the heavy snow of winter. It shut out the view at once and soon hid the track; and but for the irregular open line which marked the way between scattered thistles we might have been crossing a pathless moor.

Into our narrow range of vision, little greater than the width of a street, presently came two riders, a traveller and his escorting *zaptieh* coming from the south. Beating against the gale they were shapeless figures of snow already, and might have thought themselves unfortunate until they met us, a poor unmounted party going into the wilds. The traveller was a well-to-do Armenian, whose ideas of what was fitting were disturbed by stumbling upon two men on foot, one of them evidently English, pushing along this road in heavy snow. We passed like ships at sea, with merely a salutation, but as the riders disappeared a voice came back out of the snow saying, "Take care." Doubtless the warning referred to the storm, but just how we were to take care I could not see. The words conveyed a friendly thought, however, and for that the Armenian had my unspoken thanks.

When we reached the village of Enighil night was coming on, and the snow deep enough to make walking laborious. Ighsan and the horse had set such a

dragging pace that I found it hard to keep warm, and my man himself was blue and chattering with cold. Evidently we could depend on doing little travelling in such weather; in time of falling snow we must stop; and to be snow-bound from time to time before reaching the Mediterranean seemed now a happening likely enough.

The *kahvehs* of Enighil were packed to overflowing with donkey-men and horse-drivers when we arrived. After looking into several of these places I had to revise my ideas of how many people could be crowded into a room of twelve by twelve. On pushing the door ajar a little—it could not be opened wide—I would see, through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, the floor so paved with the heads and faces of men squatting cross-legged, that the idea of another person entering became fanciful. After finding all these places full, Ighsan bethought him of the village headman, whom he knew, and who would find us quarters if they were to be had at all. The headman proved to be a comfortable-looking Turkish shopkeeper, who immediately shuttered his little shop and took us to the house of a fellow-Moslem who kept the village guest-room.

Many European travellers prefer guest-rooms to *khans*, but for my part I have always found the hospitality of Turkish peasants trying. Your host is mortified unless you eat the food he so lavishly sets before you, and there is no saying what you will be required to eat. He may, as a special dish, give you boiled eggs broken up in a pint or so of melted sheep-tail fat, and the trouble is that the fat is the delicacy, and not so much the eggs. As a really appreciative guest you will eat the eggs first, and then delightedly consume the fat. A roasted fowl may be good in itself, but is torn into pieces by the bare hands of your host, who shows a carver's skill—and more—in the adroitness of his tearing, and the compactness with which the fragments come apart. And then when the *pilaf* arrives, it too is likely to give trouble. It is

in one great bowl, a white mound of rice mingled with sheep-tail fat, from which all eat with the naked hand or perhaps with spoons. Children always take part in these meals, and fortune will be uncommonly kind if you do not find them dirty and diseased and spoilt. They paw the food with filthy hands, and are laughed at for their pretty ways. If you are working at an exclusive spot in the *pilaf*, carefully avoiding the scene of your neighbours' operations on either side, and congratulating yourself on doing very well, one of these horrible children, whose face maybe is covered with sores, is sure to detect your satisfaction and drive a loathsome hand into the heart of your food. Even more difficult is the question of what you shall drink or not drink. Turks are connoisseurs of water; they find it sweet or not sweet, and spare no pains to get it to their liking. But its so-called sweetness is merely the taste and sparkle and clearness, and has nothing to do with analytical purity. They believe that after water has run over seven stones—or perhaps nine—it is drinkable; and with that comfortable belief, if the water is sweet and clear, they drink without misgivings, and expect their guest to do likewise.

Having had experience in these matters, I always preferred my own food in the loneliness of a *khan* to any imaginable hospitality in a guest-room. Ighsan recognised my preference, without knowing the cause, and continually lamented that I should go to a *khan* when a guest-room was available. He had, indeed, good reason for his liking, as in a guest-room he was at free quarters, being covered by my gift, whereas in a *khan* he had to pay his lot. Now that we were become guests perforce, I told him I should cook and eat my own food as usual, and that he could have whatever the house provided.

Our host hastened to make a fire as the first need of his cold and famished guests. The district was a treeless one, therefore cakes of *tizek* (cow-dung mixed with straw, and dried) and dead thistles were the

only fuel. The thistles had been pulled up by the roots, which were close and matted, and possessed stems the size of cabbage-stalks; and the fierceness of their blaze was steadied by the peat-like burning of *tizek*. Between the two a better fire could not have been desired.

When asked what we would eat, Ighsan replied that I had brought my food from England, but for himself would have soup, *yoghourt*, and *pilaf*—a thoroughly good meal from the native point of view. While the meal was being prepared, the village mullah, the schoolmaster, and the elders came in. The room was of the shape and arrangement common to all of its kind—a low divan along each side, the fireplace at one end, and the door opposite to it; the one small window was closed by a shutter. A whole divan was given to me and my bed; Ighsan, the host and his children and friends, filled the other.

If I was the guest of honour I was also much the entertainer, as soon became apparent; for when my stoves were alight and I began to cook, the spectacle was so enthralling that dead silence fell, and even our hostess, a vague flitting figure hitherto, left her preparations in the other room and watched mine from the doorway. She had to be reminded of her duties by her lord, but still managed to peep into the room from time to time.

From the earliest stages of the journey I had passed my aluminium ware among on-lookers in the *khans* at evening as a precaution, for the bright metal was ever taken for silver till handled and well examined. Here, more than in other places, perhaps, it seemed wise to leave no doubts—not so much in fear of the company, as for the wild reports that might be spread. So plates and cups went the round of the room, were thrown into the air and caught, were weighed, were tossed from hand to hand and struck with knives, till all were satisfied of the metal's baseness, though scarcely of its little value.

Towards me, when natives were present, Ighsan

had gradually adopted a sort of showman's manner, tending to the glorification of us both. Though my guide and servant, he was also in a sense the man who led the bear; and in this guest-room he found an opportunity for displaying his office more fully. He told of where we had been. Still more he had to say of where we were going. There was credit for him of a kind in making this long roundabout journey, and he missed no point of the route. He also explained the various articles of equipment—the stoves, the sleeping-bag, the folding-bed that at a pull would grow from smallness to greatness. My Browning, carefully unloaded, was passed round and lectured upon as a weapon that would kill a man, or even a horse, at eight hundred *metros*, and give eight shots without reloading. He figured as one most fortunate in having charge of an Englishman, a name familiar in every part of the country, and held in great respect.

Though it was well for Ighsan to be serving an Englishman, yet an aspect of his master presently came to view which had difficulties for a laudatory Moslem. Cooking had progressed: tea was made, potatoes boiled, soup heated, and I prepared to fry bacon, having no other meat left. As the rashers came out of the tin they were looked at with curiosity, and I heard the whispered inquiry as to what they actually were. Eyes and ears were strained to catch Ighsan's reply. His glance went carelessly over the meat and rested on one of the children. He patted its head as a blind, and while so doing softly breathed the word *domuz* (pig), thinking me out of hearing; in further explanation he said it was "*Ingleez domuz*," perhaps to convey the idea of a variety more permissible or at least more excusable as meat. But being convicted of eating pig, I fell in reputation, much like a man of whom it is whispered that he is a good fellow but has bouts of drinking.

After all had eaten and coffee was going round, Ighsan told a story which held his listeners breath-

less: even the Turkish wife stood in the doorway to hear it. I was writing up my diary, so might have been supposed to hear little, but I heard and understood enough to learn that I was a person inexplicable from my man's point of view. The subject of his story was our last day at Urgub, the outstanding event of the day the fact that he had ridden and I had walked before him. His narrative lasted a quarter of an hour, during which time he never got far from the chief incident; he came back to it again and again with added relish, it coloured his opinion of me to an extent I had never suspected, and seemed to have given him unwonted pleasure.

At Enighil, as at nearly all other places where I had stayed, *anticas*—antiques—were brought for my opinion, though not necessarily for immediate sale, the native way being to get offers from various persons before letting an article go. The treasures generally ranged from old coins, and small, much-oxydised, bronze vessels and ornaments such as lamps and bracelets, to the flotsam and jetsam of unfamiliar European things. I think it was at this place that one brought out an old French miniature, the portrait of a lady, painted on copper, and still in good preservation. There were also old English and French watches—that now had ceased to keep time—and also a brass candle-snuffer. Of bronze coins at least a hundred must have been in the room. They belonged to the old Greek cities and states of Asia Minor, whose small bronze money may be found in the hands of most peasants. Such coins are seldom of much value, and generally represent the unsaleable residue, for Armenian and Greek merchants have an eye to these things, and nearly every coin you see has been submitted to possible buyers many times before. From time to time, however, a real treasure may be obtained from the finder. I once saw a silver piece of Philip of Macedon, a splendid coin the size of a florin, which had been acquired from a peasant. But I also saw another excellent specimen of the

same rare coin, which after changing hands was found to be a clever European counterfeit. As an indication however of the country's interest for the numismatist, consider this: that at the present day the inhabitants of various districts find it profitable to search for coins in their ploughed fields after heavy rain.

Among the company in the guest-room Ighsan seemed to have fallen in with old acquaintances, who treated him with extraordinary deference and respect. He spoke of them as friends not seen for a long time. Three or four stayed on after I had got into my sleeping-sack, and I watched them for a time as they sat cross-legged on the divan engaged in a low-voiced beard-to-beard conversation. Their turbaned fezzes, their absorbed attitudes, and the uncertain firelight shining on two faces and placing the others in partial shadow, made them look, in this strange smoky little room, like a group of Eastern plotters, and I wondered what they spoke about so earnestly. And now I saw Ighsan in a new aspect, for in these momentary impressions he appeared as an exceedingly astute old man.

While at breakfast next morning Ighsan said that three Circassians belonging to Kavluk Tepe, a village a few miles farther along the valley, were robbing on the road before us. During the past week they had waylaid several travellers; we should have to take care; so his friends had told him overnight. I judged the matter more by his manner than his words. He seemed to regard it as a matter of course, and to be as little troubled as if speaking of a flooded stream to be crossed. If he, with a good horse to lose, had no misgivings, small cause was there for me to take the news seriously. Besides, it is no light matter in Turkey to molest or rob an Englishman; and I thought also that with precautions on our part more risk might be apparent to the Circassians than they would care to take.

The storm ceased during the night, and was followed towards morning by a south wind, and when I went

outside to see the weather the snow was melting. The horse was loaded before the guest-house door, the children were tipped, payment for our night's lodging having been declined, and then our host brought us a couple of miles on the road. Better weather promised before he left. The mountains were still hidden by masses of compact, low-lying clouds, but these were slowly revolving and tumbling, breaking up, and piling together again. Between them now and again appeared rifts and pockets of blue sky filled with sunlight. By the time Kavluk Tepe was reached mountain-peaks emerged grandly on our left—so lofty, and yet so close at hand, that suddenly discovered above a world of contorted cloud they seemed strangely overhead. Then a stab of sunshine fell on a snow-streaked brown hillside across the valley, and quickly covered the whole range; and with that a fine day began.

A few houses of Kavluk Tepe stood near the road, and from these the inmates came out to stare as we passed, assessing us perhaps with eyes that balanced apparent value against whatever of hardihood lay in our combination of looks and weapons. One tall figure in particular I noticed, running hard to get a closer look at us. He kept under cover, and thought himself unseen, and when he came slowly from behind a building next the path displayed all the indifference imaginable. Judged by his scarcely turned head and slow, lordly stride, which swung his belted Circassian cloak like a kilt, one would have thought that he hardly saw us, yet he had run like a boy for this nearer inspection. He was an old man, too, upright and thin, with clean-cut Circassian features and an eagle glance. His dress showed him to be a chief; and though he and the village would disown the robbers, I guessed they had not taken to the road without his knowledge and connivance. I gave him the morning greeting, which seemingly took him by surprise; but he replied courteously, and then turned away like one discovered in curiosity.

It appeared unlikely that any attempt would be made upon us near the village, for collective retribution is not unknown, and sometimes falls heavily. If risk there was it would come later, perhaps not until next day. All the same, I kept a bright look-out and had the sensation of being in an enemy's land. Still more were these feelings confirmed when I saw two horsemen, riding at the gallop, cross the skyline of hills a mile or so away on our right rear, and come diagonally towards us. Five minutes later they appeared for a few seconds in the valley bottom, still galloping as if to cut us off. Once again I saw them, by this time well ahead, and now drawing towards the road. Thereafter they disappeared, gone into hiding somewhere, I supposed, near enough to take stock of us as a mysterious party. But when two Circassians on foot—the only figures seen for three hours thereafter—appeared from nowhere on the road and came slowly towards us, I had no doubt they were the same, and Ighsan found no scruples in telling them to pass on the other side. For so you do by recognised custom in this country, if you think fit, especially after dusk, nor can the party so challenged take offence. Nor did these two. They bore off a little and went by, perhaps fifteen yards away, looking at us closely, as we did at them.

By this time the country had become green, and a hurrying stream went beside the path; for we were ascending to the pass, 4500 feet above sea-level, which here forms the watershed between the Mediterranean and the interior. This stream was hastening to the lake lying in the morning shadow of Argaeus; and in the pass began the infant Korkun, thence to follow the long valley under Ala Dagh, and presently fall into the old Sarus, now the Sihon of the Cilician plain, and so reach the Mediterranean.

At the very summit of the pass an abandoned Turkish burying-ground extends on both sides of the track—grey, lichen-covered fragments of rock planted in the earth without order, unhewn, and without inscriptions.

All Turkish burying-grounds are mournful spots; they are so utterly neglected, and express so well a nomad forgetfulness of the dead. If grass grows in these places it is coarse and rank, if brambles are anywhere they are here; seldom is there any wall or fence; nearly always the stones are mere shapeless splinters and fragments standing upright, for the upright grave-stone is the dead Moslem's sign and privilege, and permitted to no Christian. Just such a burying-ground was this at the top of the pass, but it had marks of age as well. The tough lichens covering the jagged stones seemed to be the growth of centuries. It seemed likely, indeed, that under some of these old stones might lie the bones of Moslems slain in forgotten battles, for here men would fight who sought to attack and defend the pass.

While I looked with interest at the scene and speculated on the influence this pass and route had had on the country's history, Ighsan examined the stones with care: he appeared to be looking for a stone he knew. He found it presently, and pointed out how it had been chipped by bullets. It had more than passing interest for him, as behind it, fifteen years ago, he had fought for his life. Eleven Kurds had come down the low slope from Ala Dagh and attacked him, and when he took cover under this stone, making the best fight he could, they also took cover among the graves and gradually surrounded him. It was a fight with "*tinis*" (Martinis), not revolvers, he explained. After having been sufficiently shot, he was stabbed, stripped, and left for dead, and the enemy went off with his horse and possessions.

Both the pass and the conditions of its traffic suited well the adventures of such robber men. No band of freebooters, no party of brigands, could come here without recognising the opportunities afforded for the practice of their calling. The road crossing a high saddle joining two mountain-ranges; the traffic flowing in a busy hour or two of morning and after-

noon, between times the heaven-sent stragglers; not a dwelling within miles; and on either hand a fastness of mountains traversed only by goat-tracks. Here, indeed, lawless men might pick their victims, have matters their own way in the doing, and incur little risk.

As Ighsan looked at the slope down which the Kurds had come, he seemed to be living the scene over again. He grew excited and fell to skirmishing, and then drawing his revolver aimed at more than eleven imaginary Kurds. By natural sequence he next remembered his actual scars: here were received some of those old battle marks he had shown with pride on Topuz Dagh, and, returning now to the mood of that afternoon, he displayed them all once more.

By this time the clouds had lifted and the parallel ranges of Ala Dagh and Bulgar Dagh were unveiled to view. Between them lay a deep, bare, brown valley, four or five miles in width, going away into the south indefinitely, its bottom heaving in treeless undulations, and the track winding amongst them. Overhead were great breadths of blue sky, and along the faces of the nearer mountains floated stray white clouds with peaks showing above. Here and there were expanses of sunlight, here and there of shadow. The valley must have been in sight for its whole length, for at the farther end appeared an open gap backed by a space of sapphire blue sky. Along the eastern side of this gorge stretched the splintered range of Ala Dagh, a row of peaks, ten thousand feet in height, falling to the valley bottom in a precipitous, tremendous scarp. On the western side the nearer ridges of Bulgar Dagh were less bold and of less elevation, though covered with snow; but in the distance the height increased till this range matched well its rival in boldness and stature. Ala Dagh means "Speckled Mountains," and the speckling was in red for rock, and white for snow wherever snow could lie.

The sun was still above the mountains, and making Ala Dagh a glory in white and dull red, when we left the track and turned up a glen of the Bulgar Dagh to seek quarters for the night in Bayam Dere. In the manner of Turkish villages this place hides itself from the road. After passing a turn in the glen the village appeared—a narrow street, with a stream in its midst, and little buildings on either side, and a guest-house known of old to Ighsan, at which he said we should be comfortable and find good food. A European was a visitor so rare that a small crowd accompanied us to the building, various hands helped to unload the horse and carry our gear inside, and while Ighsan took the beast to the stable two men hastily lit a fire in the room. Our arrival was an important event in the secluded life of Bayam Dere. Looking from the window a few minutes after getting in I saw a stream of people hastening up the street, all of them making for the guest-house. There was the priest coming at a brisk walk, anxious to miss nothing, behind him the *hodja* or teacher, and then followed men of various ages,—in their haste they looked like a stream of folk late for church.

With the practice gained at Enighil, Ighsan was able to do better than ever as showman, both for himself and me.

"Now," he said in a low voice as my preparations for a meal went on, "the *chelebi* (gentleman) will drink tea and eat potatoes and English meat." The information went round the room in whispers. "English meat" was a thoughtful euphemism for pork, adopted perhaps in his own interest—for I heard no references to pig, and all found so much to look at that further inquiry as to the sort of meat may have been forgotten.

The village had no bread, nothing but thin sheets of *youvhah*, indigestible, half-baked stuff that I baked afresh on a sheet of asbestos. My attempt to remedy the defects of their own staple food was watched with special interest. When it happened, as it did several

times, that a piece of *youvhah* on the stove began to smoke, a dozen voices would cry together "the bread burns!"

They had two or three keen politicians in this village, particularly the teacher, a thin-faced, dark-bearded man, with bright eyes, who would have been a Radical or Socialist in any other country. He was in favour of the new Government and against Abdul Hamid, and appeared to have a small following of fluent talkers. On behalf of the Young Turks he could only urge what they were going to do for the country; but against the old Government he found much to say both as to what it had done and what not done. The old Government, he maintained, was Abdul Hamid, the one man answerable for all trouble. Abdul Hamid had spent immense sums on himself; Abdul Hamid had given even greater sums to foreigners by way of *baksheesh*. This money should have gone to the Army and Navy, and because it had not been so used the present troubles had overtaken the country. Finally, Abdul Hamid had lost Egypt and Tripoli. The company now wished to hear what Ighsan had to say, for he seemed to be well known, and held in large respect.

Unlike the teacher, he spoke without vehemence. He began with slow scorn: he took the edge of his jacket delicately between thumb and forefinger, and shook it with a look of loathing. The action counts as the last native gesture of contempt, and is said to signify the shaking out of certain familiar vermin—as has to be done sometimes. That was what he thought of the new Government and Liberty and the rest of it. He was in favour of the old Government as the best—in favour of Abdul Hamid and Sultan Abdul Aziz, of Sultan Murad and Sultan Selim—thus comparing great sultans of the past with the present form of government. As for *baksheesh*, it had been paid by foreigners to Abdul Hamid. He wound up by shaking his jacket again.

Several young men then gave their views, supporting Ighsan, but chiefly—on personal grounds, it seemed—opposing the *hodja*, and in a short time a heated wrangle began. It ended in horse-play, during which one of the younger men clapped an empty *yoghourt* bowl on the *hodja's* head, as if to extinguish him altogether. The elders resented this disrespectful behaviour, with the result that the offenders withdrew, and the company then fell to exchanging stories of a band of brigands who roamed in these parts twenty or thirty years before. The theme had come up in the guest-room at Enighil, at Develi Kara Hissar, and at Injesu—in all this region the brigand and his merry men were heroes of the countryside.

That night Ighsan piled our luggage against the door, and so placed a large copper tray that it should fall if the door were pushed. To my comment that we were among friends he replied shortly, "Who can tell?"

The room was in blackness like midnight, when the falling tray awoke me to the certainty that some one had tried to enter, and also to Ighsan's challenge.

"*Yavash*" (Slowly), he cried. The word has many applications, some not in the sense of a caution at all; but it is also a warning that varies in meaning according to intonation and circumstances. It may be friendly advice, or it may convey that you give it as a formal challenge and will fire without more ado. Now it was both cautionary and interrogatory, and strangely full of import — friendly towards a friend, yet carrying more than a hint of action to follow if necessary. The disturber gave explanations without pushing the door farther: it was time to get up, and a hospitable man had come to make a fire and prepare food.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Southward from Bayam Dere—Pedestrian traffic—At Yelatin *Khan*—News of robbers—Expecting attack—*Zaptiehs* in search—Fundukli *Khan*—Bozanti—The Bagdad Railway—German aims—The store at Ak Keupru—The Cilician Pass—The wine-shop at Tosan Ali.

THE one small window of the guest-room being closely shuttered I breakfasted in lamplight, and then stepped out into the surprising contrast of a morning as bright and clear and exhilarating as man has ever had the blessedness to know. For winter—the 17th of December—it was the perfection of weather. Brilliant morning sunshine, the sky without a cloud, a touch of frost, and the air displaying that peculiar quality which, instead of softening distant objects, seems to make them sharp and hard, —it was good to be alive.

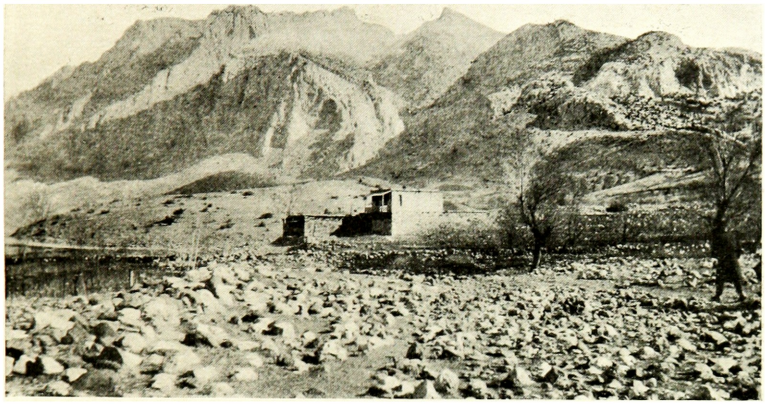
In these conditions the great serrated wall of Ala Dagh, a liquid brown below, red and white above, stood clear-cut and glistening with the sparkle of ice here and there along its edges. Although this side of the range was in shadow, every lodgment of snow upon its ledges was visible, every detail of its ice-glazed cliffs and frosty summits. From the road to the foot of its stupendous precipices seemed no more than a mile, and yet, when I looked at the intervening valley bottom, it went rolling to the mountains in many folds, and a man who appeared on one of these nearer slopes was small indeed. With ideas of distance so corrected I thought

it might be four or five miles to the mountains, but there they rose in precipices. For the whole day—for more than twenty miles—we travelled in this weather, past succeeding mountains of the same grandeur, with the Korkun always beside the road.

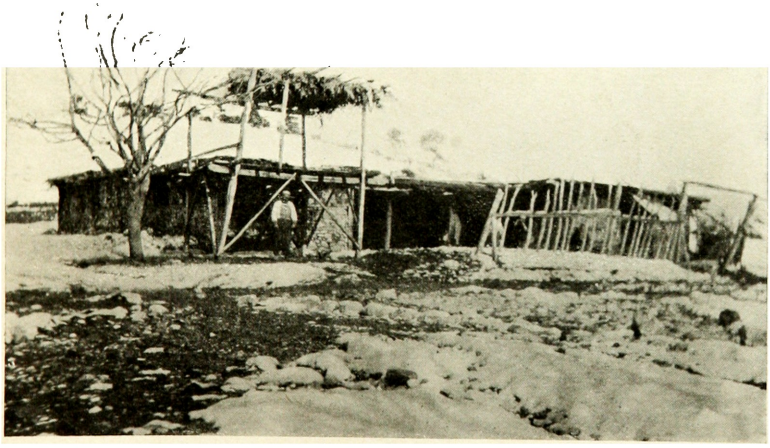
Since leaving Kavluk Tepe we had used the precautions of men who might meet robbers at any moment, and to-day we went even more warily. Every passenger upon the road was a suspect, and watched until he had gone by. He was also given room to pass, in order that by closing his distance he would have to show something of his intentions in advance. Fortunately the valley was open, and provided little cover beside the road; but wherever such cover did present itself I examined it before Ighsan and the horse came up. We fancied that, on the whole, the three Circassians did not have much chance against us.

As the forenoon wore on straggling parties of men appeared, coming from the south, each with a pack of bedding and other possessions carried on his shoulders. Every man had a steel rod, one end turned into a hook, the other sharpened to a point. By their dress Ighsan recognised some of these wayfarers as belonging to his own *memliket* or native district, and now and then stopped to ask where they were from and what they had been doing. All were labourers, discharged for the winter from the cuttings of the Bagdad Railway, going home till the spring, when they would return to their southern employment again. There were also men from the Sivas country, and even Lazis getting back to their far-off homes amid the mountains and forests of Lazistan, by the Black Sea.

Yelatin *Khan*, our evening stopping-place, stood alone, with no other habitation in sight, at a point where a great spur sprawling down from Bulgar Dagh narrowed the valley bottom almost to a gorge. The Korkun rushed noisily past in front, and behind rose one of the boldest peaks of Ala Dagh. The spot was



Yelatin *Khan.* Ala Dagh behind.



Dubekji *Khan.*

as wild and forsaken as any in the valley, and the low grey *khan*, which on one side buried itself in the hillside, looked more like a stone-walled cattle-pen than a place of warm rest and refreshment for man.

The only guest-room was a dark loft above the stable, itself partially underground and covered by a low sloping roof. In this sleeping apartment the wind howled and whistled through chinks and openings, and stirred the dust of the boarded floor into clouds and eddies. Going round this airy chamber with a candle to take stock of my quarters, I came upon a heap of rags against the wall—a man asleep, and by the crooked iron rod still in his hand one of the railway labourers. Not caring for his company during the night, I woke him, and proposed that with the equivalent of a shilling in compensation he should surrender the room and accommodate himself below. In his view the bargain was just and profitable. He closed with it as though the certain gain were his and the doubtful side of the transaction clearly mine, and withdrew as pleased as one who, dreaming of riches, awakens to find them real.

Just as this ragged fellow went out with his bundle, Ighsan came up with more than usual energy. He had news, in which he found the liveliest personal interest. The Circassians were about, and had been seen on the hillside behind the *khan* an hour earlier; they were also said to have attacked the *khan* the previous night, seeking to steal horses. It was this revelation of their purpose, that they were in search of horses, which disturbed him so greatly. They would come again to-night, of that he was sure. He turned out his ammunition with the air of a man about to defend his home, and spent half an hour in barricading the stable-door and contriving that it could be opened only from the inside, except by being driven bodily inwards. That done he barricaded the door of the loft, and looked out loopholes commanding the approaches, especially to the stable entrance. I do

not think he slept — I know that I did not, for a furious gale made uproar in the gorge all night, and whistled and shrieked in the loft, and the rushing Korkun filled in any pauses with the sound of tumbling water. But though the weather would have served well, the Circassians kept away, like the half-hearted robbers they were, who required every advantage before coming to business.

It was a black frost when we set out next morning, so hard that springs and streams on the hillside were frozen into perfectly transparent ice; but the wind had died away, there was sunlight and clear sky, and the mountains were coloured in all the delicate shades of blue and purple produced by distant snow in shadow, and glittered in a thousand points where the sun fell on ice. And by some strange incidence of light the Korkun behind us lay as deep blue pools among its boulders. The gracious foliage of trees alone was lacking to perfect the scene; one solitary *arduch*, indeed — something between a juniper and cypress — stood upright and lonely beside the river, and claimed attention as the first tree of any kind since the orchards of Develi Kara Hissar. But about noon we got among woods, first a stretch of dark juniper scattered over brown slopes, and then *arduch* and pine going up the mountain-sides.

Soon after entering this wooded region, where the Korkun left us and turning sharply east entered a deep gorge, we met three dismounted *zaptiehs* coming up the valley from the south. They explained their purpose: they were in search of the Circassians, going afoot to follow them into the mountains if necessary. Perhaps they knew their men, and having this knowledge ran no risks, but they went from us as carelessly as sportsmen setting out for a day's shooting, and might have been ambushed or captured with ease.

The valley bottom presently became broken into many steep-sided little glens and ridges covered with forest of pine and *arduch*. Through this exceed-

ingly broken woodland country, which showed neither grass nor vegetation of any kind beneath the trees, the track went with so many devious windings and steep climbings and descents that progress was slow and laborious. The horse grew exhausted and stopped repeatedly, and had to be dragged forward; we too became hot and tired, and having had little food for a couple of days were inclined to be short-tempered. Hitherto Ighsan had always drunk at stream or fountain by the wayside, and refused my boiled water, holding it in dislike; in this wood, however, he asked suddenly for drink, and I, thinking the request due to some form of perversity, bid him find a fountain instead. As one to use my own water-bottle, the state of his mouth was peculiarly unlovely, but my heart smote me the instant I had refused him. He had always been such a dignified, patient old man, with never a word of complaint how weary soever he might be. He had ever been so good-natured and faithful. I felt myself suddenly fallen below the standard at which he had rated me and at which I rated myself. I felt, too, that it lay in his power now to show himself and his standard superior to me and mine when next we should come to a test. But I was not prepared for the quick retort he made.

"Is the water English too?" he asked, implying that if so he would judge its quality by myself. His tone was delicately sarcastic, but its most subtle quality was a note of surprise.

Several times on the way from Urgub, Ighsan had referred to Fundukli *Khan* as a pleasant place where everything was to be obtained. He pictured it as in the woods, where fuel was abundant, the water sweet, the *yoghourt* and other food good. We had looked forward to reaching Fundukli *Khan;* but when we entered it at evening it fell sadly short of what, with memories of earlier and better days, he had described it to be. The old *khan*-keeper was dead, a Kurd had taken his place, and the little *khan* now

reflected the new landlord's unpleasant character. It still stood among sighing woods, with pine branches brushing the roof, and water and fuel were good and abundant, but *youvhah* took the place of bread; as for *yoghourt* and soup, one might as well have asked for ale, and the host was a churl. The accommodation, too, was of the simplest, though doubtless no worse than in the past. A windowless cell dug out of the bank was my sleeping-place, and Ighsan coiled himself away in a little hutch that in the daytime served for shop. Despite their dirt and vermin, the warm *khans* of the Bagdad road, with their plentiful food and many rooms, were fast growing into pleasant memories for me.

We now were drawing near to the immemorial Cilician highroad between the Mediterranean and the interior, and to the Bagdad Railway as well, where both traverse the Taurus mountains by the Cilician Pass. Only eight miles south from Fundukli was Bozanti, where the path by which we travelled came in on the flank of the famous highroad. And ten or twelve miles south of Bozanti was the mountain cleft known as the Cilician Gates, by which the road dropped to the Cilician plain and the Mediterranean coast.

Before going down to the sea, however, I proposed to follow the Cilician road inland from Bozanti; I wished to go along its forty miles of ravine through the Taurus to Ulu Kishla, and thence take the train to Konia.

We left Fundukli early, knowing that by sunset we should be among scenes of another kind. But chiefly we hoped for food, having been on short commons since leaving Enighil; and for two days Ighsan, who would not touch tinned meat, had been living on *youvhah* and water. It was his proposal now to leave our path and take to the Bulgar Dagh and follow a westward mountain-track known to him, by which we should save ten miles, and get bread the earlier. He soon found the byway after leaving Fundukli, a

mere goat-track that often disappeared and had to be picked up again. By it in a couple of hours we climbed high amid the scrub, and pine forest, and grey crags, and tumbled rocks of the Bulgar Dagh.

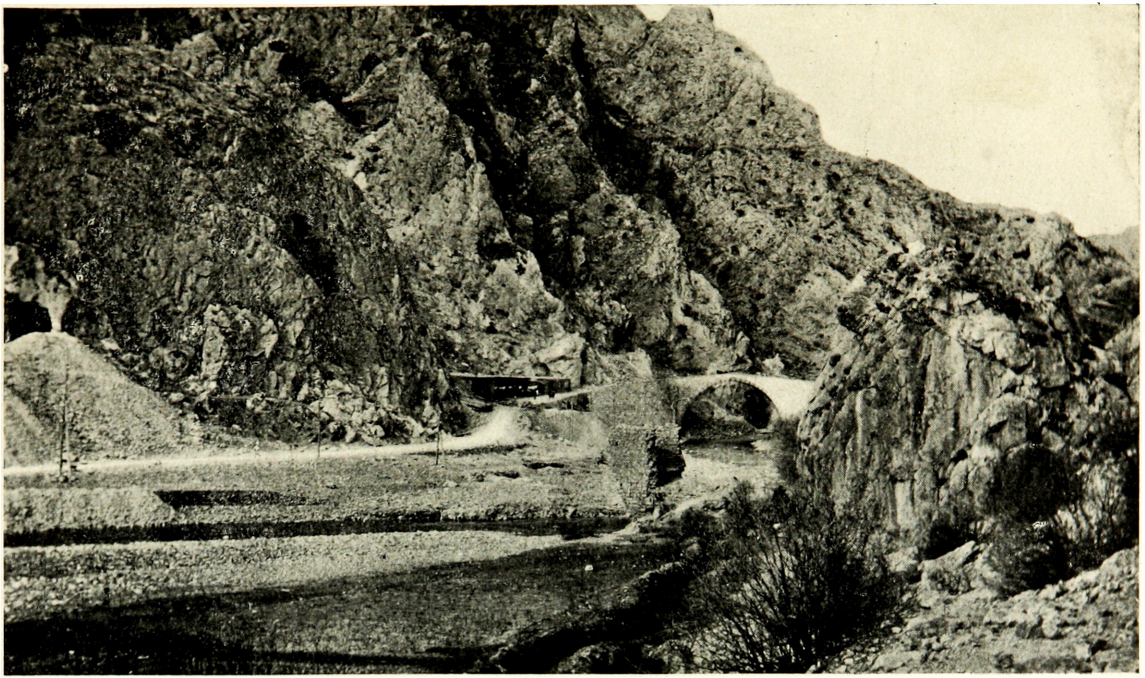
While upon this ascent the rumble of distant thunder, as it seemed to be, came again and again reverberating among the cliffs and peaks. The morning was sunny, without sign of cloud; but thunderstorms of the Taurus are said to follow laws of their own and come without warning, so the sound caused no surprise. I had heard much of the sudden storms and floods of this region, in which dry ravines become raging torrents ten feet deep, sweeping down boulders and trees, and are dry again in an hour, and I rather hoped to see one of these cloud-bursts. It appeared likely now that I might see the flood and yet avoid the wetting. But the rumbling continued, now far away, now much nearer; and still the sky remained clear and the air motionless: it even sounded like the firing of big guns. Could it be, I wondered, that the Italian fleet was bombarding a coast town?

The track at last topped the ridge, and from a great height I looked down into the gorge along which the Cilician highway runs — the highway of Cyrus and Alexander and St Paul, and many others of famous name. And then I sat under a pine-tree for half an hour taking in various matters which now had become apparent. For one thing, the thunder proved to be no thunder, but blasting in many rock-cuttings and tunnels for the Bagdad Railway. I was gazing from some 2000 feet of abrupt elevation into the heart of German railway activities in the Taurus. Immediately below me, on a piece of level ground, were German workshops arranged as a square, and near to them, also in orderly form like a model village, were barracks for workmen, office buildings, mess-rooms, cottages for engineers and overseers, and even a German hotel, as I afterwards learnt. I could see

the railway itself emerging from a tunnel. And then as I took in more, I discovered construction-trains bumping along with the jangle of couplings, engines puffing, and gangs of men labouring like ants; in all it was a sudden and unexpected glimpse into Europe. And yet it was also a view that stirred deep tribal instincts and made a tribesman of me like any. On this high spur of the Bulgar Dagh I was a British tribesman with a bird's-eye view of subtle hostile operations contrived by German tribes for the undoing of my own.

From this point of vantage, indeed, one could not help reflecting long on the purpose and origin of the railway. But chiefly one marvelled that any British person could ever regard the commercial penetration of Asia Minor as the ultimate and praiseworthy aim of this great German undertaking. One recalled, too, as a point of interest, that behind this German thrust for national gain and dominion in the East lay a strain of sentiment reaching farther than many supposed—a thin strain, perhaps, but a potent one. A friendly German remarked to me once that many reasons existed why his country should find especial interest in Asia Minor.

"It is really not so very far from the home of the Germanic peoples," he explained, taking a wide geographical view. "It is the Asiatic hinterland of united Germany, and is quite accessible. Perhaps you know that in the days of the Crusades Frederic Barbarossa, who is one of our national heroes, reached Asia Minor overland from middle Europe with a German army. It exceeded 100,000 men, and with it he fought many victorious battles after crossing the Dardanelles. At Konia he won a great victory. After Konia he continued his advance, but was drowned among the Taurus mountains, within sight of the sea. That German army of the twelfth century marched from middle Europe to Palestine, and wrote a chapter of our history in which we take great pride. Asia Minor has been an eastern



Entering Cilician Gorge at Ak Keupru.

land of romance and promise to Germans ever since."

How much this great adventure of medieval Germany, brooded upon and made glamorous during centuries, had to do with the prosaic scene of railway construction before me, who could say? But as I looked at the grey pine-dotted crags and rocks rising several thousand feet as sunlit precipices, and recalled a little of what they had beheld, and saw the German iron road usurping the ancient highway of so many memories, I felt that sentiment had at least indicated the route for German ambition to follow.

We entered the ancient highroad beside the old Arab bridge of Ak Keupru—the White Bridge—and found it a centre of many corrugated-iron huts. One long shed was a store, like nothing so much as the store in a gold-mining township. We were two hungry men when I stepped into this store, feeling that if it were a hateful excrescence it had also present advantages. A Greek shopman, cigarette in mouth, leant carelessly over the counter of rough boards to receive my order.

"Is there bread?" I asked, to which he replied, "There is." I went on to various other articles—cheese, butter, milk, jam, meat—and each question he answered contentedly with the same affirmative. "Wine?" I asked next, and for answer he indicated a cask beside him. He explained that it was wine of the country, and drew a sample—a large tumblerful—and placed it before me. It was a sweet cloudy wine, light coral-pink in colour; but a draught so refreshing I had never known, and shall always remember gratefully. Next it came out that this wonderful store sold Pilsener beer, and again, as a much deprived man, I thought there never could be better Pilsener. By this time the shopman saw a prospect of business in many things, and began to push his goods. Perceiving my nationality, and judging me by national reputation, he dropped into

English and proffered whisky, calling it "Whisky of the 'Policeman Brand,'" and got down a bottle for my inspection. It was a brand wholly unknown to me, a name curiously ominous for whisky, and I did no more than look with awe at the bottle and its blue policeman and wonder how the name came to be given. But after a little I conjectured that it must be German whisky, masquerading in the simple Orient as the healthful and prospering liquor of that famous force which upholds British law.

We came away with loaves of bread, cheese, tins of sardines and Bologna sausage, and my canteen flask filled with wine. We ate as we walked, travelling now with great contentment. Chancing to look back, I saw Ighsan with his face almost buried in a loaf of good yellow wheaten bread, at which he was tearing with his teeth, and now and then breathlessly ejaculating, "Sweet! sweet!" We were more in want of food than we had supposed, Ighsan especially, although as a native he might have been expected to make better shift on *youvhah*. By all the theories of vegetarians this wholemeal pancake should have been adequate food in itself. With no ill-will, however, I wish that such a dietetist could have demonstrated his theory daily beside us all the way from Develi Kara Hissar—for it was there we saw the last of bread in the form of loaves. He should have had as much *youvhah* and water as he called for, and as much milk and eggs and cheese as he could find. And if at the end he were not faint, not drawn in face, not short-tempered, and not ravenous for other food and drink, the correctness of his theories would have been established as never before.

It must have been about noon when we left Ak Keupru and turned westward along the famous gorge. For the rest of the day we followed the ancient road between cliffs and crags and lofty mountains, with the railway and the brawling Chakia keeping us company in the narrow space. The road was excellent—a long scarcely perceptible ascent towards the interior except

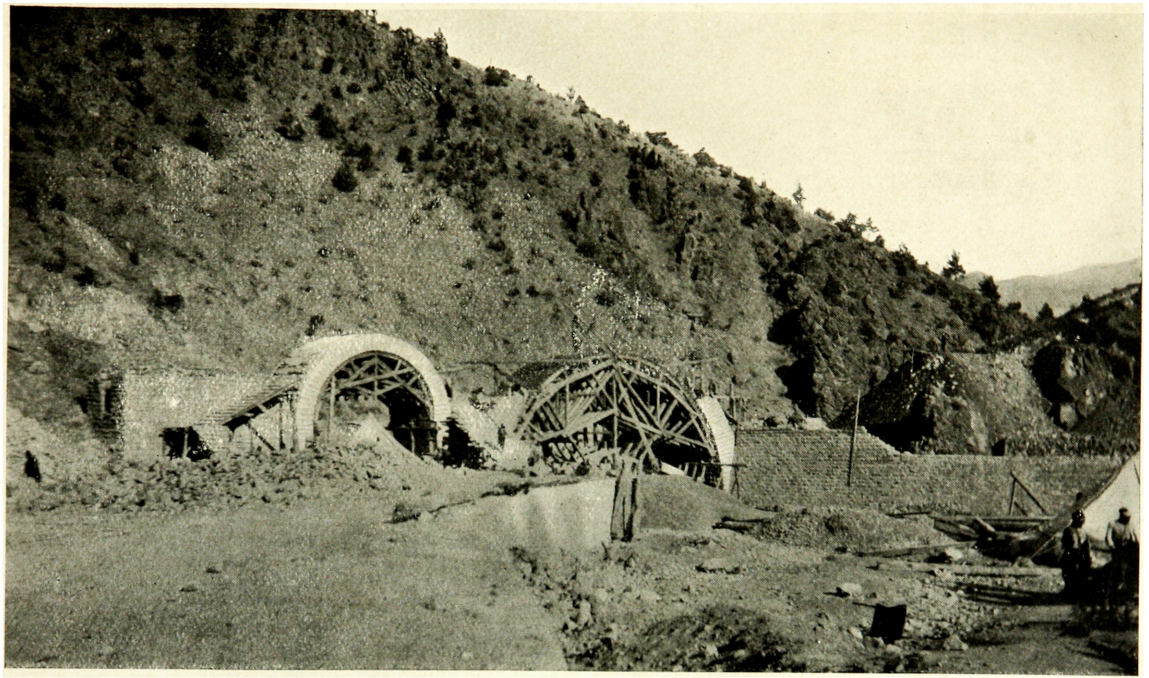
at Chifte guard-house, where it took to the mountain-side and climbed steeply by zigzags for five or six hundred feet from one level stretch to another. Many caravans and waggons were coming from the west, and now and then an *araba* rattling down the gentle incline. The road went in sunlight and shadow round the spurs with a white film of dust from traffic always above it in the distance. Here and there the higher mountain-peaks showed snow, which lay in wreaths along the shelves of precipices; but grey rock and crag and steep brown slopes, treeless save for scattered pines and a Lebanon cedar or two, were the main characteristics of the gorge. As afternoon wore on and the sun became low and the air frosty, peaks and snow were coloured in pink and blue and purple, or faded to a ghostly white. Sunshine and shadow lay side by side upon the heights, and the pines grew black. On this winter evening the Cilician Pass had its own distinctive character; but more than anything else it seemed to retain a consciousness of its past.

One may well believe that no highway in the world is so old or so crowded with historic memories as that which goes through the Cilician Pass. Since the earliest days of history it has been the easiest and most direct land route between Constantinople and the south-east, and, in a wider sense, between East and West. North of this pass the Taurus and Ala Dagh combine to bar any such passage until the foot of Argaeus is reached. In the south-west, indeed, are two other passes across the barrier of Taurus—Dumbelik, west of Mersina, and Jambozlu, above Selefke—but neither has the directness and easy approaches and gradients of the Cilician Pass. So it came about that this has been the one chief way between east and west and north and south for these regions of Asia Minor. Doubtless it was used before the dawn of history—Hittites, for one, must have sent their armies through it—and since then has known the armies of nearly every race and Power which has appeared in this, the

most frequented cock-pit of the world. It has seen Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Crusaders, Egyptians, and many others of less fame; for armies it was the one south-eastern gate into or from the great interior fastness of Asia Minor. In effect, an army came or went this way or not at all.

And now the pass has asserted its importance again, and the Bagdad Railway, having been drawn to the south, follows the defile as the one natural and inevitable route between west and south-east. One could wish that the railway had found another route, for it has wrought havoc along this hitherto unchanging historic road. Ravines were choked with slopes of debris shot from tunnels and rock-cuttings; streams were dammed and diverted in the same heedless fashion; naked embankments stretched like walls down the valley; and in every sheltered nook were the tents and litter—the rags, straw, and empty tins of labourers' camps. And for sound, as portent of all this desecration, were the puffing and clanking and bumping of construction engines and trucks, and the thunder of blasting far and near. Such treatment, at German hands, has overtaken the highway of Cyrus and Alexander and Haroun el Rashid.

At a point not far from Chifte *Khan* the railway line passed from the northern side of the ravine to the southern, crossing the road and river by heavy bridges. These were being built, and for some time I stood and watched the German foremen at work. Whenever you see German overseers in Asia Minor they always create a strong impression of efficiency—of almost unnecessary efficiency, for they appear equal to much higher work than any they are upon. They are always busy, always in sight, always ready to answer a question with precision, and never seem at a loss with any problem. Perhaps they are picked men—you hope that they are—for their capability is impressive. But behind it all is something else, something more subtle than industry and



Bagdad Railway Works in the Cilician Gorge.

skill in their calling. Noting it in a few isolated individuals, you would be at a loss to name this curious quality of which your instincts rather than your senses become conscious; discovering it in many Germans in the country, however, you are able to perceive what it really is. It amounts, in fact, to a national consciousness; to a habit of mind, if you like, which looks beyond each man's present individual interests to the benefit of his country as the great indirect aim. They are, indeed, tribesmen in every sense, German tribesmen, who instinctively feel that personal gain and tribal gain go together and are inseparable. Having this instinct they are not individualists, but each man counts himself a representative of the great German community in middle Europe. To further the interests of that community is part of each man's purpose; for each man sees his own future and that of his children depending upon the future of the State.

From Ak Keupru to Ulu Kishla is more than thirty miles, so as evening came on we halted for the night at the midway village of Tosan Ali. It stands where the gorge has lost its rocky grandeur and begins to assume the nature of a deep valley between brown mountains. At this time the village was railhead of the Bagdad Railway. A train of passenger-coaches was standing in the station when we arrived; but proved to be an experimental train, and Ulu Kishla was still the first station for traffic. The only accommodation to be found in Tosan Ali was a Greek wine-shop whose proprietor's ideas were inflated by the profits he had made and was still making. A long narrow room served as bar and café combined; seven feet of its length was screened off by a partition head high, and this compartment I managed with difficulty to hire for the night. At dark the café filled with a roaring crowd of Greek and Italian workmen engaged on the railway. Standing up I could look over the partition and see Neapolitans and Sicilians at their

light wines, native and European Greeks at *mastica*, and all of them at cards. They were not late drinkers, however, and I slept well enough among the sacks of potatoes and garlic and tins of kerosene which crowded the floor.

But when it came to payment in the morning a serious difference arose between the host and myself. His demand was that I should pay for four beds; but for me he would have filled four beds in the room, he said—which I had good reason for disbelieving. To strengthen his claim he alleged that I had consumed his potatoes and garlic. He was a Greek and therefore an opportunist, and I did well to get off with paying only four shillings for room space and cold water.

My dispute with the fellow, however, was mild compared with Ighsan's. He had been grossly overcharged for horse feed, and now all the conscious dominance of Moslem and Turk flamed up in an explosion of wrath which transformed him. He literally foamed at the mouth. He was not to be robbed by any "*Rum*" on earth. Boiling with rage he took his startled opponent by the beard, and vigorously sawed the edge of a hand across his throat in illustration of what should be done with a knife. Even when we reached Ulu Kishla in the afternoon, Ighsan had not recovered his equanimity. A good-looking serving-lad of the *khan* stood leaning casually against the wall, apparently expecting him to carry my luggage upstairs. With scorn Ighsan inquired his country.

"Selefke," returned the youth pertly, still not offering to stir. With that the old man flung the loaded *habe* across the lad's shoulder and led him by the ear to the staircase, and saw to it that he did his duty from first to last.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ulu Kishla—"German castles"—On the Great Plain—Rail to Konia—Shepherds—The runners at Karaman—Hotel de la Gare at Konia—Konia a Seljuk capital—Iconium of St Paul—Moslem colleges—Konia as future Ottoman capital—Return to Ulu Kishla—A blizzard—Snowed up.

ULU KISHLA is a mud-built village with an old stone *khan*, various modern *khans*, and a new stone-built railway station, and stands among the bare inland spurs of the Taurus where the widening defile has opened to a valley. Here I left Ighsan with his horse and most of the gear to await my return from Konia. He was to rest, to smoke and sleep and drink coffee in the village café, and gossip with the old men; and then, in a week's time, we would retrace our steps to Ak Keupru, and thence, at last, go down through the Cilician Gates to the Mediterranean coast and other wanderings.

The train for Konia left before seven in the morning, and the time-table gave it something like ten hours to cover the hundred and fifty miles to that city. The day was fine and bright, the carriage excellent, and the company interesting—or I judged would prove so—for two elderly, benevolent-looking Turkish officers, resplendent in gold-lace on khaki, shared the compartment with me. Wandering afoot was very fine, but so also, I thought, was this change into a luxurious railway carriage. And at Konia was said to be the best hotel in inland Asia Minor. That, too, had

attractions, for like all men who have been on short commons, my mind ran much upon the meals I would eat on returning to civilisation.

At Eregli you are clear of the mountains and have entered upon the Axylon, the great interior plain of Anatolia. Here the road from Kaisariyeh and Sivas meets the railway and also the ancient route through the Cilician Pass. At Eregli, therefore, were many waiting *arabas* with clamorous drivers, hopeful of passengers from the south intending for Kaisariyeh and the central districts of Asia Minor. Here, also, troops were falling-in to begin their north-easterly march through Nigdeh, the opening of the Bagdad Railway having made this the quickest and easiest route for getting to Kaisariyeh from Constantinople. The railway has even made this route a good one for reaching Sivas. In point of distance there is little to choose between the road from Angora to Sivas and from Eregli to Sivas through Kaisariyeh.

Beyond Eregli the train went upon a sun-dried treeless country, broken by occasional low humps of hill rising from the plain like islands. Here and there were flocks, each with its shepherd standing motionless in his embroidered white felt cloak, which he wears indifferently against cold and rain and heat, counting it a sort of tent. Snow-covered mountains enclosed the view on all sides except the north-west. Among them I recognised several acquaintances of mine, already familiar, though never seen until two weeks before. Such were the cones of Hassan Dagh, and the long jagged teeth of Ala Dagh showing in the east above the lower Bulgar Dagh like a row of glistening icebergs. And in the south, perfectly recognisable in outline, the same even, snow-topped wall of Taurus that I had seen from the pass of Topuz Dagh as a level white cloud in the farthest south-west. My standpoint had been removed a hundred and twenty miles or more, yet these great natural features were still the chief landmarks.

Amid these scenes the train rolled slowly, making

long stops at stations, picking up groups of recruits and peasants, and now and then a long-booted German official. Any one seeing these stations, all on the German model, would recognise how aptly they and their vague impression of control had been hit off by Ighsan. On reaching Ulu Kishla he had remarked sourly—

"Here is another German castle."

As a matter of fact all of these stations are massive structures, built on a scale indicating unlimited faith in the future. Although nominally a railway built as a speculation by private foreign enterprise, it had every characteristic of State construction; of outlay not having been considered; of everything being heavier and larger and stronger, not only than seemed necessary here, but than you had seen in any similar railway elsewhere. Those who really called the tune took long views, believing they had in hand the creation of a great national reversion.

At Karaman, a considerable town and once an Osmanli capital, the railway station is placed several miles away; for as a matter of considered policy all stations on this railway are kept at a distance from the towns they serve, thus ensuring that the town shall spread to railway-owned land. So also—the shrewd surmise of possible rioters with critical eye—is provided a clear field for rifle fire, that in the event of popular disturbance the mob may be kept at arm's-length.

At Karaman several shepherds were on the platform, each wearing his cloak of thick white felt: you could almost think the wearers had come here to display their finery, they stood in such a careful row. As the stiff cloaks are about five feet across the shoulder, and make a triangle of which the acute point is at the feet, these figures in white, enriched with green and yellow and red embroidery, became so many odd inverted pyramids each with a dark head atop.

After long waiting at this station, a little cloud

of dust appeared far away on the hot road from Karaman, and in a little while resolved itself into a group of running figures. By this time the warning-bell had rung, and the train was ready to start; the runners, one thought, were sure to be left behind. They were now fairly in sight, not more than a mile off, running at a slow trot like men with a long distance to go, but also like men with the fixed determination to arrive. Their situation at once enlisted the interest of all native passengers; windows filled with heads, doors were opened and sympathisers stepped out to get a better view; the obvious wish was that the train should wait. At this moment the engine whistled again and started, and with a scramble and rush passengers regained their places, but still found absorbing interest in the runners. Men shouted from carriages, others waved their arms, and the two officers in my compartment, who had become as interested as any, now grew mildly indignant. Men who had run from Karaman were to be left behind, and for what? Because the train would not wait ten minutes. To a population not yet accustomed to trains here was the intolerable bondage of punctuality made visible, a load laid gratuitously upon honest men's shoulders. Prompted by such ideas, the passengers made their sentiments known so insistently that the train was stopped, and waited for the men from Karaman—giving them, however, a blast or two on the whistle to quicken their speed. But they took the signal in another sense; they were hot and blown, and seeing what happened dropped into an easy walk, and arrived at their own pace.

Between Karaman and Konia the line passed through a district where extensive irrigation works were in progress. Water was being brought from one of the mountain lakes in the south—Soghla, I think it was said, or it may have been Beyshehr. The country was cut up by water-races and reservoirs, by means of which 100,000 acres were to be irrigated

and made fertile, for it is all a question of water. The plain, called on some maps the Salt Desert, is really fertile for the larger portion of its area, and will grow anything with water. And water can be brought to it from the highland lakes, forty or fifty miles away—where is Beyshehr, for one, with a surface of 300 square miles—but the work involves considerable outlay. The scheme in progress—a beginning to show what might be done—was of course in German hands, with the Deutsche Bank as enterprising and hopeful provider of capital.

On arriving at Konia station one finds the surroundings unexpectedly European, for the old city is some distance away, and buildings which have sprung up near the railway are in the European style. There is a large Hotel de la Gare in well-kept grounds, and towards the city runs a wide, straight, tree-lined road along which trams come and go. But these appearances are so much veneer. At the other end of the avenue is Konia, a Turkish city in every sense, mean and depressing though once a capital, and perhaps destined to be a capital again.

At the Hotel de la Gare I found their charges adjustable to circumstances, seeking to ensure, if not a profit, at least the avoidance of loss on any individual guest. In this spirit the alarmed management informed me, after one experience of my morning appetite, that I had already consumed all the milk in the hotel, as well as several breakfasts at the one sitting, and at this rate must be charged double for meals. In the end, however, we arrived at a friendly compromise, by which the charge for breakfast was doubled, but for other meals was to remain unchanged.

Konia stands on the Great Plain, more than 3000 feet above sea-level. Low hills rise a few miles away in the north and east, and the snow-covered Taurus appear in the south, but the city has no charm of situation. Summer is said to be fiercely hot, and the rainfall deficient; winter, however, seldom brings deep snow and temperatures below zero such

as more easterly parts of the country see regularly. The Russian weather spends itself before arriving here, for this region is getting on towards the Ægean and has more of Mediterranean than Black Sea winds.

The population of an Ottoman city or town is always a matter of conjecture, as a census is never taken, or if taken the figures are never made known. Konia, for instance, looks a very much smaller city than Kaisariyeh, which is believed to contain upwards of 60,000 inhabitants, yet for Konia a population two-thirds as great is sometimes claimed. It is the seat of various Moslem theological colleges attended by thousands of students, a class which increases the population without making much show in dwellings. In some quarters these lads seem to fill the streets and look from every window you pass. Finding special advantage or reputation in studying at Konia, they come and are content to live closely packed and cheaply, and perform their own domestic work.

Konia was Iconium, an ancient and important city, when St Paul there fell in with Timothy, but shows little now of such antiquity beyond fragments and chance inscriptions. It does, however, like all other cities occupied by Seljuk Turks, contain fine buildings of their erecting; for they were great builders,—since Greek and Roman times the only ones in this country whose work shows any trace of native worth and distinctive character. Konia was a favourite capital of the Seljuks, and the city walls, now much ruined, but of great extent and adorned with fine characteristic gateways, were built during that time of prosperity; here, too, is a ruined palace of the Seljuk sultans. Mosques and tombs of the period are numerous, and some are in better preservation than might be expected. But an inexpressible shabbiness is over them—that distinctive and peculiar shabbiness, the unfailing sign of Turkish rule and a Turkish population, which at bottom is due to the ineradicable nomad instinct for makeshift and impermanence. Some places show it in less degree

than others, but wherever it is least, you find that Greeks or Armenians form a large proportion of the inhabitants.

Turkish Moslems still have a strong sentimental regard for Konia, as being closely connected with the earlier history of Osmanli conquest and the rising tide of Osmanli dominion. One of the Turkish Sultan's titles of honour is "Grand Chelibi of Konia." The city may, indeed, become an Osmanli capital again, for Moslem thoughts turn to it as a place suitable for the purpose, whenever Constantinople seems to be in danger. It is remote and inaccessible from the sea, that highway of infidel influence and power; at Konia they think they may find peace and relief from European pressure, and be able to live and govern in their own stagnant fashion. But what a change such a transfer will be for those accustomed to *caicques* upon the Bosphorus on moonlit summer nights, to Bosphorus palaces, to houses at delicious summer islands in the Sea of Marmora! For them the removal to Konia will be a going forth into frightful and almost unthinkable wilds. Many of them, one supposes, will prefer to stand by their pleasant places in Constantinople, whatever rulers that city may be fated to see.

After a week spent in Konia I took train for Ulu Kishla again, carrying with me fresh stores, and comfortable in the knowledge that if snowed up anywhere I should be well provisioned. A snowstorm came on at Karaman, and increased to a violent blizzard by the time Eregli was reached. The thirty miles of steady ascent thence to Ulu Kishla took four hours, in spite of two powerful engines, and more than once the train was almost brought to a standstill by snowdrifts. But at dark, and long overdue, we at last drew into the terminus, amid a whirling of powdery snow so fine and close that station buildings and lamps were invisible from the carriage. Ighsan was on the platform, and falling now into his earlier manner, kissed hands and cried for pleasure, though

the situation was hardly one for sentiment. The *khan* was only two hundred yards away, yet to reach it was the difficulty; for whirling snow was so dense and bewildering that little could be seen, and all sense of direction was lost. In darkness, with the wind down the valley unbelievably violent, and making so much uproar, the scene produced a sensation of awe; there was a vague feeling of disaster impending—that fierce and unfamiliar spirits were abroad to-night, with something of devilry still in reserve.

Leaning forward against the storm we left the station, wading, as it were, against a torrent of wind. We plunged into loose snow-drifts piled six feet deep under the lee of unseen buildings. Struggling free of these we shot suddenly into clean wind-blown spaces. Only by the loudest shouting could a voice make itself heard a few yards away. Presently Ighsan fell, fairly blown over, as he staggered under his load: I faintly heard his shout for help, "*Ghel! ghel!*" (Come! come!), addressed to two other battling men beside him, and then he and they were blotted out. Such cloudy darkness, such dense icy dust, such a roaring incredible wind might attend the downfall of a mountain. The *geomej* on Lale Bel, I thought, might be something like this.

At last I found the *khan*, and dropping my load there went back for Ighsan; but he had been set afoot again and I met him on the way, staggering and plunging against the storm like a drunkard, but with everything safe that he carried.

Many Turkish troops had come by train, and had to find accommodation somewhere in the village; so for a couple of hours the *khan* was thronged with men to whom billets were yet to be allotted, and who, now and then, were led out into the storm in groups by a guide. When all were distributed the *khan* was still crowded, and in this way it came about that I had to share the room reserved for me with two Turkish officers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Turkish officers at Ulu Kishla—Turkish officers and men—Loulon Castle —"The Bulwark of Tarsus"—The Bagdad Railway again—The wine-shop at Tahkta Keupru—Snowed up once more—"Sportmen" arrive—A struggle—Circassian bilkers—A highwayman—A night alarm—Arrival at Dubekji *Khan*.

THE Turkish officers with whom I shared my room at Ulu Kishla were a slightly-built, grizzled major in khaki, and a younger naval officer in blue and gold. This man was of uncertain rank and un-naval appearance judged by any standards familiar to me. He was short and stout and dark, had black moustachios, and arrived from the train in red slippers notwithstanding the snow.

In the close quarters of a room, little more than twelve feet square, we were not long in coming to some degree of familiarity. We exchanged cigarettes, drink, and food, and after I had ordered a *mangal* (a brazier of live charcoal), the officers insisted that two more should be ordered by them when needed; but beyond these slight courtesies we made no headway for twenty-four hours. Constraint amounting to awkwardness was upon my companions, who lay silent on their beds or speaking to each other in low voices. I knew the cause, but could take no step to set them more at ease. Like all Turkish officers at this time, they felt themselves dishonoured by the course of the Italian War, and to be confined in close quarters with a foreigner who might be unsympathetic

and critical was a situation they would have liked to avoid.

An example of their difficulties occurred within an hour of our arrival. In accordance with Turkish custom the private soldier who brought in their food kicked off his shoes at the door. He entered the room with feet sticking out of filthy dilapidated army socks, which left a wet patch after each step. With his new khaki uniform and bright accoutrements and well-set-up soldierly figure, he made an appearance creditable to his country except for this unfortunate revelation of hidden deficiencies. I caught sight of his feet unavoidably as he entered, and thereafter looked steadily at his head; but the major saw through my pretence, I think, for he followed the man out of the room. Whenever the soldier servant appeared subsequently he was wearing clean socks, not of the rough army sort, which I more than suspected belonged to his master.

In spite of his evident depression and odd appearance, exaggerated by the tight sword-belt round an exceedingly corpulent figure, the naval officer had a breezy manner belonging to the sea. He spoke vigorously sometimes, he even laughed, and presently I gathered that he could at least swear in English. He dropped his restraint completely the next evening, when the major was out of the room, and plunged suddenly into the subject of the War. He was on his way to a Syrian port, he said, to take up the position of Port-captain, and because of the Italian blockade had been forced to travel by land. The ice now broken, he spoke with great bitterness of the disasters and humiliation which had overtaken his country. The Ottoman Government, he asserted, had been cunningly deceived while the project for seizing Tripoli was being matured. It had been deluded by lying Italian words, it had been mesmerised by the same agency; he was sure that the Turkish garrison in Tripoli had been reduced before the war as the result of Italian gold. He knew

how the reduction of garrison had come about, and could guess without much difficulty where Italian money had gone.

On two points especially he raged. Firstly, that the reorganised Turkish Army—better than which, when the work of reorganisation should be complete, would not exist — was unable to do more than look on. That was the outcome of naval neglect which had been going on for forty years. At one time the Turkish fleet had been the greatest in the Mediterranean, now it was forced to remain anchored in shelter while the State was being dismembered by an upstart enemy.

His other chief source of exasperation was that the aggression should have come from Italy—it might as well, for its indignity, have come from Greece. Would that Tripoli had been seized rather by England or France or Germany. That would have been a great disaster, but have carried less dishonour to the Turkish Empire, and might have been borne though never forgotten. But Italy! Fifty years ago there was no Italy. She was an upstart State living on the great name of Rome, and making her way by cunning instead of strength.

The major returned while this fierce denunciation was in progress and sat quiet, a sad-looking fatalistic man to whom even words now seemed wasted effort. But when the speaker, again warming to his subject, shouted that if there had been 40,000 Turkish regulars —no, even 30,000—the Italian invasion would never have been attempted, the major quietly interposed "Twenty thousand," like one speaking with professional authority. The naval officer's hope was that the Italians might be tempted to try their fortune in Anatolia or Syria—if only they would throw a large force ashore at Smyrna or Adalia! Then would come the opportunity of the Turkish Army, and the disgrace of Tripoli would be removed. Of such good fortune, however, the major sadly saw no prospect.

The major was a man much older than the other,

one in whom the numbing effects of "It is written" had gradually destroyed the natural faculty for hope. He had lived too long and seen too much, all tending the same way, to expect any such change in Turkish destiny as would be indicated by the winning of a great battle against troops of a first-class European Power. I felt sure that at heart he had lost all faith in his country, despite Young Turks, and Union and Progress, and other outward signs of better things: for him remained only to be a staunch Moslem and patriot of a dying Empire. Even in the company of a foreigner he could not affect an air of hope, nor a nonchalance he did not feel.

No one, I think, who has seen Turkish officers and men, can avoid the conviction that, as a class, the officers are unworthy of the men they lead, and incapable of getting from them all that is to be given. Turkish officers are said to be quick at languages, good at mathematics, and ready enough in acquiring the theory of their profession. Their native courage, too, is beyond question, and has been supplemented and confirmed by the fatalism of their creed, although thereby, perhaps, losing in active quality. But when they have to pass from routine and theory to execution in unfamiliar situations, they show a lack of power, a want of grasp and drive and decision, which would be the undoing of any army. They are more capable of sacrificing themselves in the confusion of disaster than of living and organising their military affairs into a shape that would produce success.

Nearly always, too, one is conscious of a curious "silkiness" in Turkish officers. At first the characteristic seems to border on and be part of a natural courtesy and gentleness, but you soon find that it is something more, something outside these qualities. It comes from mind and body having no hardness, and that is the result of deficient physical energy. There may be physical energy in reserve, but it does not reveal itself by that insistent impulse to severe effort

which produces hardness of body and mind. The average officer is a man of sedentary tastes, who would rather spend his leisure in a café, smoking and drinking coffee and gossiping with acquaintances, than in undertaking any sort of exertion. He has undeveloped sporting instincts, but no sports of his own, nor has he yet adopted British sports. Therefore you seldom see a Turkish officer who can be called hard and muscular and powerful in build; more often he is on the small side, fleshy and sleekly-rounded when young, and passes to stoutness with years. The exceptions generally prove to be Albanians or Circassians, or men who have risen from the ranks.

The men, on the other hand, have physical and mental characteristics of another sort altogether. They are lean and wiry, not big, nor even so big as they seem at first, owing to their fondness for under-garments, and more intelligent as soldiers than many people suppose. As peasants they have worked hard, gone generally afoot, and lived on fare which, if coarse, is also plentiful. In consequence they are enduring men, capable of long marches, satisfied with simple food, and their faces show a quality of hardness in striking contrast with those of their officers. Another soldierly excellence, too, they have in high degree: they are without nerves, and yet possess a certain alertness and aptitude for war, combined with a stubborn spirit.

It is the fashion just now to say that they have always proved themselves better behind earthworks than in the attack. It may be the truth. But the failing, one thinks, does not lie with the men. It lies in the training and leading, in the want of confidence in their officers; it is a defect altogether attributable to the Turkish officer class. Turkish troops trained and led by British officers, or others like them, would be troops of another sort, wanting nothing in dash, and nothing in stubbornness.

On the third day of our imprisonment at Ulu Kishla a thaw began, and the following morning the

road was clear enough for travelling, though deep in slush. The troops fell in and marched away, but the officers went in *arabas*, among them the major and naval officer, riding together. The port-captain had doubts as to what he should wear in this condition of road, and at last hit upon a compromise. He got into a pair of grey tweed trousers, gold-braided uniform frock-coat with belt and sword, and for footwear kept to his scarlet slippers.

The troops started early; we let them go an hour to beat a way for us, then we followed in their track. For a while it was like paddling in a stream of half-melted snow, though presently the rise and fall of road made things better underfoot. Heavy clouds were rolling up the gorge from the south-east with the movement of slowly turning balls. Sometimes they parted a little and showed the mountains covered with snow except where the main crest of the Taurus appeared seven or eight miles away in the south. That huge naked ridge showed as a gloomy precipice of grey rock, feathered here and there snow on the ledges, and had all the grandeur, too, proper to its real height. It was no moderate mountain enhanced by its surroundings and aping the stature and majesty of its betters; it was the main ridge, claiming some nine or ten thousand feet of elevation, with an almost sheer fall on this northern side, and backed the intervening white hills like a wall.

A few miles from Ulu Kishla I made out now what I had looked for and failed to see when coming in the opposite direction—the ancient Castle of Loulon, on the northern side of the gorge. It stood on a 1500-feet ridge a couple of miles off the road. I had passed it for rocks when the slopes were brown; but now it showed black upon the snow, a Castle Dolorous for any knight a-riding on adventure; in old days a great fortress of the Byzantines against Arabs of the coast, for it closed the inland end of the pass. In those times here began the borderland of Cross and Crescent; and between Loulon and the Cilician

Gates, fifty miles away, was the road of raid and counter-raid and battle. From the high ridge of Loulon the signal-fires announcing Arab raid or invasion set out along the chain of fortresses and were seen at last across the Bosphorus. Round about this castle, or its forerunners on the same site, eddied the armies of Haroun el Rashid and the Emperor Nicephorus I., the same Nicephorus who made a treaty with Charlemagne at Aix la Chapelle in the year 803; and hither came Nicephorus to oppose this Khalif of the Arabian Nights, and to pay him tribute after failure in arms. Hereabouts East met West as hostile Moslem and Christian, perhaps more often and with more varying fortune than they met anywhere else. And yet how little we know of all those centuries of fighting and intriguing, of success and disappointment! This pass, these inland and seaward slopes of the Taurus, have seen enough stirring work to fill volumes, but they possess no legends, do not figure in story and song, and of the events themselves only a few bald details survive. And those who fought have fared as ill: except the Khalif Haroun el Rashid who lives in the Arabian Tales, the others are little more than empty names.

At noon the sun came out, snow vanished from the road, and travelling became pleasant. By the time we reached the gorge above Chifte *Khan*, where the road drops five or six hundred feet by zigzags, the sky was hard and clear, the air still, and frost had set in. At this point the Chakia descends by waterfalls in a deep narrow ravine, where a considerable tunnel for the railway was in progress. All the railway work appeared to be in solid rock in this section, and blasting was going on with impressive energy. Great blocks of stone were being hurled into air; from each mouth of the tunnel trucks appeared continually and tipped fragments into the torrent; the mountain was being disembowelled for the railway from Berlin to the Persian Gulf; and again this furious activity and sound seemed charged with hostility to my

own country. And then the mind reviewing this scheme saw plotters in Berlin, saw von Bieberstein as astute arch-plotter in Constantinople, and these working parties as the myrmidons of Germany. If I could have found the whole company together here, and started the mountain sliding down upon them, I am not sure that I should not have set it going.

It was now fine weather for travelling, and the scenery very noble and bold, and to make the most of both I stretched our stage. Instead of halting at Chifte *Khan* we went on another seven or eight miles to Tahkta Keupru. Here was a place of accommodation—something between a *khan*, a *kahveh*, and a wine-shop,—but chiefly a wine-shop, an establishment for Infidel and Faithful alike, though kept by a Moslem known to Ighsan. Here, he said, we should be better treated than we were by the Greek at Tosan Ali. We reached the place when the valley was filled with a bluish gloom, though overhead the peaks were glowing with sunset light.

Tahkta Keupru *Khan* exhibited the sudden change in native ideas and customs brought about wherever a railway is introduced. The building was a corrugated-iron hut, about twenty feet by thirty, erected to supersede the little dry-stone *khan* of earlier days, which still remained on the opposite side of the road as stable. It sought to cater for men of a dozen different nationalities. It sold coffee and tea in small glasses, and its Moslem proprietor saw no evil in providing *mastica* (the favourite liquor of Greeks), beer, wine, and *rakki* (native brandy), for the benefit of Christians. From the secrecy of a small hidden bar or kitchen almost everything was forthcoming, from Bologna sausage to apples or oranges. A sheet-iron stove, its side red-hot, stood in the midst of the room. A stuffed bear of the Black Sea coast was against the wall, and, on a perch, a great vulture, which I took for stuffed also till it solemnly turned its head. The *khan*-keeper was a stout, placid Turk

with beard turning grey, a man who took things easily; but he was assisted by his nephew, a tall young fellow, whose inches and demeanour spoke of objectionable customers to be thrown out sometimes. A boarded divan extended along both sides of the room, and on one side a staging was formed five or six feet above the divan. By these means, lying side by side upon the divans and staging, something like thirty men could find sleeping space.

We were eight in the room, and slept as near the red-hot stove as the divans made possible. In the morning heavy rain was falling and the weather impossible for travelling; in the forenoon it turned to another furious blizzard which brought powdery snow through every chink and crevice in roof and walls. All day long men of various nationalities arrived: a Turkish telegraph-repairer and his mate who had been mending lines broken in the previous storm, six dagger-wearing Circassians, Turkish and Kurdish carters, a *zaptieh* who presently went out again, and a wandering dervish with his battle-axe. And then, in the afternoon, came parties of Greeks and Armenians, whose occupation and present circumstances I found hard to decide. They wore strange-looking knickerbockers, sometimes with stockings, sometimes with soft leather gaiters; they had European jackets, and cloth caps with enormous peaks like French jockeys; and all carried guns and revolvers, and leather bags slung over their shoulders. All were wet to the skin and half-perished with cold.

The mystery of who and what they were was partially cleared up when I heard the word "Sportman" used familiarly by a Greek. I heard later that they belonged to Bulgar Maden, a small town in a gorge of the Taurus only a few miles away, where are the richest silver mines in Asia Minor. After the last heavy snow these sportsmen had gone out on the mountains for deer and other game, and being caught in the present storm had turned to Tahkta Keupru as the nearest shelter.

As the afternoon wore on, other men came in and the room became unpleasantly crowded; and now the *khan*-keeper, easy-going and careless though he might be, began to scent difficulties and take precautions. In a loud voice he announced that the charge for the day's shelter would be five piastres (nearly a shilling), to be paid forthwith. These were stiff terms, and silence came over our chattering company. The "Sportmen" paid and retained their seats round the stove, and having paid seemed to feel more at home, and entitled to monopolise the best places. When the barman approached the Circassians, however, they put him off—they were going presently and would pay then, meanwhile they would have more tea, this time with lemon. Circassians ranked as different folk to Greeks and Armenians—they were Moslems, they belonged to a clan, a body which all *khan*-keepers would rather have as friends than enemies; and besides, there was the Circassian reputation, and these customers were much-armed men. Their eighteen-inch Erzerûm daggers carried prestige even in a company where every man wore firearms and was not backward in the use of them. So the barman's instincts prompted him to supply the tea required rather than to press for payment at this time.

Half an hour later the Circassians rose to go, and one of them, who seemed to be their leader, approached the *khan*-keeper and placed something in his expectant hand. A ten-piastre piece, I thought, thus securing a large abatement for the party. But in the landlord's open hand lay not a substantial silver coin but merely a small orange, one of those little oranges plentiful on the Mediterranean coast as apples in England. Again silence fell in the room, this time the silence of anticipation, the wait between flash and thunder-clap. At the first gleam of yellow in his master's hand the barman hurried to the kitchen and stayed there, finding duty to be done out of sight: meanwhile the *khan*-keeper stood looking fixedly at the orange in his still open palm.

While this little comedy went on the Circassians stalked slowly from the room with impassive faces, their daggers and long-belted cloaks swinging to the stride of men having their way. As the last man disappeared the *khan*-keeper, still gazing at the orange, remarked "Like a Circassian!" and then asked how many glasses of tea had been supplied. He was told fifteen, all with sugar, and that a packet of cigarettes had been given as well.

Perhaps it was to compensate himself for this loss, at the cost of Greeks and Armenians, that our host now made another rapacious announcement: all who meant to spend the night in the *khan* must pay seven piastres in advance. His manner of sudden briskness left no doubt that he was in earnest; he demanded the money at once and began to collect it in spite of immediate clamour. But the *khan*-keeper was adamant to all except his friends; he had to deal with folk now of whom he had no fear, and master and man stood on no ceremony. It was pay or go, and that forthwith. Faced with this alternative the greater part of the company paid, but with bad grace and a deal of hubbub.

One of the characters in the room was a Turkish carter, a stoutish man of middle age. He slept much, but between naps was always merry, and for his compatriots had some quality of drollness beyond me to comprehend. He scarcely spoke without causing laughter, and even the self-respecting and dignified telegraph-repairer—who counted as an official and after myself had the best place in the room—smiled gravely at his remarks from time to time. Suddenly starting up from slumber during the afternoon he had called for glasses. It was done so abruptly that I could have thought him choking and in need of water, till the barman handed him four very small glass tumblers. Holding two in each hand, somewhat in the manner of a street minstrel's "bones," he began to sing in a high falsetto voice, and accompanied himself by skilfully clinking the tumblers.

Though his instruments might not be promising he made up for all shortcomings by skill. The light musical tinklings, the intricate variations of time and rhythm that he produced—slow with one hand, rapid with the other, both independent yet also interdependent—seemed impossible from the glasses, and kept his listeners spellbound. Performing thus while sitting cross-legged on the raised staging with comically twisted face and eyes to roof, he sang an interminable song whose refrain was about the rain and wind on the road to Diarbekr. He looked like a Buddhist idol, and what with apt and topical song and cunning tinkle of glass, so pleased his hearers that thereafter when not sleeping he was always being urged to sing.

During the evening a disturbance, highly characteristic of the country, broke out among the Greeks and Armenians who were still crouching and jostling each other round the stove. An Armenian who suddenly found himself thrust aside violently pushed off the offender, who was a Greek. In an instant the quarrel ceased to be one of individuals, and became one of antagonistic races. Greek and Armenian hate the Turk as oppressor, but they hate each other also with the rancorous hatred of jealous equals. So now all the Greeks in the room blazed into fury, in their own more dour way the Armenians did likewise, and the figures near the stove soon became a mass of whirling arms and legs and writhing half-naked bodies, from which arose a noise as if from animals rather than men. The situation was one in which the barman could safely prove his physical value to his master, and perhaps make up for shortcomings against the Circassians; so he set about the work in earnest, like one seizing his opportunity, and even enjoying it. Presently other Moslems joined him, and between *khan*-keeper and barman and friends, some of the fighting figures were dragged apart, and the trouble subsided almost as quickly as it had begun.

In the terms of peace laid down by the barman he fixed the boundary between Greek and Armenian as the foot of my bed. It became a physical boundary interposed between the two races, and so we seemed to have settled our Asia Minor in little; but Ighsan sat just there, and when a Greek presently chanced to rest his arm upon the bed Ighsan flung it off as he would a snake, and we nearly had trouble again. You can have no idea of racial hatred until you have seen it in this land.

About eleven o'clock on the third night of detention, when snow was still falling heavily, I was awakened by a movement of the bed so violent that it almost threw me to the floor. Springing up, I saw a fine black horse with its hindquarters almost above me, and a strange Circassian standing at its head. Both were covered with snow, which the rider was wiping from the horse. He then took off his own wet outer garments and hung them before the stove, and in thin undervest and trousers stood talking to the *khan*-keeper. He had all the appearance of a Dick Turpin, and was a good-looking, trimly-built fellow, somewhat of an outlaw, I thought, and doubtless a friend of our host, for the two spoke in whispers with every appearance of confidence. And yet I seemed to find in the Circassian the manner of one who wants something for nothing from another, and ingratiates himself to that end. The *khan*-keeper presently went to the bar and came back with a large steaming glass of *rakki* with water and lemon; three times he supplied the same drink, and for each the Circassian showed a fresh measure of friendliness and dignified gratitude, but made no other payment. I understood then that the *khan*-keeper's good-nature was widely known, and that Circassians in general made a practice of trading upon it.

To this scene Ighsan presently awoke, and looking at it steadily found his chief interest in the spectacle of a Moslem drinking intoxicating liquor. Others also awoke and silently watched the Circassian, and drew

their own conclusions, and to that fact must be attributed a singular unanimity which presently showed itself in another matter.

The Circassian stayed till midnight, then putting on his garments he went out with his horse, and our company fell asleep again. But an hour or so later I was awakened by an unaccountable uproar. By the light of the oil-lamp I saw men leaping up with shouts, snatching revolvers, and rushing to the doorway. The singing carter was one of the first to go, with Ighsan close behind him. To me the vision was wholly perplexing, for I could get no hint of explanation; but the movement was so general that to join in it seemed the right thing, the more so that Ighsan had already gone. So I went with the others, and though having not the vaguest idea of what I was to do, presently found myself in the snow outside, Browning in hand, among a group of men similarly armed, all of them talking excitedly. And then the cause of the bother became known: Circassians were stealing the horses, or were supposed to be doing so, for the *rakki*-drinking Circassian, it was said, had come as spy.

Various horse-owners now went into the stable across the road, but each came back reporting his animal safe. We had been brought out by a false alarm, how arising no man could say; each had seen others rushing from the room and thought it necessary to follow. It was an incident that reflected well some of the conditions of life around us. Each man's first waking explanation of cause ran to violence of some kind, and of what he should do for himself in such circumstances; nor could it well be different. Where men go always armed, awake at midnight to see a strange armed rider and horse among their beds, where talk runs much on brigands and robbery, where five or six hostile races sleep side by side, and two of the races have just come to blows, the mind is alert to alarms. Not only so, but the mind

finds a sinister explanation for every happening containing doubt.

The next morning was fair enough for travelling, though snow was deep and the gorge filled with heavy masses of cloud. By eight o'clock when we, of all the company the last to leave, had got on the road, I was sure that never before had I spent three days and nights amid surroundings more desolate. The mean iron shed of our lodging, the old flat-roofed *khan*—like a cattle-shelter with walls of loose stones—the ribbon of cliff-hewn road deep with trodden snow, the foaming yellow Chakia between black precipices which immediately rose out of sight into dense cloud, all made up a scene of oppressive gloom. And yet there was that in it which made also for exhilaration. It was something to be here, going free upon this wild road of Cyrus and Alexander, something to know that in a day's march I should drop to the Mediterranean coast, which imagination now made doubly sunny and glamorous.

Nor was I alone in finding pleasure along this ancient way. We had not gone far before another cheerful man appeared, and he was one who placed no restraint upon his feelings. He was a Turkish baker of Ak Keupru, going his daily round, and singing as he went. On either side of his white horse hung an enormous wicker pannier filled with loaves, and above the panniers sat the baker, his legs, if you please, crossed above the horse's shoulders. There was nothing cheerful in his song, for it had the monotonous wailing manner of his country; but his horse stepped out bravely in the deep snow, and the wicker panniers creaked to the swaying, and the pleasant smell of warm bread went before him, and his whole aspect and manner spoke of satisfaction. As he passed he ceased his singing and made the best salaam he could, for we had seen him at Tahkta Keupru wine-shop.

Within a few miles we crossed the old bridge of

Ak Keupru, passed the German workshops and quarters, and skirted the little plain or open ground among the mountains at Bozanti where Cyrus camped with his army. And here a great commotion began among the heavy clouds impounded in the gorge. A strong draught of wind was coming down the deep valley under Ala Dagh and stirring the embayed clouds. They broke up into great rounded masses and floated slowly towards the south, and though so light by nature, had the ponderous revolving movement of planets, and even gave the impression of immense inertia having to be overcome before they could be set in motion. As they parted and moved they revealed now and then black crags and pines and fixed white slopes, not only between but above them in the startling majesty of four or five thousand feet of abrupt elevation. Cloud and precipice and crag together, when the heights are really great, make the most impressive aspect of all mountain scenery. A crag or front of precipice suddenly revealed almost overhead, where you had thought all clear to the sky, gains a quality of surprise it never has when seen with all its surroundings in clear weather. Startling unexpected glimpses of this kind I had here; now and then I would see between the clouds snow-flecked rocks and pine-trees seemingly standing without base in the sky. And then the vision would pass, but only to open in fresh variety in another quarter.

At this point in the plain, just beside Bozanti, the highway turned sharply towards the south for the Cilician Gates. But the Chakia went forward towards the east, seeking its gorge, by which, in some thirty miles, it falls nearly 3000 feet to the Cilician plain. With the river went also the Bagdad Railway line. But that was aiming for its tunnel,—whence in long curves, and many rock-cuttings, and, as some said, by a great steel viaduct as well, it would reach the plain and Adana and be half-way to Bagdad. In the dull light I saw its embank-

ment curving southward beyond Bozanti as a road charged with the making of history.

But the old highway that I followed now struck into the mountains again and began to climb for the summit of the Cilician Pass. Melting snow was deep, water filled every hole and hollow in its surface, and we often sank to the knees in half-frozen slush where we had thought to find firm ground. It was bad enough for men, but worse for the horse, which to Ighsan's great concern now was seized with a trembling fit. I heartily wished we had stayed a day longer at the wine-shop. Progress was so slow in this condition of going that at mid-afternoon we had got no farther than Dubekji *Khan*, not more than half-way to the summit. Here we turned in to make sure of quarters, for traffic was now coming down from the pass.

Dubekji *Khan* stood beside the road, with dark pine forest and great snow-covered slopes rising steeply before and behind to the highest peaks of the Taurus. Its walls of loose stones were about seven feet high, its back ran into the hillside, on one side was a rude donkey-stable, and *khan* and stable were covered by a flat earthen roof, now piled with snow. As a *khan* it was one of the poorest. And yet smoke rising from a low chimney, the sheltered door, the one small square shuttered window, all told of warmth within; and when I stepped inside I thought everything admirable. The apartment was thirty-five or forty feet in length and a dozen in width; in the middle of the nearer end was an open fireplace, with blazing pine-logs and clean-swept hearth; and a low boarded divan extended along each side wall for eight or ten feet from the fire. The only light so far was from the flames, and left the rear of the room in blackness, but that part proved to be the stable, where Ighsan's horse, as a beast of value, was presently stabled beside the *khan*-keeper's. Rain or snow we were snugly housed, and having plenty of food and tobacco were content.

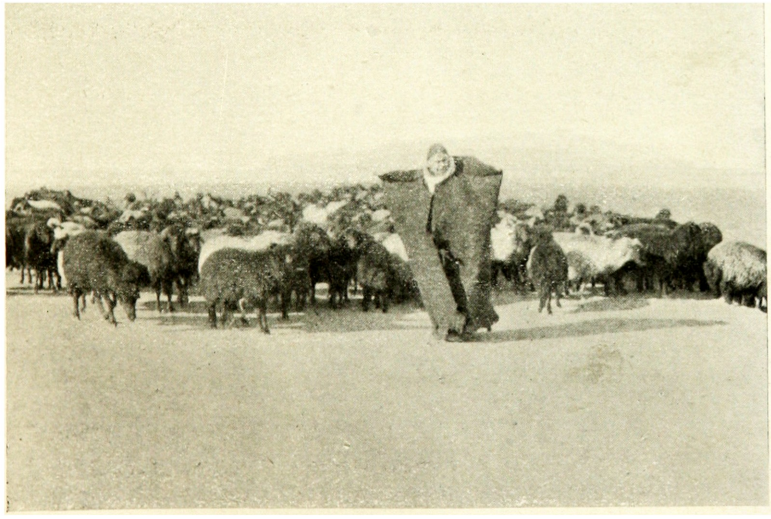
CHAPTER XXVII.

Snow-bound at Dubekji *Khan*—A quarrel with Ighsan—His brigand friends — Brigands of Asia Minor — On the road again — Road blocked by caravans—The Cilician Gates Pass—Castles—Forts—Ibrahim Pasha—British guns—Castle of the Sclavonian Guard—The Gate of the Pass—Descending to the Mediterranean.

We arrived at Dubekji *Khan* only just in time, for heavy snow began at once, and travellers coming down from the pass were in search of shelter. They thought themselves hardly used when the *khan*-keeper said the *khan* was already full. They pointed to vacant spaces on the divans and against the walls where they could sleep; they argued, they pleaded, but all without effect. They were told they might warm themselves awhile at the fire, and then, if they chose, find shelter in the donkey-stable, but could sleep nowhere else at Dubekji *Khan*. Had my host been a Greek I should have known that my bill would be in proportion to all this exclusiveness. But he was a simple Turk, he guessed that I should pay well, and was contented with the prospect.

At this *khan* host and guests found themselves on easy terms at once. On my divan I set up my bed and stoves and cooked and ate to my liking, and then with the lamp hung on a nail above my head I could lie in my sack and read. On the other divan Ighsan, our host and his son—a lad of sixteen—sat on the skins of wolves and deer. They smoked

Turks at Dubekji *Khan.*



Shepherd and Flock, Cilician Plain.

and talked and drank coffee, prepared soup and *pilaf* and gathered round a common bowl to eat; and from time to time the *khan*-keeper put fresh logs on the fire, and swept the hearth with a tufted twig of pine. Dubekji Khan was mean, and the two stallions at the back of the room sometimes fell to fighting, but on this evening of cold and snow and moaning pines it seemed wondrous comfortable.

Traffic was late on the road owing to difficulty in crossing the pass, and caravans of all kinds were going by after dark with jingling bells. Now and then a tired voice came out of the night crying interrogatively—

"*Arpa var? Saman var?*" (Is there barley? Is there straw?), for the *khan* was also a wayside store supplying simple needs—horse-feed, rope, bread, *pasderma*, cheese, olives, and the like. To such shouted inquiries the son carelessly shouted from the fireside, without turning his head—

"*Arpa yok, Saman var*" (Barley there is not, straw there is), giving the intonation of assertion which made all the difference to his words. And then the bells passed on and died away gradually in the distance.

But sometimes the heavy door-latch clanked, and wild-looking men, covered with snow, pushed slowly and silently into the room. All were tired or more than tired, and came for food and shelter and warmth; and at this stage were glad to eat bread and cheese, and drink coffee beside the fire, and then go to the donkey-stable rather than stumble farther down the pass. These belated men of the road, unlike the earlier callers, were patient and uncomplaining always, and grateful for the *khan*-keeper's free coffee and my cheap cigarettes.

Two days we lay here while snow grew deep outside and all traffic over the pass ceased. We slept, and cooked and ate, talked and read, and wrote and smoked, and kept the fire burning day

and night till the warmth made a dripping roof above us. Through our only window, a foot-square hole in the wall above my bed, snow blew in steadily during the day — ventilation being precious; but when the light of winter afternoon began to fade the heavy shutter was closed, for night air was said to have evil effects which all wise men would try to avoid. In seventy-two hours of this close life I grew to know my companions like brothers, and found them very human. Ighsan revealed characteristics hitherto unsuspected; the *khan*-keeper I understood as one who blended caution and reserve with a dozen strange qualities and mannerisms; and his son appeared as a man turned thirty, although of only half those years. His was the business mind of the *khan*,—he objected always to his father's free-handed coffee,—the father a hospitable Moslem who would give away his own head in generosity.

As a Moslem of the straitest, our host followed the observances of his faith with exactness and let nothing stand in the way of doing. For one thing, he was ever punctual in prayer. As the time for devotions approached he grew more serious in mien yet curiously restless. He ceased to speak, he rose and sat down, he swept the hearth, he lit a cigarette and threw it away. With a word to Ighsan as another strict devotee—at this stage the son always slipped out of the room—the two would then prepare for prayer. They washed elaborately, laid praying-rugs diagonally on the divan in the true direction of Mecca, and then, kneeling down, went through the prescribed movements — the forehead repeatedly to ground, the hands to side of head, and the prayer with the body erect upon the knees. When it came to looking right and left at the attendant spirits, they turned the head and made sign of recognition. Prayer over they reverently got up, rolled the mats, and after a pause resumed their ordinary manner. Consider the performance of these rites several times daily, within five or six feet of

a curious foreigner, by tradition a scoffer at such things, and you get a glimpse of Moslem sincerity.

It was ever a difficulty with me to know just what to do at these times. I felt ever so extraneous, and yet withal so compelled to reverence in the close company of these praying Moslems. But I did what I could. I laid my pipe aside, my book too, and if one may claim that he lay reverently upon his bed, I so lay on mine, and hoped the worshippers would recognise and appreciate my attitude. And yet in spite of my sympathetic behaviour I fell into offence.

There was that about Ighsan's ablutions which made them irritating, some quality at which my instincts rebelled. Unlike the *khan*-keeper, who was ever a careful and cleanly man with water, my companion used large quantities, and, as I thought, threw it about needlessly, even with a good deal of ostentation. He would wash his face, his ears, his nose, his eyes, and perhaps as showing that he followed a stricter ritual, draw and expel water from his nostrils, and squirt it erratically from his mouth. By the time he had attained the proper degree of cleanliness the strip of earthen floor before the fire was always a muddy puddle. He made discomfort, but the chief objection was the manner.

So, on the second morning, when in the midst of his performance and we happened to be alone, I told him not to make so much mud, and suggested that he should go outside.

"Here is fire," he answered hotly. "How can there be mud?" I showed him the mud of his making, and with that he left the room in evident dudgeon. I forgot the incident almost at once, but during the afternoon, again when we were alone, he spoke in a way he had never spoken to me before. He was on a high horse of dignity, riding it like a chieftain, and seemed anxious to begin a quarrel; indeed his manner was so bristling that my strongest inclination was to pay him off on the spot. He presently adopted another line, however,—that he

had served me faithfully and preserved me from danger, and now, for reward, had been offered an affront.

In substance his story was that a proposal to rob me had been made, that he was asked to assist, and not only refused, but put me under his protection. It may have been the truth, for a suspicion of some such scheme had grown on me after I reached Urgub, but he spoke of it at this time to illustrate his importance rather than his fidelity. He had got to the point of revealing secrets to establish his own standing.

I did not know who he was, he said. I had heard men speak of Black Ibrahim, Ali, and others of the same brigand band. They were his friends. They were said to be dead; he could get on his horse and in six days find them all, still alive and possessing much money; while he spoke thus he was inflated with pride.

I had seen him in various moods, but this was his strangest, a mood in which every vestige of the subordinate disappeared. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the mingled dignity and pride the ragged old man assumed as he sat cross-legged in the half-light of this dripping hut. No *vali*, no pasha, no semi-independent *dere-bey* could have made a figure throwing off a greater sense of personal consequence. A feudal lord insulted in his own castle by his guest of honour might have attained such a pitch of frigid politeness and haughty self-assertion—he could not have exceeded it. In this strange interview I lost all notion of Ighsan as my servant, and found myself in effect pooh-poohing the unexpectedly odd humour of a friend.

The hints he had just dropped about his associates made a good deal intelligible that hitherto I had found mysterious. His costly revolver, his English silver snuff-box and old watch, his scars, his extraordinary knowledge of the country, his dignity, and not least the uniform respect shown him, from the

Sheikhs of Kaisariyeh down to the villagers of Enighil —all fell together in instant and perfect harmony. The interminable stories of these same brigands, told in every guest-house and *khan* where we had stayed, all pointed the same way. It seemed likely also that when he kept out of the old Turkish officer's sight at Injesu he had reasons for so doing connected with such matters.

Twenty or thirty years ago all the south-eastern region of Asia Minor had been the haunt of this brigand band, famous above all others in the country. From Angora and Sivas to the Euphrates and Damascus they had roamed free; and in that wide territory men still recount their deeds as a subject ever fresh, ever of interest and inexhaustible. The strangest stories are told and believed of this company of heroes. As a notable qualification for law-breakers they are universally credited with having held the Sultan's firman authorising them to rob—the royal sanction to be brigands upon conditions, as one might say. They robbed rich Greeks and Armenians and Persians and Jews, and gave of the spoil to Moslem poor. Some twenty-five years ago they fought a regular battle with Ottoman troops outside Kaisariyeh, after holding the road for a whole day. They eventually raided banks, as operations more profitable than attacking individuals. They grew with success and became a power in the land, and administered a rough justice of their own. Under cover of their potent name other bands arose, each claiming to be the true and original and only band in the business. With such the old firm again and again came in conflict while preserving its monopoly, and incidentally assisting the law.

It is told that certain of the band met a distraught Armenian merchant by the roadside one day. His story was that he had just been robbed of everything by the famous brotherhood, and that these robbers and his goods were now in a village close by.

"Come with us," said the real Simon Pures. They

went to the village, unearthed the personators, and compelled them to make restitution and add a two-fold portion from the stolen goods of other less fortunate merchants. And then, as ignominious punishment for the false use of honourable names, a beating was administered.

But after a time the band flew too high. Their importance was so great by now, that on one occasion when a French Consul travelled from the coast to Damascus, under Turkish escort, the Turkish authorities deemed it wise to obtain from the band a safe-conduct for the party. Unfortunately, however, the brigands mistook this party for another, and seized and robbed the Consul after killing a *zaptieh* or two. Having discovered their error, they made amends and handsome apologies to the Consul, gave him a feast, brought him on his way, and thought the matter well ended. But his Government took the affair up with the Porte and demanded satisfaction and punishment, and pressed the demand with such insistence and vigour that the brigands fell on evil days. They had to disperse and go out of business, but even so were hunted under pressure by the French Government; nor did they find any satisfactory solution of their difficulties until, one after the other, the leaders were reported to have been shot when fleeing from justice. But they probably kept whole skins, for at Kaisariyeh I met a Canadian missionary who knew Black Ibrahim well, and had seen him within the year somewhere in that district, now broken in fortune, but still the lordly swaggering Kurd of better days.

After Ighsan had disclosed his intimacy with these brigands he was satisfied. He soon dropped the grand manner and returned to the easier style in which I had hitherto known him. But he had to have another word. Looking at the floor, which by this time was thoroughly dry, he said with a half-pleasant, half-quarrelsome laugh—

"Where is the mud now?" That point made, we

exchanged cigarettes, and then good-humour prevailed once more in our quarters.

A morning came when I stepped out of the *khan* into a scene of dazzling white snow under bright sunlight and clear blue sky. There was frost so hard that it seemed to make all things brittle, for dead bracken crushed underfoot like pipe stems, and even pine-needles broke crisply. At mid-winter, four thousand feet above sea-level, they expect low temperatures in the Taurus, but this morning, I think, was out of the common. It was well below zero by every sign, though making noble weather for travelling.

The road ascended to the pass in a narrow valley which climbed steeply, and on either hand went up to mountain summits. The whole scene was a study in black and white under a dome of blue. There were islands and continents of black pine-forest standing amidst dazzling snowfields as smooth and unbroken as the roof of a tent. At a higher level forest and snowfields ran out and gave place to crags and cliffs, grey in themselves, but now dark by contrast, and splashed with snow-wreaths and here and there a feathering of pine. These were the main ridges, with nearly ten thousand feet of elevation — bold massive heights, though simple in outline.

Beaten in the snow by traffic before frost arrived was an excellent path, and this, towards the summit, became a ditch four or five feet wide, and deep as our shoulders. Here our troubles began, for caravans which had been storm-bound on the southern side were seizing this fine morning to come over the pass. Such continuous strings of laden camels I had met nowhere before. There were miles of caravans— perhaps a whole week's traffic crowding into a few hours. The path was too narrow for a horse to pass a loaded camel, so for the greater part of the day we floundered in deep snow, whose frozen crust would carry a man, but broke under a loaded beast. The pack-horse fell repeatedly and had to be dug out:

many times the load was dragged from his back, and the pyramid of gear had to be built up again: our progress was so slow that in six hours we did not advance as many miles. We had become altogether weary of camels and camel-men and everything pertaining to caravans while still on the wrong side of the summit. And yet there was the deep ditch of our labour winding on towards the still distant summit—though not much more of height was to be made—and still filled with ungainly panniered beasts coming against us. In the telling our difficulties may sound trivial, and yet in experience they made this day the most exhausting and trying of any during the journey. A camel goes straight forward and swerves from the footsteps of its leader not a hand's-breadth. Not a foot of grace could we win from them, and we were the only travellers going this way. Had the depth of snow been a little greater, or had the caravans followed each other a little more closely, we should have been as effectually stopped as if a wall had crossed the road.

In the midst of our exasperation, when for the tenth time, perhaps, the horse was lying half-buried in snow, Ighsan managed to produce a laugh. Kicking at a mass of mouse-coloured fur embedded beside the fallen horse, he exclaimed with unmistakable satisfaction: "*Deve.!*" (A camel!), and then, in a lower voice, as if making his own heartfelt personal comment, he added "*Mashallah!*" (God be praised!). It was only one carcase of dozens that appeared subsequently, for the blizzard which overtook us at Ulu Kishla had played havoc with the caravans up here.

But when this plague of camels seemed at its worst, and kept us still struggling on the ascent, the end appeared—actually a rearmost camel, none following behind, and a long empty space of track already in sight. I now could look about me. I could take in the mountains and pine-woods and glittering snow. I could notice that here and there upon the slopes were *yailas;* for this high valley is a summer resort

of people from the hot Cilician plain. Hither they come two days' journey by *araba*, and live for six weeks or two months in flimsy dwellings among the pines and rocks and mountain air, finding that length of change from the plain necessary each year. Now, also, I could make out the fortifications erected along this historic pass at various times. One was a castle, standing on the eastern skyline, a structure designated now by Ighsan and others as merely "*Kale*" or Castle, sufficient name amongst an incurious race. And next appeared various Egyptian fortifications, very much out of latitude according to one's general conception of Egypt and the Egyptians.

They were evidence of the Egyptian Occupation, a queer topsy-turvy period of Turko-Egyptian history which ended so recently as eighty years ago. It makes a chapter of almost medieval adventure and adventurers: of Egypt, an Ottoman province, invading and conquering Syria and the south-eastern part of Asia Minor; of Ibrahim Pasha as chief and highly capable adventurer on the Egyptian side; and of the Ottoman Empire more helpless than at any time of its existence. Now and then, too, crops up, on the Turkish side, the name of Helmuth von Moltke; and now occurs the incident of this officer, destined to future greatness, riding in desperate flight before Egyptian cavalry after the battle of Nisib, on the Euphrates, east of Aintab. Moltke, it would seem, has had something to do with German aspirations in Asia Minor.

Ibrahim Pasha was served by French engineers, who fortified the Cilician Gates according to the best military art of the time. The forts remain, guns and all, much as when the Egyptians withdrew in 1841. There is a story that the guns are British, and show the British broad arrow, which sounds curious when it is recalled that England and France intervened to save the Ottoman Empire from the victorious Egyptians, and bombarded Beirût to that end. I had promised myself to examine these

old guns, but the snow was deep, and the forts some distance from the road, and I had to leave them unvisited after all.

The summit of the Cilician Gates Pass is an open saucer-shaped space a mile or so across, with a rim of heights and cliffs on three sides. In this more or less level area stands the village of Tekke, where the road begins its descent to the Mediterranean. From Tekke the road drops about two hundred feet to the cliffs of the southern rim, and there finds the cleft or gap called the Cilician Gates, which has given its name to the pass. The actual opening cannot be more than forty feet wide between its vertical faces of grey rock. Half the width is occupied by the road; the remainder by a torrent, fifteen or twenty feet below, in which at this point stands an immense boulder with the well-known Roman inscription on its front. Stand in this road, in the jaws of the Gates, and look up the slope, the wall of rock with its old tool-marks upon your left, the torrent and other cliff on your right, and you occupy a space over which have passed Cyrus, Alexander, Cicero, Haroun el Rashid, St Paul, and a host of other famous men. If there is another spot in the world where you may do so much with equal certainty, I do not know of it.

Still looking up towards Tekke you may see the work of widely separated conquerors who used this pass of fame. The Roman inscription, which the tablet in the boulder carries, is of Marcus Aurelius, and while you look at it you well may think that some faint reflection of the man's mind can be recognised in the tablet and its position. You wonder just what train of thoughts and orders resulted in the tablet being hewn here rather than in the cliff itself. That the position, more prominent and lasting than any other available, was his personal choice you may even feel sure. The execution of the work, also, gives rise to speculation and fanciful surmise. The tablet is roughly hewn, as if by a workman in haste with few tools, and is slightly out of square and perpen-

dicular. Thus, you think, it might have been hewn by some mason turned soldier who hurried over his work in order to march next day, or who, being left behind, was in a hurry to rejoin his comrades.

Of another era is the "Castle of the Sclavonian Guard" upon the crags on your left. It belongs to Byzantine and Arab times, and is a structure of the same brisk period as the Castle of Loulon. You look at it and your reflections are chiefly upon the details of garrison duty in that lonely eyrie. In return for recompense of some kind men spent their days and years up there, and you have a strong curiosity for details of their daily routine—men without tobacco and newspapers and books, perched on a rock 6000 feet above the sea, in narrow quarters. What would you not give for half an hour in the old guard-room of the time, seeing and having your questions answered! You think, perhaps, that the first information you would seek would be as to the birthplace of each man; and next, that your curiosity would run upon pay and rations and terms of service. Your scrutiny of these men, you believe, would be thorough; you would learn even more by eye than by ear could you only get into their presence.

Still looking up towards Tekke, just to the right of those two slim dismounted *zaptiehs* coming slowly down the road with the awkward gait of horsemen, are other Egyptian fortifications. They lie as even snow-banks with the guns forming white mounds above them. Black muzzles pointing this way are even visible, and so is a corner of wall where the drifts have not quite covered the revetment. Ibrahim Pasha, indeed, is the chief historical figure in the pass at this time; here is his work for all men to see; his name is familiar to all passers-by; you have here an introduction to one whose memory extends far and wide in the country to which you are descending.

Having spent half an hour in this turnstile of the great and ambitious, I proposed to visit the Castle of the Sclavonian Guard. I did not at the moment

count the difficulties; I saw it as a scramble, with a way yet to be found, and thought lightly that an hour would do the whole thing. But I wished Ighsan to go with me. He, however, saw the matter in another light; he was never fond of scrambling—besides, he owned a horse of value to himself if not to me; so he looked at the rock, and taking the project in all its bearings, extinguished it with the single word "*At*," which he drawled into "*A-a-a-a-t.*" He was ever a master of brevity, and could supplement a word with eye and gesture, and attitude and tone, till it conveyed not merely sentences but paragraphs; but he never did better than he did now. "*At*" means horse—a horse, the horse, that horse, any horse,—but now it meant "my horse." It meant also that his horse could not go to the *Kale;* that he did not wish it to try; that he could not leave it here on the road; that there was no place near in which it would be safe; that he did not wish to go to the *Kale* himself; and further, that he saw nothing but foolishness in the proposal of any one who did wish to go. All these thoughts and others he packed into the word, and knowing that the arguments it contained were unanswerable, he stood, with blinking eyes, waiting in patient silence for my reply. It was that we would go on to Gulek Boghaz *Khan*, five or six miles down the Mediterranean slope.

So we passed through the Gates along the road, whose width is partly snatched from the stream and partly hewn in the rock: the identical road of all the ages. It had been trodden by Persian bowmen, by phalanx and legion, by Byzantine lancers, Arab horsemen, Crusading knights and men-at-arms, and the medley of races and armies which have ebbed and flowed through this main door in the wall during uncounted centuries. Precipice and rock and snow and scattered pines rose for thousands of feet on either hand, and though on the eastern side they went up to rosy sunlight, evening

was near, and road and torrent below were in deep gloom. The spirit of an immeasurable antiquity seemed to pervade the scene, an influence making known its presence and nature and yet subtle as the diffusion of reflected light. This indefinable surviving influence—as one likes to think it is—may be perceived wherever men have lived throughout long ages with stirring and striving of mind and body, with strong hopes and fears, with vivid consciousness of success and failure. For millions who had passed this way the Gates marked definite exit or entry; they came in anticipation, with dangerous purpose before them, or a sense of safety happily reached; they had fears and hopes, and left, by long succession, a subtle impress of their feelings. At least, if one can hold some such theory of the long dead past influencing present scenes, one travels in old lands with added pleasure.

The road went winding in and out down the gorge, crossing from one side to the other by old stone bridges. Black pine-trees overhung the way, great leafless planes grew beside the stream, their topmost branches level with my feet. In evening light I saw crag and precipice of the highest, and snow of the whitest, and pines of the darkest confronting each other across the ravine all the five miles down to Gulek Boghaz *Khan*.

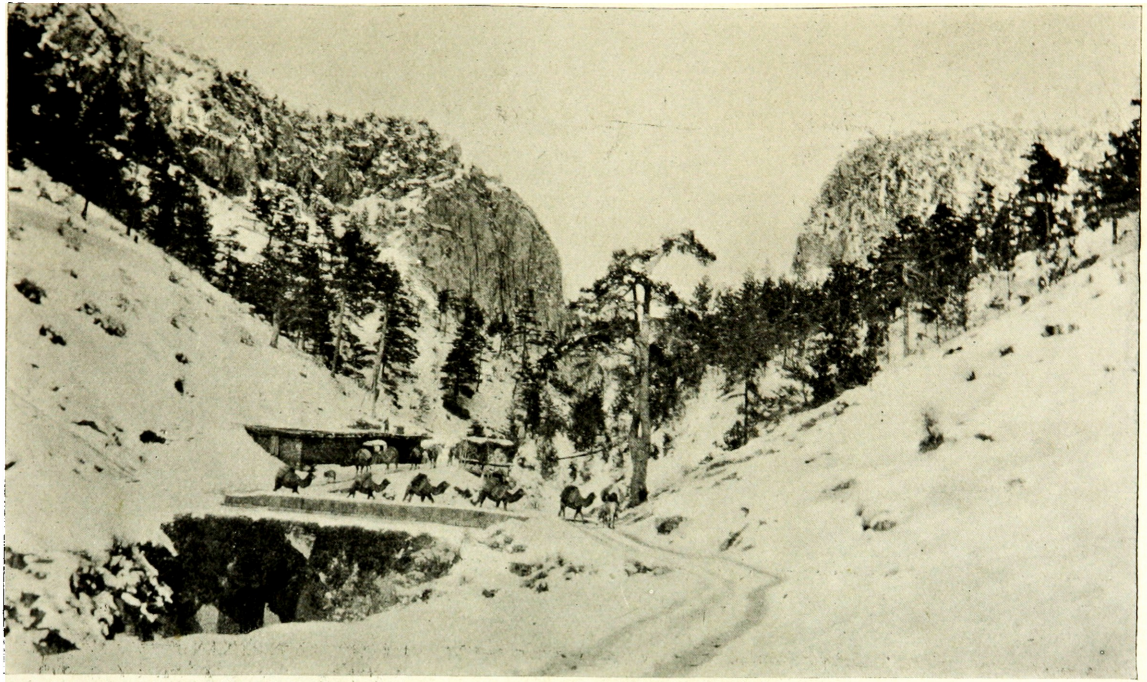
There I found a room with a roaring fire of *arduch* roots—a little room reached by an outer step-ladder. It looked to the west, across the river which went tumbling by, and thence over a mighty pine-covered spur rising to the main range. The sky was clear and frosty, filled with the light of sunset that silhouetted the trees along the crest of the spur, and revealed slow-rising spirals of smoke from the hidden village of Gulek Boghaz on the reverse slope. From the shoulder of that same spur, just above the village, I was told that I might see the Mediterranean next morning if I chose.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Return to the Cilician Gates—A short stage to Yeni *Khan*—A sacred tree—Yeni *Khan*—A quarrel with knives—English country—In the myrtle scrub—Oleander and asphodel—Conscripts on the road—A scrimmage with Arabs—Rain and mud by night on the Tarsus road—Lights of the *jingaan*—Tarsus.

I HAD reached the Cilician Gates too late in the afternoon to see all that I wished, so the next morning, with Ighsan mounted on his horse, I went there again from Gulek Boghaz *Khan*. Frozen snow was crisp underfoot, the sunlight radiant, the air clear; greater grandeur there might be, but nowhere would you find perfect weather, historical interest, and rare beauty of scene combined in such degree as they were this January morning along the immemorial Cilician Road. To-day the caravans were all coming down to the Mediterranean. The winding road, overhung with pine-trees, was dotted with strings of Bactrian camels; they filed slowly across old ivy-covered stone bridges; their swaying bells filled the gorge with a musical beating. Thus the caravans must have come in the times of Darius and Alexander, and thus they have come ever since; but a year or two hence this picturesque ancient traffic will be no more, for goods-trains of the Bagdad Railway will have taken its place.

By noon we had got back to Gulek Boghaz *Khan;* an hour later the horse was loaded, we had eaten, and were on the road once more. We were to make a



Cilician Gates Pass. The "Gate" in the background.

short stage of twelve or fifteen miles and halt at Yeni *Khan*, a hostel of such reputation that it was said to be almost "*à la Franga*," or in the Frank or European manner. There I should be within one long day's march of Tarsus, birthplace of that Holy Paul whom London has honoured during many centuries. Approaching Tarsus this way I hoped to enter by the "Gate of Holy War," for so, in flourishing Arab days, the city gate was named which fronted the Cilician Pass.

Did ever city gate have a name more glamorous, more redolent of the East, or prompting imagination to a wider picture? It conjures up at once not merely war, but centuries of embittered warfare 'twixt Cross and Crescent. Remark, also, how well it conveys the Crescent's traditional aggressiveness. The mere name, indeed, raises a vision of hot, white-walled Arab Tarsus standing under the blue skies and sunlight of the fertile Mediterranean seaboard—a vision of white hemispherical domes, slender minarets, fountains, cypresses, glossy-green orange-groves, and streets and bazaars filled with colour and broad sunlight and strong shadow, and stately Arab movement. And then the ages of romance and picturesque scenes and waiting adventure the name betokens for that road which passes through the famous gate! Those who looked from the walls of Tarsus saw always above them the snows of Taurus, behind which, as fortune favoured, lurked or stood boldly the Christian enemy. Through that gorge of shadowy blue, a little east of north,—the Pass of the Cilician Gates,—to be pointed out by every boy in Arab Tarsus, lay the only road across the mountains separating Faithful and Infidel; and this road of enmity went forth from the city by the Gate of Holy War, followed the plain awhile, and then climbed the myrtle-covered foot-hills to gain the pass. Along this road, except in time of truce, the Faithful of Tarsus could always be sure of coming to blows with the Infidel in one day of hot riding. And, for example, of larger picturesque scenes the

road has known, one likes to glance at a notable sight in the year 843. During certain spring days the Arab army of the Khalif Motassem marched by this road—130,000 horse and foot in brilliant colours, going with cries and dust and trampling, and the word "Amorium" painted large upon their clanging shields. For so they openly announced their purpose—achieved before the year was out—of capturing far-off Amorium, that city and great inner fortress of the Byzantine Empire whose ruins may still be traced fifty miles north-west of Afium Kara Hissar. Visions of this sort enter a traveller's mind as in leisurely fashion, in sunlight and mild air, he comes down the Cilician Pass towards the present Turkish town of Tersoos.

At Gulek Boghaz *Khan* snow had been light, but in a mile or two it disappeared altogether. And now the turning road, rising a little sometimes, but only to make a longer dip of descent, became most excellent under foot. It kept to the widening valley of the river—a tributary of Antony and Cleopatra's Cydnus—through a broken, falling country covered with open pine-woods. Sometimes the river wandered off and lost itself in a deep gorge, and sometimes it flowed beside the road, and I looked down on plane-trees growing from its shingle banks and carrying a line of driftwood twenty feet high among their branches. There was always something to draw the attention along this sunlit road descending from mountain snow through air which grew softer with every mile. Now a gushing spring so great as to make a small river at once. Then a piece of Roman way taking its uncompromising course, while the modern road went curving to keep its gradient, and left the other to display its patterned surface on a rise. And next came a home-like sight—a stony knoll crowned by a group of sister pines, so like the knoll and trees on Milton Heath that were the two magically exchanged scarce a soul could swear to the difference. But presently appeared beside the road a sacred bush, with its

flutter of rags and heap of pious stones, and then one knew with certainty that he was not in Surrey.

This bush, I think, was a hawthorn, and sacred beyond most, judging by the myriad snippets of coloured cloth tied to every twig and branch within reach and the waggon-loads of small stones piled around the trunk. These sacred trees and bushes are regarded as Moslem shrines. They are found wherever trees and bushes grow, are decorated always with rags and surrounded by an accumulation of stones. Though I inquired often, I never learnt definitely how they came by their dedication, how or by whom the first offerings were made, and whether, for instance, if I attached pieces of bright-coloured cloth to any roadside bush, and gathered a few hundred pebbles, other passers-by would follow my unknown lead. The best explanation I got was that these bushes mark the haunt of some dead holy man—in life a roadside beggar, thereafter a memory of sanctity—at which, as at a shrine, offerings might produce lesser miracles, or at least be accounted as good works.

When passing such bushes before, Ighsan had carelessly dropped a stone or two; but now he put five to his credit, with a furtive air as if not caring to be seen doing so. This was a matter on which I could say nothing; but when, as we went along, he continued for more than an hour to pick up loose stones and carefully throw them off the road, I was moved to ask why. His manner became awkward at once. He was upon some action directed by his religion, and I saw that my curiosity was ill-timed and ill-received.

Yeni *Khan* was called a place where people came from the Cilician plain to take the mountain air, drink sweet mountain water, and escape the enervating heat of the coast. The *khan* provided food and bedding at need, though most visitors brought their own, and by comparison with other *khans* was indeed "*à la Franga*." It stood alone, a low stone-built

range of grey buildings enclosing an open courtyard entered by a gate. Behind the *khan* the country seemed to be broken into gentle undulations falling towards the sea; but in reality the eye rested upon a series of flattish ridges between abrupt gorges, in one of which flowed the river; and because these ridges were covered with close green scrub the general surface appeared to be scarcely broken. Upon a knoll across the road was the last cluster of pine-trees, for here was the edge of the pine country, and towards the sea the vegetation changed. A pleasant *khan* in pleasant country it was, only that the *khan*-keeper happened to be a Greek.

Doubtless he made his house profitable. The long range of clean little bedrooms above the stables, each room opening to the balcony, told of much business. The cook-shop, too, was good, and many guests were already buying food. But for all this excellence and visible prosperity the *khan*-keeper evidently led a troubled existence, as one must whose charges are liable to challenge on points of custom. I had not arrived ten minutes before a violent quarrel broke out in the yard below, and jumped at once to a note of vehemence in many voices which told of something beyond the common. There was in the sound, too, that indefinable urgency which is soon recognised as portending the use of knife or revolver. I went out on the balcony and saw before an open stable a struggling group—bright colours, writhing bodies, men running, and the white flash of steel. The sides were the *khan*, and guests of the lower sort—the *khan* represented by servants, and the guests by three Moslem donkey-drivers. Two of these had already drawn knives, but now were being well held. It was touch and go, however, whether the third enraged guest would not go to the knife at any moment, and at the present stage attempts were being made to secure him, yet with an obvious degree of forbearance.

Meanwhile the *khan*-keeper, a well-meaning Greek,

gesticulated on the balcony, shouted maledictions on the donkey-men and orders to his servants, and thrashed the air with one arm in the frantic manner of all angry Greeks, whether peasant, shopkeeper, or politician. The dispute was upon the question of stabling donkeys, and the *khan*-keeper, as every one saw, had right on his side. This "*à la Franga*" *khan* of his was not the place for donkeys, but it was also the only *khan*, and not even a hut existed elsewhere in the neighbourhood. Therefore he was willing to receive donkeys, but insisted that they must be paid for. Now the custom of the country is for donkeys to be stabled free, as they require only the poorest accommodation; but the custom also is for these animals and their drivers to frequent donkey-*khans*, the very meanest of all houses of rest. With this as the one *khan*, however, the donkey-men fiercely resented the charge as a breach of custom by a Greek.

The quarrel, in fact, was racial and religious rather than private, and though a trivial thing, exhibited well the hopeless animosities between various Ottoman races. The three drivers were of the humblest class, yet in dealing with a Greek were conscious of being Moslem overlords. Had the *khan*-keeper been a Moslem no quarrel would have occurred; the drivers would have accepted his terms, or more likely have never intruded in this superior *khan*. In the end they were expelled without bloodshed, but left behind them in the *khan* a strange unrest and excitement, for many Moslem guests were there.

To this incident and the general ill-feeling it created must be attributed the curious mood into which Ighsan now fell. He was very tired. He had, indeed, not yet got over the effects of struggling in the snow. Thinking therefore to please and benefit him, I offered a few piastres and told him to get *yoghourt* and *pilaf* at the cook-shop and have a good meal. He refused the money, but seeing my surprise, said that the cook-shop was Greek and he would

buy nothing there—that he would, in fact, rather starve than eat Greek meat. He was determined on this point, and though at last taking the coin, said he would not spend it here to save his throat being cut.

He next made the strange request that he should be allowed to sleep in my room. When he began with me at Kaisariyeh he had proposed the same accommodation for himself, but I refused it. I refused again now, and with that he turned away like one for whom all the world is awry. There was in his manner this evening something that verged on crankiness; he came and went, came again and repeated his request, and again being refused applied to my next-door neighbour, a Turkish officer of some rank, and asked the same favour of him. It indicates no small amount of good feeling between Moslems of all classes that the officer at once agreed to his proposal. I could hear the two speaking until I fell asleep, and caught references to myself, but more about the Greek and the quarrel in the evening.

That dispute had stirred the Moslems deeply, and drawn them together in the brotherhood of race and religion. They had seen fellow-Moslems ejected by Greeks, and though the Moslems were in the wrong yet the spectacle excited the deepest instincts of the Osmanlis, who are a tribe indeed in common aims and faith and the consciousness of being surrounded by hostile races. In the minds of all Moslems in this *khan* to-night I seemed to detect a madness at work, a train of feelings that without much further cause would sweep away self-control and bring men quickly to the point of killing. And killing in this mood, it was clear, would be done not from personal motives but religious, by Moslems as Moslems and nothing else. This blind fanatical and racial fury goes to the bottom of all their hideous massacres. It is hard to comprehend until the first stirrings of it are seen, and the age-long racial and religious hostility between the various races is remembered, but that being done the wonder ceases.

We left this place the next morning in a soft rain, and at once entered a country that was almost England. There were rough hawthorn hedges with moist dead leaves and ground-ivy beneath them, primroses and violets in bloom, and the only un-English flower was cyclamen. Spring had begun on this southern slope of Taurus, and was six weeks ahead of the corresponding period in England.

Descending quickly now towards the warm sea we passed through different belts of vegetation. In a couple of hours from the *khan* the rain had ceased, the air became very soft and mild, and in front and on either hand, far as eye could reach, extended a tumble of low rounded hills, cut sometimes by gorges, always sinking towards the sea. They were covered with smooth scrub, looking in the distance like green velvet—myrtle bushes eight or ten feet high, growing close and thick, with lemon-green and dark-green foliage on the same bush. Here was the myrtle scrub of the Mediterranean coast in which, during old wars, men had lurked and hidden. Greeks and Romans and Cilician pirates knew it well, no doubt, so also Crusaders and Arabs and all the rest of them: it was the natural covert of all men in arms in these parts when hiding was the immediate purpose, and it is so still. A friend had told me once that on being taken by appointment to see a brigand on the Ægean coast he found the party camped in myrtle scrub; an Armenian speaking of the Cilician massacres had mentioned that some of his hunted people got away and took refuge in the same friendly growth.

With these thoughts in mind I went into the myrtle bushes myself, and amidst the scent of their brushed leaves knew that I was in the setting of many adventures in war and violence. And while this fragrance surrounded me I seemed to understand better some of the underlying causes which produced whatever is characteristic in those Greeks who lived upon the fringe of southern and western Asia Minor and its islands. Blood, I thought, had really

counted for little. In enviroment—of scene and air and climate—lay the true secret of their excellences and defects. Who that has looked curiously at the hill of Assos, at the sites of Cnidos, Clazomene, Chios, Rhodes, or any other of the little Greek states of Asia Minor, does not suspect that situation and climate gave the inhabitants their intense localism, their mental and physical activity, their love of the beautiful, their light intelligence, their quickness of mood, and also their treachery and guile and fantastic instability. Sunlight and blue sky and sea they had always, and soft air and distant glamorous mountains of mainland and island. They could not look by day from their houses or familiar haunts without seeing white sails creeping among warm purple islands set in a gulf or strait of blue. And that as a daily sight, one thinks, would of itself account for much in their character.

Such ideas as these became convictions as I forced my way amid the myrtle scrub, and knew that I breathed the same scented air as ancient Greeks when they marched or camped and slept and kept watch under the stars in similar myrtle coverts. But why these thoughts should come so vividly at this time and in this place I do not know. Perhaps it was that the native influences of the land were at work upon me, and that without suspicion I was falling under their spell.

When I stepped out of the scrub again it was to the sight of timber being taken to the plain. Horses were coming briskly down the road, each dragging two young pine-trees stripped of their branches. The thin end of each log was slung, one on each side of the animal, and secured to the collar, and the butts dragged and bumped heavily upon the road. And this sight too, I thought, seemed to belong to a far-off past.

Though these Cilician hills are not the hills of a classic land, they are of the same region, and their flora is the same. The streams were bordered always

by oleander, and bare stony hillocks and spaces beside the road were covered with green sprouting tufts like the blades of young daffodils. At this stage of its growth I could not name the plant, but in a few weeks' time was to see it in blossom by the square mile, and know it then for asphodel. Somewhere hereabouts, too, the Mediterranean first became visible. The road went up to a low rise, and I saw, thirty miles away, a dark-blue space of sea lit up by a sudden sunburst—for the day was still cloudy. And then the road, still winding down, went among occasional olive-trees and fig-trees, and walnuts and pomegranates, with here and there a hut and small patches of cultivation.

We came at last to a place where one looks down on a narrow tongue of the Cilician plain, far below between hills, with the road winding along it to begin the ascent. For several miles this distant road was dotted with groups of figures in white, as if in procession. To us, coming from the mountains of the interior, this was a strange and inexplicable sight—a glimpse of new things, a custom of the plain, perhaps of Armenians going in white to a shrine on one of their feast-days; and I went forward confident of meeting novelty. But when the head of the procession came up to us we saw how great was our mistake. Here were no devotees, but a thousand conscripts of Tarsus and the plain marching to cross the Taurus for Ulú Kishla and the railway. At their head was an *araba* carrying an officer, a mounted gendarme rode beside him as orderly, and behind straggled irregular groups of fifties, twenties, tens, as the fancy took them. They were barefooted, barelegged, men in thin white cotton "shorts" and open shirts—the everyday peasant garments of the hot plain—lightly going to the ice and snow of the Cilician Pass. Where this great artless company would find shelter on the way, and how they would be fed till Bozanti was reached, I could not guess; but how they would fare in snow and temperatures

below zero I could well imagine. I was at least glad that they and I had not reached any of the *khans* together.

The officer recognised the nature of our little party while still two hundred yards away, and did not miss his opportunity. He stopped the *araba*, got out, went to the roadside, and there composed himself in the favourite attitude of younger Ottoman officers, the attitude to which every photographic gallery in the Grand Rue de Pera bears witness. He was a good-looking young Arab, in brand-new khaki and creaking leather, and wore the puggareed Arab head-covering with its coiled rings of camel-hair. He stood erect, legs apart and head back, holding his field-glass with both hands, and in this fashion surveyed the rear of his straggling column.

You see more prints of Napoleon in Constantinople than in Paris; in stature and figure Enver Bey is supposed to be like Napoleon, and cultivates the same poses; and his career—in 1912—was held to be entirely comparable with Napoleon's at a similar age. Therefore between admiration for Enver and Napoleon young Turkish officers were sedulous in striking certain familiar postures. Thus it came about that on a hillside above Tarsus I was shown the undying influence of the great Corsican.

In passing these conscripts I neglected every precaution it had been my custom to take in similar circumstances. I kept to the road and let the men straggle around me, and so landed myself in what might have been a serious scrimmage. For as I passed the last group of all, a party of fifteen or sixteen, a hand shot out, with an impudent Arab face behind it, and the pipe was snatched from my mouth. I chased the fellow and he ran, calling loudly to Abdullah and Ibrahim and Halil, who followed with others after a moment or two of hesitation. I collared the thief at last, but he passed the pipe to another and showed fight, and when knocked down seemed to think that every indignity in the world had overtaken

him, and was in the mood for knifing had he possessed a knife. Meanwhile I was able to catch the other man, and Ighsan running up at this moment wrenched the pipe from his hand. The thing was over in a minute, but now other Arabs were pulling at the gear on the horse, and that attack had to be repulsed.

So far they had not got beyond the stage of prying curiosity, and we managed to prevent looting. And then the rearguard of the column arrived, a solitary regular soldier on foot, a short, square-built, grizzled Turkish veteran armed with a rifle, whose onerous duty it was to push these thousand or more of conscripts up into the mountains and see that none remained behind. As he approached he abused me violently, but on coming close said in an undertone for my private hearing, "*Haide, effendi, Chabuk!*" (Get away, effendi, quickly!), which put a different colour on his behaviour.

In the end we drew off with honour, having lost nothing, but it had been touch and go. These conscripts were Cilician Arabs; had they been Turks molestation might not have occurred, but once begun would not have been so lightly put aside.

It was mid-afternoon when we reached the plain, where the road went between wide unenclosed fields of cotton and young wheat, and here and there maize and tobacco. Rain-squalls came sweeping over the land, varied by intervals of hot sunshine. On every side were signs of recent floods: fields were still under water; others were crossed by deep, newly scoured channels; sometimes earth from higher ground had been carried across the road and formed acres of deposit on the lower side. Ominous also was the condition of caravans from Tarsus, for each camel was caked to its belly with drying mud. The conscripts evidently had waded bare-legged and washed themselves when the worst was over; we, however, had yet to go through it. And go through it we presently did with a vengeance. Every dip in the road held two feet of liquid mud not to be avoided; we walked

into and out of it with what indifference we could assume; and where there was less water mud lay deep and viscous, which was even worse. Snow on the Cilician Pass seemed a beautiful, cleanly, altogether desirable obstacle by comparison with this mud of the Tarsus road. The blizzards which had detained us in the mountains had come as rain on the plain; such continuous heavy rain—a foot of rainfall in a few days—and followed by such floods, no one on the plain could remember before.

In these conditions of going our bedraggled party found the Tarsus road very long, and Tarsus city very elusive, the more so that night and steady rain came on before our destination could be seen. We plodded on, squelching and floundering and splashing in darkness, with never so much as a light to break it. Then came the surprise of stumbling across a railway, and dimly making out Gulek Boghaz station on the Adana-Mersina Railway—for so, with a good deal of imagination, this station is named as the one nearest to the Cilician Gates Pass. Then followed another interminable stretch of black road, as bad as any. It was eight o'clock when we reached the long stone bridge across the Cydnus, and soon afterwards saw dim flickering lights at an uncertain distance beside the way. At this sight Ighsan changed the order of march—he led the horse by a close-held halter and bid me follow hard behind and keep watch carefully; for, said he, these are the lights of the *jingaan*, who are robbers. Once before, he explained, when entering Tarsus by night, the *jingaan* had slit his saddle-bags and stolen his goods unperceived in the darkness. In this fashion, caked with mud, and seeing nothing, and looking out sharply against gypsy robbers, we entered Tarsus and went to the "New *Khan*."

CHAPTER XXIX.

An old Tarsus *khan*—Held prisoner by rain—The roof comes down—Song of the first ironworkers—St Paul's American College—Old Tarsus—The Cydnus—The ancient traffic of Tarsus—Gate of Holy War again—The Cypriote drill-sergeant—An athletic Swiss lady—Mersina—The market-place—The Cilician Plain—Cotton—Adana.

THE Yeni *Khan* (the New *Khan*) at Tarsus used its name as a lure for the unsuspecting. It was two hundred years old at least, by all appearances, and reproduced the features of still older Arab *khans*. Its great quadrangular court was a farmyard for dirt, but the arcades of pointed arches, the flights of old stone steps, and the long rows of doors and windows to rooms beneath the arcades, gave it a dignified picturesqueness in spite of squalor. My room was small and low and dark, as might have been expected; but I liked to think it had a flavour of the older Tarsus, and so was satisfied.

Here, then, I spent much time in making myself as clean as might be; for there were difficulties, indeed, and the *odabashi* of the *khan* wondered at first why I shouted so often for more water; but he was obliging, and also a Moslem, and so knew something of the rites of washing. Clean at last, and in dry garments, and with the lamp and stove burning brightly, I thought the room presentable and even comfortable as I listened to the rain falling in torrents. But that night, a little after twelve, something happened to change this contented spirit. I was in the sleep of one who has just marched thirty miles, and de-

feated hostile Arabs by the way, when I awoke to a tremendous crash. I was covered with dirt and sand and dust, and unaccountably with mud as well; it seemed that the old *khan* must have fallen down.

A match, however, showed the disaster to be somewhat less. Under the deluge of rain, like a thunderstorm long continued, rather more than half the ceiling had fallen, and with it not only plaster but old rotten wooden beams; and all my work of cleaning was to be performed again, for I was black and dirty as a sweep. But it could not be done now, and after moving the bed to a spot clear of hanging debris and dripping water, I turned in as I was and slept as soundly as before.

Next morning I moved into another room, and was kept close there all day by heavy continuous rain. The *khan*-yard became a pond under this downpour, and streets, too, were flooded. It was said, also, that the river—the Cydnus of old name—had overflowed its banks. But all this day was made pleasant for me by the sound of strange singing, which in its accompanying circumstances remains my most vivid recollection of Tarsus. It came from a smithy in some ground-floor apartment of the *khan*, where various men had gathered to pass away the time while rain-bound. How many there were, and of what race, I do not know, for I never saw them. Nor do I know what it was they sang. But they sang to the beating of hammers on anvil, and with such zest and abandon, and such a sense of old, wild adventurous life caught in the tune,—for it was always the same song,—and the clang of metal came in so happily and with such accurate timing, that I heard this music with never-failing pleasure, and was always anxious for it to begin anew. First would be a bar or two of slow recitative, as it were, by a single voice, to the accompaniment of light blows on the anvil. Three or four other voices next joined in one by one, the time quickened, the hammer strokes became heavier. Then suddenly the song broke into a hurricane of sound. Many strong

voices took it up with something like dervish frenzy, the time grew faster still, and several heavy hammers were going furiously on the anvil together in accurate sequence. For a short verse the music went thus at the full, but only to die away irregularly as voice after voice dropped out; and the beating fell off, till only a solitary, slow tapping was left, and the last singer stopped upon a note which left expectation of another to follow. And then generally began laughter and the buzz of talking, as if the singers had enjoyed their own performance.

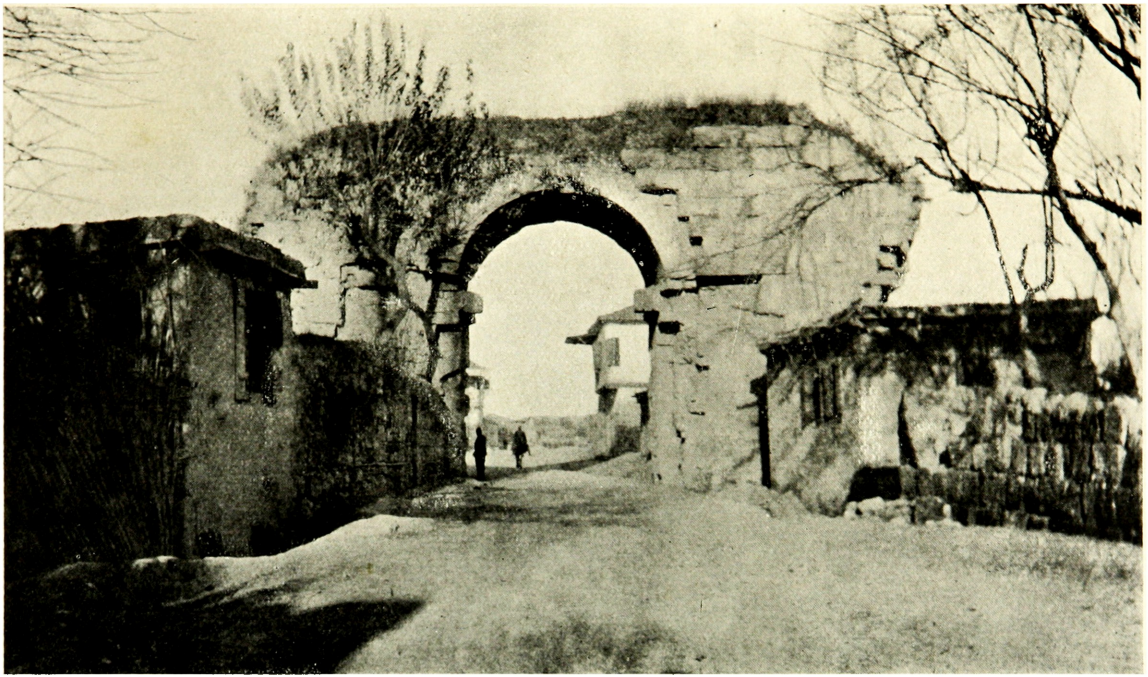
This wild, barbaric, tuneful thing seemed to be filled with the ardour and spirit of the world's younger days. Thus, I thought, the early forgers of weapons and those who watched the work might have sung in caves. Heard among the mountains of Pontus, I should have said I had listened to a true song of the Chalybes, surviving to these days. But in a Moslem *khan* in Tarsus that classic origin seemed improbable; its home was more likely to be east of the Caspian among the nomads; and yet, after all, I felt that it was a song of the oldest ironworkers.

In better weather, the next afternoon I went out to see Tarsus, and presently discovered the American College and friends hitherto unknown. Thereafter it was not long before I exchanged the Moslem *khan* for the welcome hospitality of the Tarsus Americans —a hospitality, by the way, largely extended to strangers like myself. The visitors' book showed a long list of names whose owners had received such ready entertainment. The College houses an American community whose disinterested aims and labours are similar to those of every other American Mission in Asia Minor; but to these people of St Paul's College, Tarsus, as to other American Missions in Cilicia, had lately come the opportunity of giving higher proofs of devotion. During the recent Cilician massacres they had, at the risk of their own lives, rescued and sheltered many Armenians who otherwise

must have perished. Nor had this been done without loss of life among themselves. A busy, pathetic figure in the College work was my host's widowed daughter, whose husband, a young American not long entered on his missionary career, had sacrificed his life in the great massacre at Adana.

With some experience of Turkish towns, I had not expected to find in Tarsus much that would remind of former greatness; but I had hoped to detect at least the elusive consciousness of other days. Of Arab Tarsus, for one thing, I had somehow always understood that the walls and the "Gate of Holy War" survived; and most Ottoman cities preserve traces of the Seljuks. But Tarsus—to its loss, it seems—had never been ruled by Seljuks. It had seen Greek and Roman rulers—Alexander for one and Mark Antony for another, as all men know,—had been a great city under Haroun el Rashid, had witnessed the quarrels of Crusading chiefs and the fluctuations of Lesser Armenia; but for all, its varied and romantic history shows little indeed now to help the imagination. Of the walls, of the Gate of Holy War, on the base name of which I had built a whole history of Arab dominion, not a trace remains. "St Paul's Gate," claiming survival from the apostle's times, may be old, but does not convince that its age is quite so great as that. There is a St Paul's Well, however, which perhaps may belong to that Roman Tarsus which was "no mean city." The great stone bridge over the Cydnus is said to be Armenian. For the rest, for existing Tarsus, the truth makes it a very commonplace Turkish town of 20,000 souls, with cotton-mills, and small, squalid shops and dwellings. It has not even a typical Eastern bazaar worthy the name. The historical stock-in-trade of modern Tarsus is no more than its name, or, better still, three names —Tarsus, St Paul, and Cydnus; attach these to any other Turkish town, and it would do as well.

But out of sight is a city of which many fragments appear now and then, all bespeaking its ancient



St Paul's Gateway, Tarsus.

richness and importance. Tarsus, indeed, has risen above its evidence of that era, and so has hidden its antiquities. The Cydnus carries much matter in suspension, and is in flood often, and in two thousand years has covered Greek and Roman Tarsus, and in a thousand years the level of the Arab city too. So when men build in Tarsus now they expect to dig deep before finding a foundation; nor do they complain, for so digging they know they will obtain from structures of the ancient city all the stone required for their new buildings. They go down ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet, and are among great blocks of stone and marble filled in with soft silt, and now and again light upon fragments richly carved—marble friezes, capitals of columns, enrichments—and these, if not too large, are sometimes brought to the surface in evidence of the past. I saw various fragments so obtained,—marble basins and pedestals and a bronze tripod or two. There are mounds also at Tarsus which are said to cover remains of vast buildings. One such elevation is now a Turkish cemetery, and grown over with aloes—a ragged, unpromising place; but there, when digging for graves, they sometimes unearth statuettes—so you are told, and have to take the statement on faith, for exploration is forbidden.

In Tarsus, as in so many places in Asia Minor, the traveller may suddenly come face to face with the past in a manner so intimate as to startle; he may even find that ancient traditions or historical events affect his own personal actions, as I did here. That the Cydnus gives fever to all who bathe in it, and that Alexander was one of its victims, is a tale one reads and never credits, regarding it as a picturesque superstition. And yet, behold! when I proposed to swim in the Cydnus myself—for the sake of Cleopatra if you like—I was urged not to do so; for the story of illness following is no tradition in this place, but a matter of local experience and belief, and after all carried enough weight to dissuade me.

For one who comes down from the Cilician Gates to Tarsus in winter-time there is all the great and pleasing contrast of dropping from snow and ice and rigorous cold into a subtropical climate and vegetation. The air seems strangely soft and balmy, and scented by the earth and plants and sea of a hot lowland. And the town itself is surrounded by gardens and orchards, by dark-foliaged persimmons, by shining orange-groves, at this time of year loaded with the great shapeless yellow oranges called *turunj*; there are vineyards, fields of young maize, and sugar-cane, and tobacco; and beside the yellow river grow light-green feathery brakes of cane. But everything is ragged and neglected, grown by sun and water and rich soil with the least possible labour.

Notwithstanding the Adana-Mersina Railway which passes through Tarsus, the town remains a place of many caravans. Here they set out, here they arrive and rest, in their traffic between interior and coast through the Cilician Gates. Vacant ground in and about the town is filled with sedate camels kneeling and standing, with bare-legged camel-men in dirty white, with tents, heaped camel-saddles, and bales of merchandise. One looks at this commerce of Tarsus with never-failing interest, not as anything uncommon, for camel traffic is the familiar sight of all roads and towns of Asia Minor, but for what it represents in this city. It represents, almost unchanged in details, the ancient traffic which created the earliest Tarsus, and has maintained every city upon this site from that time to the present. There can be no question that Tarsus is the outcome of the Cilician Pass. Come through the pass and down into Tarsus and you have no doubt on that score. The road from the pass and the wide country behind it reached the plain, in a few miles came to the Cydnus, and there found it navigable for the small craft in which ancient navigators followed their calling. So Tarsus became a port, and the Medi-

terranean end of the only caravan route between the sea and an immense area of inland Asia Minor. In times of peace and truce one thinks the Gate of Holy War must have been also the gate of a secular commerce as rich and varied as the East could show.

From Tarsus, on a morning more like summer than spring, I set out for Mersina, the present port, which is sixteen miles distant. It stands at the western extremity of the plain, where mountains and coast, after being separated for more than a hundred miles by the united deltas of Cilician rivers, are drawing together to meet near the ruins of Pompeiopolis in an abrupt seaboard once more. So as I went between converging mountains and coast there was the Taurus, in blue and white cut by shadowy gorges, ever growing above me on my right, and on my left a line of low sand-hills and cane-brakes marking the marshes of the coast. The road on which I travelled was constructed by Ibrahim Pasha to connect his new port of Mersina with Tarsus, and in the Roman manner he made it straight for its whole length. You could hardly find a highway more dull, with the double dulness of a straight road among featureless surroundings; for it goes through a seemingly unpeopled country of cotton and wheat alternating with wide areas of rough grass. The railway keeps the road company at a little distance, yet a conservative people cling to old ways of travelling and conveyance. Caravans and lines of cotton-carts drawn by oxen were plodding steadily in both directions, and now and then appeared travelling flocks of sheep and goats driven by ancient long-bearded shepherds in embroidered white felt cloaks.

One incident on the road brought to mind the proximity of Cyprus, the Heligoland and warder island of this end of the Mediterranean. A little way back from the road stood a long low hut, built of interwoven canes in the style of the plain, and before it were eight or nine men in line, carrying sticks.

They had the appearance of recruits, and were being instructed by a sergeant-like figure who demonstrated his instruction with an old shot-gun. He was giving abrupt orders as I passed, and his awkward squad, one of them a lame man, made commendable efforts to respond smartly with their sticks. The sergeant's intonation seemed familiar, and stopping to listen, I heard the order given, "Present arms!" and at that went up to see what was going on. I found that the sergeant was a Cypriote *zaptieh* born in Cyprus, as he explained, since the island became a British possession, and that at this wayside *kahveh* he was drilling Turks in the British manner and spreading the British reputation. He spoke of British Cyprus, counting himself at least some sort of Briton, and of the Cyprus police, whose uniform he had worn, and of their officers, whom he had liked. And then I recalled that Kara Ibrahim, brigand of the Kaisariyeh country, was said to have found refuge in Cyprus at one time, and ever since had sworn by the English, never to hurt or rob one, holding them as men and therefore his natural friends. I asked the sergeant if he had ever heard of this brigand in Cyprus.

"No," he answered, becoming a policeman again instantly, "he could not be brigand there."

In going to Mersina this morning I had the good fortune to find excellent company, for the French Professor at St Paul's College and his wife accompanied me. And because a question had laughingly arisen as to what a woman could do afoot, the professor's wife, who was Swiss, and athletic, and as much at home upon her native mountains as on horseback here, elected to walk for the reputation of her country and canton. She held that she could cover the sixteen miles of hot road in four hours, or so little over as made no matter, and find it only a pleasant jaunt. So with the professor mounted, and his lady on foot, we went down to Mersina in the sunlight of a spring forenoon. Flooded water-courses had to be crossed, and wide ditches, and a way over them found,

but the tall Swiss lady took every obstacle boldly and readily, and never failed in her leap, though sometimes confronted by a good three yards of mud and water. And she well made good her claim, for she reached Mersina in only a few minutes beyond the four hours,—somewhat hot, to be sure, but fresh and strong, and capable of going farther at the same round pace.

Mersina was a piece of barren sandy foreshore till Ibrahim Pasha recognised it as a spot where he could land troops and stores. Now it has about 25,000 inhabitants, and is a port with considerable trade. Not only is it the port of the Cilician Plain, but because of the Cilician Pass is port of a wide region of Asia Minor behind the mountains. Most of the camels I saw in the Cilician Pass were from Tarsus and Mersina; so also were caravans met near Kaisariyeh. As the port nearest to the pass Mersina has been made by caravan traffic; at a later stage the Adana-Mersina Railway has brought it all the trade of the plain. And yet one thinks the future of Mersina exceedingly doubtful. It is tucked away in the extreme western nook of the plain, nearly fifty miles from Adana, and is much too far to the west to be the chief port of the Bagdad Railway. For the great areas which the Bagdad Railway will make dependent upon a Cilician port Mersina is unfortunately placed. In spite of these disadvantages, however, it might have some hope did it but possess a fine natural harbour. But it has no harbour at all. It is an open roadstead, under the shelter of Cyprus eighty miles away, with water so shallow that steamers have to lie two or three miles out and handle cargo by means of small lighters. The weather of this coast, however, is kind; for in a sterner climate Mersina would do no shipping business at all.

In spite of the rawness and newness of the place, in spite, too, of fierce heat and alleged unhealthiness, Mersina has a pleasant side for those willing to be pleased. So at least I thought; and during a stay

of five weeks on the Cilician Plain I several times found myself in Mersina from choice. There I discovered an hotel, so called, a simple stone-floored building, primitive in its appointments—they placed Danish butter on the table in its large tin—but the company was ever cosmopolitan and interesting. And the dining-room overlooked the Mediterranean, which splashed gently against the wall of a little terrace to which the windows of the room opened; and on this terrace at evening the romance and glamour of a classic sea and a land eastern, and also of the hot south, always made themselves felt. In these surroundings one sometimes saw Germans as men not yet in possession, but confident of inheriting, and already projecting and executing improvements in the estate.

By lingering in a busy market-place a visitor may, I always think, learn more about the town and district in a little time than by any other way of seeing and hearing. Counting myself a connoisseur of such scenes, I therefore went early into the market-place of Mersina, and found it surprisingly interesting although the town is of such recent origin. The whole of the Near East is a region of many races, but nowhere do they appear in such variety as on the Levant coast. On this hot seaboard one may get his daily bread and olives, and seasonable fish and fruit, with little effort, so men of every race of Western Asia and Northern Africa and Southern Europe seem to drift hither and be at home. They live and move and ply their callings without any sense of being strangers, and seem to become at once a part of the normal population.

I saw this market-place at Mersina in white sunlight, filled with a crowd in coloured garments. Vendors stood or sat beside their stalls, heaps of goods were upon the ground, and buyers and loungers filled all spaces. Turks and Armenians one saw, and a Circassian and Kurd here and there, but these were the few; the greater number were Greeks—of main-

land and island, the last distinguishable by their picturesque dress—Arabs, Fellaheen, Syrians, Cretans, Algerians, Negroes, Afghans, Hindus, and others not easy to recognise. It was the true medley of the Levant; malodorous, perhaps, for one who is nice in such matters, and yet with a friendly quality to be recognised. For besides various doubtful elements, there was the pleasant smell of Turkish tobacco mingled with warm sea air, and now and then, from warehouses near by, came an unmistakable whiff of Manchester bales and boxes.

In portions of Mersina may be found a curious resemblance to an Australian town, due partly to the presence of Australian trees, but also to the British influence of those who constructed the railway in a new town of wide spaces and cheap land and hot climate. Approach the low-built railway station along its avenue of young eucalyptus trees—red-gums I think they are—and the illusion becomes almost perfect.

Having now tramped from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, I returned to Tarsus, purposing to set out thence for wanderings in the north-east and east. I would go into the mountains of Albistan and visit Zeitûn, a famous robber town, a fastness of warlike Armenians who had never really been subdued by the Osmanlis. They gave trouble still, and at this time were in a state of unrest consequent upon the Italian war, and harbouring deserters from the Turkish army. In going there I should cover the whole length of the Cilician plain; I should also see Adana, of sinister name, scene of the great massacre, and capital of Cilicia, where I proposed to stay awhile.

Tarsus to Adana is nearly thirty miles by almost straight road along the plain. Fields of wheat and maize, and cotton and tobacco, and patches of sugar-cane, were varied by great prairie-like expanses of coarse grass. No villages could be seen, though I supposed that in Turkish fashion they must be hidden somewhere. Here and there was a low *kahveh*, and

never more than a mile distant was the railway. Not a third of the country seemed to be cultivated, though credited with being the richest district in Asia Minor, an alluvial plain more than a hundred miles in length, where soil and water and climate combine to make the growing of all things possible. Under present conditions only the choicest and more accessible portions are tilled, but they produce so much that a hundred and fifty thousand labourers come from the surrounding mountains each year for the harvesting.

On the road were long lines of bullock-carts, camels, and horses loaded with cotton, which is the chief crop of the plain, and seems likely to remain so. When it is remembered that Asia Minor produces, or can produce, cotton on a belt round the coast from the Sea of Marmora to Syria and thence on into Mesopotamia, that in these regions cotton has long been grown, and that at one time Smyrna was a greater cotton port than New Orleans, one understands German hopes in these regions better. Railways are needed, and roads, and a good port, and irrigation—for which there is abundance of water,—and the marshes require draining. Then, indeed, on the Cilician plain there might be four million souls where now are not an eighth that number.

These developments would have followed the Bagdad Railway inevitably, for the plain was recognised as a district where German capital and direction could work marvels. Somewhere here, one is told and well believes, was to have been the commercial centre of Germanised Asia Minor. The Caliphate and the outward form of Ottoman sovereignty would have remained at Constantinople, but the chief port and headquarters of German activities and commerce in the Near East would have been in the happily placed geographical centre of Anatolia and Syria and Mesopotamia, midway betwixt Constantinople and Bagdad, somewhere on the Gulf of Alexandretta. Large schemes were these! and yet

Cotton Carts, Cilician Plain.

Carrying Cotton, Adana.

most obvious and feasible and profitable, if you premise a great wealthy military and commercial State endeavouring to achieve such ends as part of an imperial policy, and content to be patient.

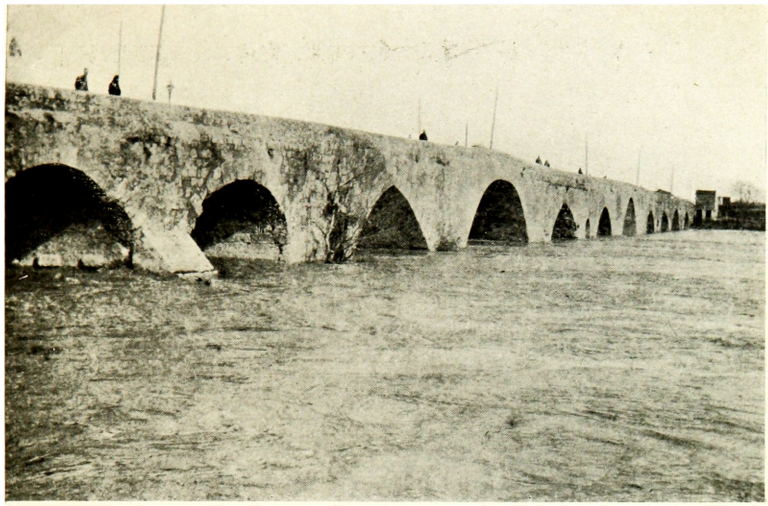
I reached Adana in the evening, expecting to find it little more than a heap of ruins. The massacre had taken place three years before, yet since I left Samsûn scarcely a day had passed on which I did not hear some reference to the event. But instead of stagnation and ruin I found shops lit up, cafés thronged, cotton-mills humming, the streets crowded, and from the railway station such a rush of furiously driven cabs as no other Turkish town can show. I found, in fact, a throbbing town of 100,000 inhabitants, with an unmistakable air of prosperity and confidence in the future. Compared with Adana, the cities of the interior—Sivas, Kaisariyeh, and Konia—were cities in the quietude of decay.

CHAPTER XXX.

Adana—On a flat roof—The Bagdad Railway again—Armenians of Cilicia—Lesser Armenia—The great Adana massacre—Major Doughty-Wylie—Armenian unwisdom—Killing an Armenian pastor—Hanging of Moslems—Ibrahim, of the British Consulate—I pay off Ighsan—His successor Mustapha—The British Consul goes with me a stage.

ADANA covers an isolated circular hill rising out of the plain, a few miles from the foot-hills of the Taurus. At the base of the hill on the eastern side flows the Sihun—of old the Sarus,—here three hundred yards in width, spanned by an ancient Arab bridge of irregular arches and massive piers. Haroun el Rashid, the Khalif of the 'Arabian Nights,' knew Adana as one of his cities, and fortified it with a castle, of which you are shown the fragments. Bridge and ruined castle, and the "Great Mosque" built four centuries ago, are all that now remain of the older city.

At Adana, as so often before, it was my excellent fortune to fall into the hands of Americans, who most hospitably received me in a house on the very summit of Adana Hill, where I met several to whom Adana will always remain a place of dreadful and vivid memories. One roof, or perhaps two, may have been a trifle higher,—the flat roof in Adana is an important part of the house,—but none gave a finer or more unobstructed view. Hence you looked down upon the city; beyond it to the level blue distances of the plain; to the long blue-and-purple snow-crowned wall of the Taurus, going from north to west; to the peaks



Old Bridge over the Sihon, Adana.

Water-carriers, Adana.

of Ala Dagh and Anti-Taurus in the north and north-east; to the nearer green hills of Jebel Nur in the east; and in the south-east, across the Gulf of Alexandretta, to the Amanus mountains, ending abruptly in the 5000 feet of Jebel Khansir standing above ancient Antioch. On this high flat roof I spent many hours in the clear air of the Cilician spring, as any visitor so fortunate as myself would do.

From this point of vantage you also looked over other flat roofs and might notice the people's habits. Each roof had its heavy roller of stone, sedulously used by the responsible householder after a shower to consolidate the surface of gravelly clay and ensure water-tightness. On many roofs were beds, with a cotton screen stretched round the high posts of each, for sleeping on house-tops is an Adana custom. Children played upon these parapeted roofs by day as in a safe nursery; young boys of one roof would throw stones at boys upon another, careless of intervening spectators; girls played a game of the country—keeping a ball bounding by striking it with the open hand, —and on these high airy flats above the street families gathered in the cool of the evening. From roof to roof in days of massacre men had sniped at each other, and firing downwards when occasion offered had been able to make the streets impassable. And on them, too, as singular portent, before massacre broke out, Moslems had appeared, all dressed in white. Asked by an American from his roof what this white raiment meant, a Moslem neighbour had answered that affairs were toward — affairs of no concern to the interlocutor, — and advised him to remain at home.

At Adana one gets a clear idea of how those responsible for the Bagdad Railway have judged the future. They have countenanced no makeshift or half measures in the laying out here. The Mersina Railway, constructed and once owned by an English company, but now acquired by the Bagdad Railway —with which line it is linked—comes in on the west

side of the town. There, however, it was thought the future could not well be provided for, so the Bagdad Railway station is placed among the vineyards nearly two miles away to the north, and the town is to be drawn thither. There they found all the space required, and have planned and built the station on a great scale, with a boulevard to connect town and station. Looking at the whole thing you are conscious of free expenditure, of great hopes by those who built, and a large idealism in conception.

You may regard these developments if you like as due to the prescience of an altruistic railway company; it is soon borne in upon you, however, that all this perfection and largeness of aim comes of the State—though not the Ottoman State. You recognise that you are in the presence of something new—that here is the effort of a foreign State preparing for itself a new dominion in the territory of another State; laying out capital and erecting great works with the sure knowledge of eventual great returns. You recognise, in fact, that here is a small part of an Imperial Speculation on the grandest scale. Seeing the Bagdad Railway and its developments in and about Adana, it seems the most natural thing imaginable to hear of Germans seeking sites throughout the district, buying land, and proposing to erect factories and mills. You see and hear these things and cannot withhold your admiration and respect, but also discover the stirrings of tribal instincts in yourself—for beneath all these visible and admirable activities you are conscious of hostility to your own country.

In this matter of German ambitions and British policy, it came as a surprise to find that not a few Armenians of Adana followed the duel with interest. The Agadir incident and Algeciras conference and what underlay those movements they understood well enough. Going by train to Mersina one day I noticed an Armenian reading an English monthly. As he read he laughed, and presently laughed so much that other Armenian passengers became curious, for whose

benefit the reader at last interpreted and explained the passage which caused him all this amusement. He gave it somewhat thus: The present policy of England permitted the French mare to wander and graze in any territory it chose, but the German horse might not so much as look over the wall. That he thought an excellent policy, and the simile moved reader and listeners to laughter again; but behind this amused interest could be detected a dim hope that the policy might somehow result in benefit for Armenians in general and Cilician Armenians in particular. Their instincts told them that in a clash of the great nations it might be possible for the Armenian people to get between the bark and the tree of their difficulties and found an independent Armenia once more.

For in Cilicia the race has had greater hope of independence than in Armenia itself. Armenia Proper lies under the shadow of Russia; Lesser Armenia, as this Cilician region once was called, is outside the sphere of Russian aspirations; it is also on the sea, and therefore accessible to the friendly Western Powers; and further—not a slight consideration—it is by nature a rich district, which Armenia Proper is not. Armenians long have felt that if an independent Armenia could be re-established anywhere with prospects of permanence, it would be here. These hopes, and the expression of them, had much to do with the Cilician massacres of 1909.

In Cilicia the Armenians are themselves an invading people who came pushing down from the northern mountains during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They made their capital at Sis, in the north-eastern extremity of the Cilician plain, and for nearly three hundred years maintained a difficult independence. Along the coast their territory sometimes ran from Antioch to Seleuke; the Taurus bounded it on the north-west; in the north-east it went up into the nearer highlands of the Anti-Taurus, where lay their most warlike population, a district still inhabited

by a fighting race inferior to none in Asia Minor. But Lesser Armenia, unhappily, was a little State thrust between hostile greater ones. It was nearly always at war. It had to fight Byzantines, Arabs, Seljuks, Turks, and the Sultans of Egypt, and ever sided with Crusaders. Since the times of the great Armenian King Tigranes, the race has never exhibited such warlike capacity as it did in the little kingdom in the south founded by Armenian adventurers. Had the race as a whole possessed any capacity for union, here was the opportunity to have secured a great and permanent Armenian kingdom from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and eastward and westward as far as the merits of the State deserved; for at Sivas, midway between the seas, an immigrant Armenian population had already established itself firmly. But the instinct for unity was absent, or, to speak more strictly, was so overlaid and smothered by jealousies and internal quarrels that racial unity and progress became impossible even within the narrow limits of Lesser Armenia. And so history records that the last Armenian king died in Paris in 1393, twenty years after his kingdom had fallen to the Egyptians.

Yet as a race Armenians have many virtues. They possess military qualities of a higher order altogether than generally supposed. They are an industrious people, with great aptitude and skill as artisans, an average of intelligence sufficient for anything, and a genius like few for money-making and business affairs. Soon after the Osmanlis took Constantinople, they found themselves everlastingly outwitted by the Greeks whom they had conquered. It became the custom, therefore, for each wealthy Osmanli to entrust his affairs to an Armenian steward; and then, and since, the Armenian has generally proved himself capable of holding his own and more against the subtle and overreaching Greek. But for all their abilities the quarrelsome disruptive nature of the Armenian people has prevented all national advance;

and coupled with their love of gain and a political unwisdom hard to equal, has made them a people with few friends. From the time of Tigranes to the present, the race has been paying the direst penalty for internal jealousy and disunion.

No one could visit Adana at the time that I did without hearing much about the great massacre. Three or four thousand citizens cannot be killed in street fighting, or burnt alive in buildings, or otherwise butchered in racial and religious hatred, without leaving deep effects. There were, indeed, memories and physical evidence enough of the tragedy for any one who went about Adana three years later. Many buildings had been destroyed by fire, and gaunt walls remained looking down upon heaps of *débris*. Bullet-marks could still be seen, even in my host's house. Of one he remarked, "That bullet killed an Armenian sitting where you sit now." Of another, "That just missed my daughter." You are shown the spot where two American missionaries were killed while upon a work of peace. I heard of wells still filled with dead, and of bodies still coming to light occasionally from the wreckage of buildings. In a dirty side street one morning I scraped my boots upon a stone that lay on a heap of rubbish. The stone turned over and showed itself then as a human skull. More reverential was the act of an American lady of the Mission who also came upon a skull in the street, for she took it home and had it decently buried.

One heard also many stories of Major Doughty-Wylie, British Consul at Adana at the time of the massacre, who was severely wounded while endeavouring to stay the killing. In this emergency, which arose with no more warning than a change of wind, he displayed those qualities which long experience has led people of the country to expect of a British officer and Consul as a matter of course. But Fate had in keeping for him one other and far greater occasion in the same land, and this time among com-

rades of his own race. For as Lieutenant-Colonel Doughty-Wylie, V.C., he fell, offering himself in another emergency, in the immortal landing at Cape Helles, where the hill of his death has been given his name, and, one hopes, will retain it always.

Many influences went to the making of the massacre, some more or less obscure, as the part taken in planning it by the Turkish Jews of Salonika, and others belonging to the deeper causes of faith and race which ever underlie these horrible affairs. But some also were local, and exhibited the inconceivable unwisdom which Armenians so often display in their larger dealings with Moslems.

Cilicia, as we have seen, is a district closely connected with Armenian history and independence; and here, in the sudden period of liberty which followed the downfall of Abdul Hamid, Armenians gave unrestrained vent to their aspirations. Their clubs and meeting-places were loud with boastings of what was soon to follow. Post-cards were printed showing a map of the future Armenian kingdom of Cilicia and circulated through the Ottoman post. Armenian nationalists marched in procession in the streets bearing flags purporting to be the flag of Lesser Armenia come to life again. The name of the future king was bandied about, no aloof nebulous personage, but, it is said, a well-known Armenian landowner of the Cilician plain, held in peculiar disfavour by Moslems. Giving a fuller meaning to these matters was the steady assertion that an Armenian army gathering in the mountains by Hajin and Zeitûn—an army of rumour like the legendary Royalist Army of Jales which terrorised revolutionary France—would presently march upon Adana and set up an Armenian kingdom again.

Sober Armenians of Cilicia tell you now that these proceedings were folly, the work of revolutionary societies and hot-heads, and that the mass of the Armenian population held aloof. But there can be no doubt that the movement was approved and sup-

ported by many, and intended to involve the whole race; that it had, in fact, got beyond the control both of those who desired to go more slowly, and those who disapproved of it altogether.

There were economic influences, too, which helped to exasperate the Moslem population. For example, much of the Cilician plain had gradually passed into Armenian hands; the business too; and while Armenians multiplied and grew visibly richer, Moslems diminished and became visibly poorer. Many Turks also were in the power of Armenian usurers, who are not noted for leniency. During the massacres of Abdul Hamid none had taken place in Cilicia, a fact continually thrown in the face of Cilician Moslems by those of more fanatical *vilayets*. Cilician Moslems had to endure the censure and jibes of their fellows from districts which had killed Armenians as a good work; in Cilicia, it was said, implying the extremest reversal of position, Moslems were accounted dogs. And then came the killing of two Moslems and beating of others by Armenians at Adana.

The great massacre began in Adana Bazaar the next day, and thenceforward was carried on in a spirit of ruthless determination. At first it took the course of street fighting, in which Armenians inflicted heavy losses on their enemies; but presently resistance broke down and sheer killing succeeded. A pause followed when troops were brought from Salonika; but these, alleging that their camp had been fired on by Armenians, took the Moslem side, and then massacre broke out afresh, and went from bad to worse in days of blood and frenzy before it ceased. Meanwhile the example swept over the whole of Cilicia like a madness; and though the dead at Adana numbered thousands, the victims in country districts were more numerous by far. No massacre of Abdul Hamid's reign equalled this, which many firmly believe was organised by the Moslem Jews of Salonika.

After having seen the Moslem mood for killing

at Yeni *Khan* by Chamli Bel, I had speculated sometimes upon the broader details of massacre. What outstanding impressions, for instance, would one receive who witnessed massacre by these ruthless Moslems of Anatolia? My host had seen the Adana tragedy from first to last and daily risked his life in it, and I now applied to him for personal impressions. What, I asked, were the chief sounds? He replied that apart from scattered shots there had been strangely little sound. Grim silence and intentness on the part of slayers, and the despairing silence of their victims, had been one of the most impressive characteristics of the scenes. And next, he said, had been the innate mercilessness and cruelty revealed in the character of those who killed; not in the way of torturing—of that he saw nothing—but in the insatiable desire to kill, and satisfaction in the deed. He told many stories of his experiences—one of which I set down here as illustrating much. He told it on the spot, in the narrow cobbled street where it happened; where he had been an actor, with the blood of unhappy Armenians on his garments, so closely had he pressed his efforts to save—but this detail I heard from others.

Opposite the main gate of the American School for Girls was a building occupied temporarily by the Americans, and here, when the massacre broke out, many Armenian women and children and men, among them a pastor of the Armenian Protestant Church, had taken refuge. American women also were in the building as a safeguard for the refugees. The mob respected American buildings, but refused to regard this one as such; this one they were resolved should be no refuge. They were in no immediate hurry; they made no attempt to force the barred door; but their resolve to have the building cleared and secure their victims was inexorable. So among these Moslems came Dr Chambers, a tall white-bearded missionary, to save the Armenians if that could be done by pleading and argument and

influence. The besiegers were a crowd rather than a mob, a party of old men, young men, and youths, told off as it were to this duty. Old men were their spokesmen, and the rest kept silence. But silent or speaking, they sat or stood patiently in the street before the door with foam on their lips, like waiting wolves. The Doctor could do nothing with them. Moslem blood had been shed, their speakers reiterated, and Armenian blood must follow. To the Doctor's argument that much Armenian blood had flowed already, they answered that there must be more. They would spare all women and children and Americans — those might cross the road and enter the girls' school, where they would be safe— but this building must be cleared. If it were not cleared, they would presently burn building and inmates together.

The terms were accepted at last, no better being possible, the door was opened, and the procession across the street began, the mob looking on almost in silence. The Armenian pastor, dressed in American clothes, a tall hat on his head, his face almost hidden, at last stepped into the street. He was thought unrecognisable in this disguise, but something more than the sense of sight seemed to be at work, for the instant he appeared, said the Doctor, a strange thrill ran through the crowd. "There he is," cried all voices, and the crowd surged towards him.

At that Dr Chambers took the pastor in his arms, and still pleading, while wrestling and struggling, endeavoured to work with him towards the school gate only twenty or thirty feet away. But even so the mob showed no frantic haste. On their part they screwed the Doctor and his burden aside from the gate, pushed them a few yards higher up the street, and there the pastor gave a gasp and fell limp in the Doctor's arms; for the end had come by knife.

After the massacre law of some kind set up its courts in Adana, and proceeded next to hangings in

order to demonstrate that the new Government really abhorred great crimes done in publicity. As proof of strict impartiality for one side Moslems were actually hanged, as proof for the other side Armenians were hanged also. But there were some who said that the Armenian population having been appreciably reduced, and the real purpose of the massacre thereby achieved, the execution of a few Moslems was small sacrifice for so great gain.

On going to the British Consulate the morning after reaching Adana, I was confronted by the *kavass* whom I had passed between Kaisariyeh and Sivas hurrying northward with his master in a three-horse *araba*. I recognised him at once, for no one, I think, who had ever seen Ibrahim could fail to recognise him again—not so much by physical appearance as by the extraordinary alertness which characterised his look and movements. And now I soon heard about the northward journey, which had been the home-going of a consul vacating the Consulateship at Adana. Ibrahim, it seemed, had come back by sea, to be taken over by the new consul as a man altogether too valuable by reputation to be lost. For in these out-of-the-way places not only a consul's comfort but his knowledge of much that goes on may depend upon his *kavass*.

Ibrahim called himself a Persian. His history was uncertain—at least to the extent of being a subject on which he spoke little, and that vaguely—but he claimed to have been a courier in his time. His age was about five-and-thirty, his figure spare and of middle height, he had a bold prominent nose and restless eye; at sight you knew that he was instant in action, quick-witted and resourceful beyond the ordinary. Tell him to do anything and it was done; to get anything and he got it; to find out anything and he either had the information already or produced it when seen again. He knew every one, knew his way everywhere, and never lost his energy and good spirits. Now that I saw Ibrahim often I understood

well why the Consul found such infinite satisfaction in his bodyguard and servant.

Soon after arriving in Adana it seemed that I must return to Constantinople at once, with small prospect of resuming my journey for another two months. With great reluctance, therefore, I paid Ighsan off, though hoping to engage him again when I should come back. The morning he left for Kaisariyeh the old man came to the house to say farewell once more, and show me the trifles he had bought for his wife—a poor, gay, little box, with scissors and needles and the like, and a small packet of chocolates—and then his own provision of dates and *pasderma* packed in tobacco tins of my discarding. He showed me, too, how he carried his gold in three small balls of dough or moistened bread, tied cunningly into different parts of his clothing,—there was to be no clinking of the magic metal to announce his riches as he went back through the mountains. In the way he showed his purchases was something simple and artless, something of the pleasure of one, I thought, who has been able to buy unusual presents; but when he kissed my hands and broke into tears I detected that his unusual interest in trifles had to do with saying good-bye and the end of his service. I saw him go with unfeigned regret and a strange consciousness of personal loss, for in ten weeks the old man had won more than my liking; I felt for him, indeed, as I now recognised, the affectionate respect that one might have for a friend. He had all the admirable Turkish qualities, and few of any opposite sort. He was faithful in all things; not only brave but self-sacrificing too; and his word was a pledge; and often when I observed his patience and dignity and even good-temper, I felt that I had more to learn from him than he from me.

Ighsan had been gone only a day when I heard that I need not return for another six weeks, but by this time he was out of reach. I had to find another man, and now sought the aid of Ibrahim, who produced a friend named Mustapha, an Adana

Moslem for whom he could vouch, who owned a pack-horse, knew the roads, and was willing to go anywhere. Ibrahim brought him to the Consulate to be interviewed.

"Have you a revolver?" the Consul presently asked as a question affecting much. At this inquiry, ominous to a man familiar with the disarmings, inquisitions, and courts-martial which followed the massacre, Mustapha scented trouble. He rolled a reproachful eye upon Ibrahim, his friend, and yet appeared to seek instruction in the glance. As I saw Ibrahim's face it remained impassive and changeless as a stone, but Mustapha seemed to find in it all the guidance necessary, for he was reassured, and replied that he had no weapons. As a commendable reason for a British Consul to hear in the circumstances, he explained that he had surrendered his revolver at the time of the troubles. Probably he spoke the truth, but he was under no obligation to say that if he wished he could find another inside the hour. Mustapha was as good a substitute for Ighsan as I could hope to get, so he began service with me the next day. His age might have been forty; he was shortish but stiffly made; and as a singular characteristic, had the habit of gradually opening his eyes till the iris showed completely surrounded by white. In this fashion he expressed surprise while remaining silent. I discovered later that this curious expression was also a preliminary to laughter, a point he seldom reached; but when he did get so far, his staring immobile aspect suddenly broke into a look of such contagious humour that all had to laugh with him. Like so many of his Moslem fellow-countrymen in Southern Asia Minor, he had served with the army in the Yemen.

For the ninety or one hundred miles from Adana to Baghche, the route I was to follow lay close to the Bagdad Railway line. The Consul wished to see how the work was progressing, it being one of his duties to watch and report on these matters.

As a matter of professional interest he also wished to ascertain why a diplomatic official from the German Embassy at Constantinople, a man of wide experience, had been stationed at Baghche for a considerable time. Curiosity in what the representative of another Power is doing is part of a Consul's everyday duty in Asia Minor, for there the large rivalries and interests of foreign Powers eventually narrow to the point of individuals, alert as to each other's movements and immediate aims even in time of peace.

So the Consul at Adana proposed to accompany me, travelling in the way that I travelled—a way he thought likely to serve the purpose of his journey. Ibrahim, he declared, therefore, should lead a pack-horse like Mustapha, and display his qualities in that duty as he did in all others. I was confident that Ibrahim would not approve. In his blue tunic, cord breeches, well-polished brown gaiters, and red fez, he did not look at all the man to lead a pack-horse. The Consul said, moreover, that Ibrahim should act as cook, for he owned that my custom of preparing my own food did not altogether appeal to him. Here again I doubted Ibrahim's willingness, and still more his capacity. The proposed trip was entirely to Ibrahim's liking until the Consul asked if he could undertake to cook. To this question Ibrahim replied that he was a *kavass*, an armed guard, and no domestic; but having registered the protest he then offered to abase himself in his master's service, and cook for his comfort. This vital point settled, the length of journey stated, and the condition laid down that one horse only was to be taken for the consular section of the party, the rest was left to Ibrahim. At the appointed time he would be ready with horse and food and equipment all packed, in the best order, and with nothing wanting. So the Consul said.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Leaving Adana—At Missis *Khan*—Ruins of Mopsuestia—A caravanserai—Ibrahim in difficulties—The Oxford Book of English Verse—A wet day on the road—Yarzuat—Turkish dentist for the Consul—Ibrahim as cook—Travelling in mud—Toprak Kale and Alexander the Great—Mustapha goes off—Benighted in the orchards of Osmanieh—The hotel at Osmanieh—On the road to Baghche—The German official—Baghche tunnel.

THE Cilician spring is a season of rain and consequent deep mud upon unformed roads; but we hoped for the best, and though wet days had preceded our setting out, no travellers could have desired a finer morning than that on which the journey began.

In this perfect spring weather, a little before nine o'clock, we went down the narrow tortuous street leading from Adana hill to the bridge, knowing that an unfamiliar historical country lay before us for our wanderings. Grown men we were, and on one lay the responsibility of representing the Empire in this district of fanatical disturbances; but now that majesty was laid aside, and if the truth be told, a youthful spirit of holiday adventuring was the fortunate possession of us both. We threaded our way among camels, and asses, and men of the east, between little shops and stalls over which sometimes hung the branches of date-palms; and then crossing the ancient bridge with the yellow Sarus swirling under its arches, and the ruins of Haroun el Rashid's castle upon our right, passed out of Adana town into the wide unenclosed spaces of the Cilician plain, and took the road for Missis. Across

The Consul, Ibrahim, and Mustapha.

His Excellency and Ibrahim Chowshe.

the plain in the south-east, violet with a cap of snow, were the Amanus mountains. Before us, in the east, were the blue hills of Jebel Nur, and from north-east to west the snows of Doloman Dagh, Ala Dagh, and the Taurus. The spring was at full tide this second week in February. Beside the road and in the fields were crocus, anemone, iris, peony, and many unknown bulb plants, and here and there the blue of scilla.

As I had expected, the duty of pack-horse driver was quite outside Ibrahim's view of what should be required of him. He had so arranged the Consul's baggage, and also determined the quantity, that he was able to find a comfortable seat between the saddle-bags. He rode looking much the master of the party. In the buoyant morning air the Consul and I walked fast.

"We are going too fast for Mustapha," I said, remembering how impossible it had been to get Ighsan out of the traditional country gait.

"Never mind," replied the Consul, "Ibrahim will bring him along, you may be sure." It was a faith not easy to share, but watching the two I saw Ibrahim in the rear cracking a riding-whip from time to time, and Mustapha stepping out as I am sure he had never done before, and urging his horse forward with blows. I was glad that Ibrahim had spoken of Mustapha as his friend, and that the other had been proud of the title. They looked now like slave and slave-driver, and when they overtook us, while we examined a washed-out section of the railway line, I saw with forebodings that Mustapha was in a lather of perspiration and even more surly than the occasion seemed to warrant.

But soon we halted for lunch at a well beside the road, with a low ridge of sprouting asphodel behind it, and here Mustapha's spirits revived. Now came into view another aspect of the many-sided Ibrahim. In a few minutes he had a meal ready—a meal, in itself and service, becoming to consular dignity. On the stone well-head as table was spread a spotless table-cloth, set with table-napkins, polished silver,

and bright glass. Roast quails, salad, and wine were merely the surprises of this wayside meal—even without them one would not have fared ill.

"It is no more than I expected," the Consul remarked complacently, "for Ibrahim is a remarkable person."

When within a few miles of Missis, Ibrahim rode ahead at a canter, a very earnest, purposeful figure seen from behind, which retained its look of intentness as long as in sight. He went of his own prompting, now to act as courier, and also, it appeared, to enjoy the attention due to him as the *kavass* of a great man and herald of his coming.

It was a stage of little over twenty miles to Missis, and we arrived when the sun was still high. In the roadway before the *khan* stood Ibrahim looking out for his party, and with him a group whose expectations had been raised by his report. For his own sake he had thought it necessary to explain away the undignified manner in which we journeyed. As I afterwards heard, he had made a merit of it, asserting it to be the sign of one above custom in such matters; for in whatever unusual manner the two foreigners might be travelling, one of them was the "*Ingleez Consolos*"—there could be no getting away from that, for here was his *kavass* in proof. So two unfortunate guests who occupied the best room were hastily bundled out, the floor was swept and a rug laid down; and then Ibrahim had unpacked the saddle-bags, and set up the Consul's bed with its furnishings of fine linen. These were details not lost upon curious onlookers. Had we appeared riding in uniform, with armed servants before and behind, we could have been received no better. We left Ibrahim to get dinner ready, and went out to look at Missis.

Missis lies at the edge of the low hills of Jebel Nur, which here break into the Cilician plain. Through the village runs the ancient Pyramus, now called the Jihun, a river which brings down, I imagine, as much water in a year as any other in Asia Minor. Here is the site of Mopsuestia, one of those old cities

whose ruins are scattered over the plain and tell how populous this region was in ancient days; and here a long, narrow Arab bridge of pointed arches crosses the river, and carries the main road between East and West, as one might say, for it is the road between the Cilician Gates and Aleppo, and therefore the caravan route to Bagdad. On the eastern bank is a ruined Sultan *khan*, a massive stone building which, if not erected by the Seljuks, was built not long after their period and in their style.

We entered this old *khan* and stepped at once into scenes whose lights and half-lights and shadowy mysteries and oriental figures would have provided a painter with subjects for a year. Through a large opening broken in the western wall the level sunlight poured into a vaulted chamber that must have been a hundred and fifty feet in length. The space was filled with people, some of whom lived here permanently, while others were migrants, labourers with their families coming to the plain for the harvesting. It was a shelter free to all, subject only to the uncertain bar of racial feud. Its occupants this evening represented wellnigh all the races to be found in this region of many peoples—Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Kurds—but there were also others belonging to obscure races whose blood even a native might fail to name. Many children lay about the floor. At the broken end of the building were weavers making the most of the light. In the dark recesses glowed fires where women were getting ready the evening meal, amidst blue smoke that at last went wreathing out through the light of the western end. When we stepped into hidden nooks, horses and donkeys stabled against the walls became dimly visible. And the sounds of this caravanserai were in keeping with its weird scenes. A hubbub of voices, the barking of dogs, now and then the braying of an ass, and the shouts of children echoed under the great vaulted roof. But for smoke the smell of this mass of crowded humanity and tethered animals would have been memorable.

After we had been in the *khan* about half an hour an Armenian youth attached himself to us as self-appointed guide for about ten minutes, and did nothing in that time that justified his office. But when on leaving I gave him two piastres, on the score of our nationality rather than of any gratitude for his services, he flung the money to the ground and loudly demanded more. In a little while he was joined by other Armenians, all shouting like himself and supporting his demands; and now, thinking his prospects good, he picked up the money and thrust it upon me as a trifle not to be accepted by him. At that I pocketed the coin, and we came away leaving the ill-conditioned tribe cursing frantically, and providing a notable contrast in behaviour to that of a Moslem woman we had just seen inside the *khan*. She was baking bread, and when I wished to buy one of her loaves, offered it with readiness, and vehemently refused payment.

Dusk was coming on when we recrossed the bridge, and going a mile or so up the river-side reached the ruined stadium of ancient Mopsuestia. Masses of concrete, thirty or forty feet in length, stepped into the form of seats, were still to be seen, but now by subsidence or violence tilted out of their original position. No dwelling or human being was in sight; asphodel grew in the openings between the blocks, and thistles on the hillside; and from a tall, ivy-covered fragment of tower an owl was hooting. Yet a thousand years ago the city was great and wealthy, a rival of Tarsus, and adorned with bronze gates in emulation of that more celebrated place; they shared the same fate, too, for they were carried off by the Byzantines and set up as trophies in Constantinople.

As we returned the river was reflecting a crimson light from the evening sky; across this expanse of flaming water stretched the bridge, its nearer side in darkness, its archways glowing like furnace doors; and on the farther bank, beyond the bridge, was a cluster of date-palms, sheltering a low white mosque. In this Cilician evening scene were recorded many

of the vicissitudes that had befallen the land. The ruins beside us among the asphodel were Greek, the bridge Roman and Arab, Turkish of one branch the Sultan *khan*, and of another the village and white mosque. And the feathery date-palms which gave an African touch to the river were African in truth, for they told of the Egyptian Occupation and Ibrahim Pasha who had brought the tree to these parts. Then one might recall also that close to this bridge Tancred and Baldwin had fought, and that from the ridges of Jebel Nur one could look over Alexander's battlefield of Issus, only twenty-five or thirty miles away.

Rain began to fall while we breakfasted the following morning, and gave every promise of a bad day to follow. Had I been alone I should not have thought of leaving our pleasant quarters under these conditions, having learnt to regard delay by storm as a time of rest, and never finding such hours pass slowly. But the Consul had to complete his mission and return to Adana by a certain day, and so was for setting out in any weather.

So we packed and started, following a rough path that took us up the left bank of the Jihun for several miles, to the railway bridge now being constructed. Yesterday we had been gay, irresponsible travellers in a land of sunshine and blue hills, of spring flowers, and ancient ruins and memories; to-day, under the compulsion of official duty, we scrambled and slid, in heavy rain that wet us to the skin, along a clayey bank to count the unfinished spans of a steel bridge.

Mustapha had now been instructed by Ibrahim, and no longer went breathless on foot like a man driven; he rode perched on the mound of baggage upon his horse, and sheltered himself under an umbrella, and looked, in the blur of rain, as if mounted on a camel. But the two servants had qualms on the score of unwarranted advantage, and repeatedly offered to exchange places with their masters.

Just before we reached the bridge a sluggish stream

lay across the path. It was ten or twelve feet wide, muddy water between muddy banks, with a boulder or two half-way; and Mustapha, not liking appearances, crossed higher up; Ibrahim, however, as the more capable and resolute man, went straight ahead. His horse stopped after entering the water, wary as to the bottom.

"Go round," cried the Consul, now looking on from the farther bank, and somewhat anxious for his baggage. But assuming the style of an expert in such matters, Ibrahim spurred the horse forward; and the beast responding with a start plunged into a deep hole with a sousing splash. But this sight was nothing compared with the rider's face, as he pitched off sideways, for it was the face of one suddenly overtaken by the last extremity of humiliation. He soon scrambled out, however, but the horse remained fast, a fore-hoof jammed between sunken boulders, head and hind-quarters above water, shoulders and saddle-bags submerged. In its struggles to get free the animal merely churned up blue ooze, and looked like breaking its legs.

With Mustapha's aid, given with a lurking grin, the saddle-bags were removed and the horse extricated, and then Ibrahim attended to the baggage. As he turned out the various articles, he uttered disarming cries of sorrow at their state. White napery, sheets, blankets, articles of clothing, all were soaked in blue mud. As they came from the bags he carefully spread them on a bush and covered them with his tunic against the drenching rain. What I saw was a man who had spoilt his master's kit through folly; what the Consul saw, however, was something else; he lost sight of the fault in the servant's present solicitude, and murmured "Splendid!" continuously. Presently a doubtful article came to light as Ibrahim rummaged. It looked like a sodden pair of purple socks as, with another little cry of anguish, he thrust it reverently inside his shirt.

"What is that?" asked the Consul, with fresh satisfaction in his servant, and Ibrahim drew the

article out again, holding it up now for inspection. The Consul looked at it curiously, and so did I; then I looked more curiously at the Consul's face. For the sodden purple thing was the Oxford Book of English Verse which went with the Consul everywhere; in which he read o' nights; from which he quoted hourly upon the road, finding apposite lines for everything he saw. Its delicate leaves were adhering like wet cigarette papers; and at that sight I expected trouble for Ibrahim at last. But no; the Consul's admiration soared instead to greater heights, as with added reverence Ibrahim replaced the book in his bosom. Turning to me as if expecting my instant concurrence, he exclaimed heartily, "What a splendid person!" and seemed to find my answering laughter something that needed explanation.

During the afternoon the rain ceased, the clouds lifted a little, and in the north appeared a long bank of trees with white minarets standing above them against a black sky. It was our first view of Yarzuat, or Hamidieh, as latterly it had been named in honour of Abdul Hamid. Now Ibrahim cantered away again upon his recurring duty of courier, and we, across ploughed fields of deep black loam, took the shortest line to the town and our *khan*.

Hamidieh stands on the Jihun, and is a village town of several thousand souls, chiefly Moslems of the more fanatical sort. They had already shown the kind of spirit that was in them by the change of name; they displayed it to the full during the Cilician massacres. To fanaticism they added method more cold-blooded than was found elsewhere. After killing all Armenians upon whom they could lay hands, they checked the slain by the roll of ratepayers, and hunted the missing with dogs in the tall wheat surrounding the town. In such a place one would scarcely expect to find Armenians living again, or at least not so soon. But here, three years later, Moslem and Armenian were jostling each other in the street, Armenian shops were open, and the massacre seemed to have become only a vague memory. The gust of

fanaticism over, one race dropped its active hostility, and the other hastened to make the most of a period of tolerance. The Armenians had forgotten nothing —so much more was added to the long tale of oppression and outrage; but others of the race had come to the old haunts and profits of the fallen and to fill the interstices left in Moslem life. For they find more opportunities for gain among Moslems than among their own people, and that accounts for much.

We had hoped to go on to Osmanieh the next day, but during the night rain began once more, and in the morning fell so heavily that the Consul, bearing in mind his experience of the previous day, was now against setting out. He wrote up his report, slept, read in his book of verse, having carefully dried it overnight, and then passed on to ingenious speculations upon the authorship of the anonymous verses —verses greatly to his liking—which conclude the volume. In this fashion he managed to get through the day tolerably well.

But when the next morning came and the rain was even heavier, the Consul began to fume. He paced the balcony restlessly, looking now at the sky, now at the swollen Jihun. Occasionally he professed to see mountains, finding in the glimpses proof that the weather was clearing. During these pacings he encountered a white-bearded Moslem, storm-bound like ourselves. The old man had scarcely moved for an hour, content to smoke placidly in the shelter of the balcony and watch the rain and flooded *khan*-yard. Now and then he smiled gravely to himself. To this untroubled figure the Consul presently made complaint of the weather and delay.

"My brother," replied the old Moslem, "what matters waiting one day or seven if the heart is at ease?" In his present mood, the question took the Consul aback; it was difficult to answer; it belonged to a philosophy Eastern and not Western, and showed that the old Moslem was not to be approached lightly.

While I was on the balcony the same afternoon a man came across the *khan*-yard, walking with dignity

and indifference to the rain, as one conscious of importance, conscious also of being watched. He wore a red fez and long black buttoned-up coat, into the pockets of which his hands were thrust; on his feet were heavy shoes that could be slipped off and on like clogs. He climbed the steps, and as he drew near scrutinised me narrowly, and asked if I was the English Consul.

His manner was deliberate and consequential when I said I was not, and asked what he wanted. He replied that he had come to draw a tooth for the Consul, and with professional pride swung one hand out of his pocket and displayed an instrument that I eyed with respect, though scarcely able to refrain from laughter. It was a pair of dental forceps, a foot long, heavy, rusty, dirty; with a similar instrument I had once seen a native horse-doctor wrench a tooth out of a horse's jaw. I had heard of no proposal to call a dentist; indeed my friend was lustily singing "Widdicombe Fair" at this moment, and making the *khan* re-echo with the doings of "Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all"; and I told the dentist he had made a mistake. But he was certain he had been sent for to draw the Consul's tooth; and to come through the rain on such a rare mission and then find himself the victim of a mistake was more disappointment than he could express.

And then I remembered that Ibrahim had complained of toothache, though making light of any such small thing, as became a *kavass*. He was called, and at the sight of his swollen face the dentist's eyes gleamed, though there was still regret that the Consul was not the sufferer. A group of interested spectators soon gathered to watch the operation now to take place. Ibrahim was placed on a low stool on the balcony; the dentist spent some time in making sure of the right tooth; this matter satisfactorily settled, he struck an attitude, holding himself a little way from the patient. Suddenly he flourished his instrument, executed a sort of rush upon Ibrahim's mouth, and before I thought he had got a hold flung the tooth on

the floor with an inimitable gesture of skilful completion. If the instrument might have been better, nothing was wanting in expertness and strength and on the part of the operator.

I think it was on the afternoon of our first day here that a crisis arose with regard to Ibrahim's cooking. The fellow did altogether too well; he provided too many courses; served them too promptly; gave too much the idea that behind him was an elaborate kitchen and staff, and that he was not so much cook as the ultimate adept waiter. Speculating on the matter I got no further than the patent fact that our meals originated in the little room in which Ibrahim and Mustapha slept. In the midst of a discussion upon the Bagdad Railway I hinted my misgivings to the Consul.

"I ask no questions," he replied. "I require that my platter and food shall be visibly clean—I wouldn't have beetles in clear soup—but beyond that standard I am ready to take risks. We are not in London. Considering where we are we are doing splendidly. I don't let my imagination dwell on the unseen mysteries of preparation. I say hang your suspicions."

But this comfortable frame of mind was not mine, and when Ibrahim went into the town to make purchases I visited the servants' bedroom. Mustapha was stretched on the floor asleep, his head wrapped in a *bashluk*, his feet projecting well into that large part of the small room so clearly the kitchen. In a jumble of bread and meat and utensils and broken eggs and remains, was every sign of a cook in haste, concerned only to produce results, and adapting every article to his immediate purpose. There were matters, too, of which I do not write, but which decided me to eat nothing more prepared by Ibrahim.

The Consul was reading aloud from the Book of Verse when I returned with news. I told him only part of what I had seen, for a little went a long way, and he wished to hear no more. But Ibrahim was relieved of his duties as cook, and the Consul might have been seen thereafter assisting in domestic work.

After two days' delay a morning came without rain; the clouds lifted a little, the Consul undeniably saw mountains, and the sight was his warrant for starting. What the going might be like he cared nothing; he would wade in mud if necessary. Report spoke of a metalled road to which five or six hours' travelling would bring us, and the Consul's imagination leapt over the intervening difficulties and fixed itself upon the *chaussée* as a point soon to be reached. The town of Osmanieh was our destination, some thirty miles away by air-line, but a quite uncertain distance terrestrially.

One may be familiar enough with tramping through mud, yet on each morning of facing it afresh there is a curious shyness. You are hopeful that beyond the immediate mire there is better going: that with a little patience and judicious picking of the way you will escape lightly. So you do not at the outset go straight; you turn aside, wander in fields, and spend much time and energy seeking a cleaner path. Turkish roads are seldom enclosed; the traffic continually seeks a fresh surface, and you sometimes find a width of several hundred yards cut up by wheels and hoofs.

This was the state of the ground here, and the retentive clay soil was flooded; even grass that looked promising at a distance became mere tufts standing in water on getting up to it. In a little while the Consul and I were far apart, each hallooing and shouting to the other that his was the better way. We zigzagged, went at right angles to our proper course, turned back, moved in circles, and were stopped now and then by flooded ditches too wide to be jumped, the extremities of which had to be gone round. It was some time before we nerved ourselves to going straight ahead. Meanwhile Ibrahim and Mustapha came on behind, with an incessant sound like popping corks as the horses withdrew their hoofs from mud. As the day wore on we became more and more doubtful of the metalled *chaussée;* we had travelled seven

hours without seeing it, and now it figured as a legendary thing that never had actual existence. But somewhere about four o'clock we reached a clean sandy path going through a ragged cane-brake; and then, in a few hundred yards, came the metalled road, and we stepped upon it gratefully, first washing the mud from our boots and legs, thinking we had come to the end of our troubles, and that now Osmanieh and a comfortable *khan* would soon be reached. A glance at the map would have corrected this fond idea, for we were only abreast of Toprak Kale, but in our present state of hopefulness the map seemed unnecessary.

Toprak Kale is a castle which stands in a curious gap in the hills of Jebel Nur. Through this gap, at its narrowest point only a hundred yards in width between cliffs, is the way down to the Mediterranean and the battlefield of Issus. Alexander's army, coming from the west and the Cilician Gates, had turned through the gap to reach what is now called Beilan Pass, forty miles to the south of Toprak Kale, and there cross the Amanus mountains. Meanwhile the Persians, marching from the east, had crossed the same mountains by the present Baghche Pass, which enters the Cilician plain above Osmanieh. On reaching Toprak Kale they were in Alexander's rear. Following him they arrived at the plain of Issus, and there, in the narrow space between the mountains and sea, encountered the Macedonians hurrying back to meet them on the news of their whereabouts. Travel over the ground, and follow their marchings and counter-marchings, and these armies of long ago seem to come back out of the centuries and to have fought their hot campaign only yesterday.

Osmanieh proved to be an elusive place, for after eleven hours of severe tramping, a day harder than any other of the journey, darkness overtook us before the town was in sight. But at last the path entered orchards, and now it seemed the *khan* must be reached in a few minutes. That, however, turned out to be

a vain idea again. With a sudden shout Mustapha slipped from his horse and ran off in an extremity of haste by the way we had come. With his wide loose breeches and bent body, he made a strange, black, circular figure for a second or two against the white road, and then was lost in gloom. Only after he had disappeared did I recognise that he had cried "*Shapka!*" (the hat!), and discover that my straw hat, which had hung among the baggage all day, was no longer in its place.

"What does your man mean by going off in this fashion?" demanded the Consul, speaking like one with a grievance.

I explained what had happened.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked.

I proposed to wait.

"Now," exclaimed the Consul, groaning, "I shall become rigid with cramp. It will be necessary to carry me into Osmanieh."

Little wonder he found the day's journey severe. It would have tried the hardest; yet he had light-heartedly kept on, in the circumstances a wholly incredible great official to his *kavass* and Mustapha, and adding, for them, a strange new body of evidence as to what a British Consul might do; for he showed no sign of fatigue. His cramp ceased while we waited, and the risk of having to be carried into Osmanieh after all seemed to have gone; but ten minutes passed, twenty, thirty, and there was no sign of Mustapha.

"This is absolutely the last straw!" said the Consul, as his cramp returned again. But then a far-off comforting voice cried out of the darkness, "Where is the English Consul?" It came from a man sent back by Ibrahim to conduct us to the *khan*, and the Consul's rigid limbs recovered at the sound.

"There are no limits to Ibrahim's common-sense," he remarked, as he went off with the guide. I waited another half-hour, then the same messenger returned

for me; and Mustapha not appearing, I went to the *khan*.

To provide for numerous Germans and other foreigners engaged in railway construction near Osmanieh, the *khan* had turned itself into a "hotel." It supplied bedding and meals; the beds and windows were curtained, and a coloured print of Dorando, of Olympic fame, was on the wall. The Consul was nowhere to be found when I arrived, and I asked where he had gone. For answer Ibrahim drew aside the curtain and showed my friend stretched on the bed asleep, his head wrapped in a towel in Oriental fashion. I gathered that Ibrahim took credit to himself that the Consul slept, for he recommended me to do the same before eating, and offered to wrap my head; and to show me further honour, as one upon whom the shadow of his lord had sometimes fallen, proposed to do so much as wash my feet. But because I declined his advice and help, he regarded me thereafter as a graceless person, and never offered any services again.

Owing to the number of guests, we had to wait till nine o'clock for a relay dinner. Just as we went down to the room Mustapha arrived. He had run back after the hat for an hour, fearing a deduction from his pay for the loss, had found it in the dark by some miracle, and now, though tired and perspiring, was a thankful man.

Nestling under bold wooded mountains at the edge of the plain, Osmanieh looked a pleasant place in the sunlight of a spring morning. Its recent history, however, was not at all in keeping with its bright and peaceful appearance. "In this town," said Ibrahim to his master, "there have been many events." He used the word "events" advisedly, for in Asia Minor it is a matter involving imprisonment to speak of "massacre" openly. But adopt the euphemism "*vukuart*" (events), and you may say what you like.

During the time of the Cilician massacres chance provided the Moslems of Osmanieh with an oppor-

tunity to go one better than the people of Hamidieh. A number of Armenians were on their way to Adana, among them many pastors of the Armenian Protestant Church attending a convention in that town. Including men, women, and children, they exceeded two hundred in all, and, being so numerous, their Osmanieh friends housed them for the night in the local church. Early the next morning the Moslems set out to make sure of this party. An Armenian who had got wind of the plot ran to warn his compatriots, but a rifle-shot dropped him in the street before he had gone far, and the mob arrived while the Armenians were preparing breakfast. The few who endeavoured to leave the building were shot or knocked on the head; the others barricaded the doors, and sat down, their backs to the outer walls, to await the end. The mob fired the building, and all within perished; but they left against the fire-scorched walls the sharp silhouette of their seated figures, even of a woman with a child in arms, for men to see and wonder at long afterwards.

From Osmanieh to Baghche was another long stage, but one altogether pleasant; for during a great part of the way the road went up the valley of the Baghche river, climbing steadily among broken, wooded mountains whose summits carried snow. Like the Cilician defile through the Taurus, this pass traversed what had been a border-land and the scene of much fighting between Arab and Christian. One castle especially conveyed the very spirit of wild days. It showed no signs of ruin, and was built on a mass of grey rock rising from waving woods which spread around it for miles. Report said that it had been the stronghold of a *dere-bey*, or valley-lord, within the last seventy years. For some little distance hereabouts we travelled on a Roman way, still in better general condition and with a much better surface than any other portion of the road to Baghche.

It was nearly eight o'clock before we reached the *khan* at Baghche, another that had been turned into

a hotel. For the time being this village was the headquarters of the German engineers, as well as of the construction staff, for a section of the railway that included the great tunnel being bored under the Amanus mountains. At Baghche, too, was stationed the German diplomatic official whose presence had excited the Consul's curiosity. The reasonable way for us to reach Baghche would have been by construction train from Adana to Osmanieh, and thence by horse. Travelling thus, the Consul's movements would have been known from the moment of starting. As it was, he arrived without a hint of his coming leaking out; and the first information the German official had was the Consul's note announcing his arrival, delivered by Ibrahim soon after we reached the hotel.

And then the official's position soon came out. He was described as "Delegate of the German Embassy at Constantinople," and entitled to be called "His Excellency" in official documents. Just what he feared the Consul would learn at Baghche there was no guessing, though his dread was obvious. Official calls over, his hospitality hardly allowed us out of his sight. His quarters were not large enough to permit him to put us up; so each morning at seven his *kavass*, a Circassian of six feet four named Ibrahim Chowshe, would come to the hotel with an invitation for us to breakfast. The upshot was that we spent the whole of each day with His Excellency. Between meals he showed us station buildings, railway earthworks, and such-like immaterial things, and gave figures as to the progress of the great tunnel, Euphrates bridges, and the sections of line completed.

One morning, however, some kind of proposal was made that we should go to the tunnel.

"You really wish to see it?" his Excellency asked; to which the Consul replied that he thought a visit would be interesting.

"Very well," said our host, "let us go; but I warn you that not much is to be seen."

A little rain came on; various interests presented themselves by the way; and at one point we waited while his Excellency went back to his cottage. On his return yet other interests arose, and in the end we were adroitly diverted to rambling in a glen, and never so much as approached the tunnel. Evidently there was a wish that we should not see it. One statement made was that it could not be completed in the time expected owing to rock of excessive hardness having been encountered. On the whole, the impression given was that small progress rather than great was the reason for keeping us away.

After two days' stay at Baghche the Consul left for Osmanieh, thence to return to Adana by construction train. Ibrahim had found him a horse, whose owner, a strange shambling figure in baggy black breeches, carrying an old umbrella, accompanied the party on foot to bring back his animal. The hundred miles from Adana to Baghche had been the gayest stage of my journey; nor could I hope for anything so good to follow. With the feelings of one left to roam in wildernesses with an unknown guide, I saw the Consul, perched high on a native saddle, the inimitable Ibrahim, busy and alert as usual, and the baggy floundering horse-owner, go down the valley and pass out of sight. Would, I thought, that I had been favoured with such company all the way from Samsûn. The Consul, ever concerned for his country's interests, ever discovering the odd side of things, ever humorous and shrewd of comment; and Ibrahim, as ever adroit and most diverting *kavass*, courier, and domestic. Then we should have seen and done much, and have turned the hidden haunts of monks and troglodytes inside out—then indeed would have been a journey to chronicle. For the man who travels alone finds few incidents except those of his own making, and they, unless of adventure, are generally limited in interest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Still at Baghche—His Excellency—His work and methods—Baron Marschall von Bieberstein — Inception of the Bagdad Railway — German difficulties—A pro-German Turk—Pass over the Giaour Dagh—A *zaptieh* on patrol—A wayside burial—El Oghlu *Khan*—Ladder and guests at night—On Marash plain—Arrival at Marash.

BAD weather detained me in Baghche three days after the Consul left for Adana. During this time his Excellency's hospitality was as generous as before; indeed, with the Consul out of the way, his manner became easier, he spoke more openly; there were interesting references to the history of the Bagdad Railway, to difficulties of construction, and to commercial intentions and hopes depending upon the line. Yet from this genial official one would never gather, except indirectly, that anything but Ottoman benefit, and profit in the future for German capitalists, lay behind the scheme.

His Excellency was a man who had seen much in various parts of the world, and his talk had the quality of being interesting always. He spoke at least six languages. He had been stationed in Constantinople, in Egypt, in India. He had ridden over the Russian Mohammedan provinces of Central Asia in the company of a Russian officer. But the chief interest was that he represented the class of German officials charged with the development of German Imperial schemes in the East. On him and his sort lay the duty of execution; here he was in the

midst of his labours; one could see how he went about them; one could form ideas of how those schemes were faring and likely to fare. It was impossible to avoid comparing him with British officials in positions nominally somewhat similar. Between them was all the difference imaginable—all the difference between the man who has and the man who has not, but is determined to possess. The one has only to fend off rivals and carry on and hold, the other is stretching body and soul to achieve. The Consul just gone back to Adana regarded his Excellency and all that he stood for as an intruding agency seeking to diminish and overthrow in these parts the long-established position of the British Empire; his Excellency, on the other hand, plainly recognised himself as agent of a rival who had that purpose in view and who must spare no effort to succeed. Part of the process was to be friendly with his rivals and not let them suspect how well he progressed.

And yet with all perfections one was conscious of limitations and difficulties not recognised by this able official or his superiors. Though fixed by duty in a tumble-down village, he was heart and soul in his work; but the need for his presence, one felt, only arose because of German defects. He explained at some length what that work was. There had been trouble between the German staff and Turks in this district. The acquisition of land for the railway had been opposed, and in a dispute between a German official and a Turkish landowner the German had shot in self-defence and killed the Turk. The incident had threatened to have serious results, for Moslem feelings were embittered and work upon the railway delayed.

"I am here," his Excellency said, "to settle these unfortunate troubles, and give support and firmness to our engineers and construction staff." His story bore out what I had heard at Adana—that the affair had become so threatening at one time that the German staff hastily left Baghche, some even going

on to Mersina as the safest place. One felt that the cause of friction was due to the traditional German attitude, and that in the long-run this inherent defect of race would tell heavily against German aims.

For his chief, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, German Ambassador at Constantinople, the Delegate had immense admiration. He was a great German, he said, one of the greatest—a man greater in capacity than any but a few recognised, and had yet to come to his own. For him, for one thing, the Delegate claimed the inception and adoption of the Bagdad Railway scheme as a German undertaking. He had seen its possibilities, and to bring about the achievement these possibilities was his fondest dream. The project was no new one, but von Bieberstein had vivified it, and made it appeal to the imagination of the German people. He had done this chiefly by linking the two words Constantinople-Bagdad as the name for the railway; a small thing, perhaps, but so completely well adapted to its purpose as to be an inspiration of genius.

"From the time of Frederic Barbarossa," explained the Delegate, "we have always had an interest in Asia Minor."

"Constantinople-Bagdad as a name," he said further, "has fired not only German imagination but Ottoman as well; no great project has ever owed so much to its name."

When I remarked upon the solid construction of the railway, the massive stations, heavy steel sleepers everywhere, and weighty rails, he replied—

"Of course. It will be one of the great railways of the world. The rails weigh one hundred and twenty English pounds to the yard—heavier than are used on any other railway. The reason is that we shall run very fast and heavy trains. The traffic will be enormous."

"Who are we?" I asked, laughing.

"The line will be part of the Ottoman State railways," he replied easily. "It will be worked by the State, of course."

Very striking it was to see how his share in the work of forwarding this great political scheme absorbed his Excellency's whole energies and thoughts. No partner ever took a more personal interest in a business. One could understand a man in his Excellency's position doing his duty precisely, even something beyond his duty, but he seemed to find much more than duty in it, and showed not a little of the visionary's enthusiasm. Every waking moment seemed to be devoted to the service he was engaged upon. All day long, from early morning till late at night, came messages and telegrams, couriers with bags of mails from Constantinople, callers of all sorts.

"We can talk," he would say, while transacting business, "for this is only routine work;" and talk we did—apparently without interruption to his industry. As I sat smoking in his room and watched him I wondered how all these activities could arise. It appeared that he kept himself instantly posted in matters over a wide area. When the Consul returned to Osmanieh, his Excellency arranged for him to spend the night in German quarters at that place. The morning afterwards, while we were breakfasting, his Excellency remarked—

"The Consul didn't go to our house at Osmanieh. It is very strange." When I asked how he knew, he replied that he had just received a telegram. The matter seemed to worry him, as if a prowling rival had unaccountably slipped out of sight again. From this trifle, while still at breakfast, he had to pass to affairs at Aleppo, and write instant letters for waiting messengers.

"Sometimes I think it necessary," he said, "to go into other districts, and then I telegraph to the Ambassador. The Ambassador replies: 'I approve.' I set off in the morning, on horseback, with Ibrahim Chowshe; by evening I am in Aleppo, the next day on the Euphrates. In five days I ride two hundred and fifty miles."

He was somewhat short and stout, not a great

horseman in appearance, but his boiling energy made all things possible. Watching him it seemed that his country's interests could hardly have found a better official. When not answering telegrams and despatches and interviewing callers and radiating over some 50,000 square miles of territory he was winning native goodwill. This branch of his duties seemed to give him trouble, and in his efforts German efficiency did not appear so obvious.

In many ways the Turk is the easiest man in the world to get on with. Treat him justly and courteously, avoid running foul of his religion, and remember that he has the traditions of a warlike race and counts himself a conqueror, and he will do almost anything for you. But browbeating and cast-iron official methods he does not accept mildly. He becomes mulishly obstinate, and has a long memory for scores that he sets aside for settlement. The effects of German treatment and Turkish resentment were visible enough at Baghche. Not a German official went out except accompanied by a Circassian *kavass*, and even his Excellency never stirred without the giant Ibrahim Chowshe dogging his footsteps.

Handicapped by the arrogance and rigid official ways of his colleagues, his Excellency evidently found every artifice necessary, and never threw away an opportunity of winning favourable impressions. The first time I entered his cottage three or four young children were playing with new German toys; the children were those of a local Turkish official, the toys gifts of the German Empire. One afternoon we went for a walk, and led by Ibrahim Chowshe climbed into a mountain glen, following a goat-track beside the stream. At a turn in the path appeared a little Turkish maid of six or seven, who began a pitiful wailing at the apparition of three strange men.

"*Korkakma*" (do not fear), said the huge Circassian kindly, stooping down and patting her head. Then

came the German opportunity, seized as a matter of policy.

"*Korkakma*," his Excellency repeated several times, also patting the child's head, and placing coppers in her hand; and these, too, in their way, I saw as an investment of the German Empire.

A glimpse of another branch of influence was given the last evening I spent in his Excellency's cottage, when a well-set-up Turkish officer in dark-blue uniform arrived, who clicked his heels together in the German manner on introduction. He was in the service of the Bagdad Railway, lent to it by the Ottoman Government, as one who had spent several years in Berlin attached to the German army. He presented an admirable example of the effect which foreign training and removal from his native surroundings may produce upon a Turk. Not many Turkish officers give the instant impression of efficiency —very few indeed pass the rough personal test of whether in emergency you would care to be led by them yourself—but this man impressed by his obvious promptness and capacity; in everything but blood he seemed a good German. He was to be recognised as an excellent German agent,—a Turk extending German influence in his own country.

Much more of long-continued subtle persistent effort than people are willing to believe has been given to bring the Ottoman Empire under German control. One hears that nearly all Turkish officers who serve in the German army return thoroughly Germanised. Their stay has been made exceedingly pleasant; they have been adroitly sought after, flattered, honoured; they come back no longer Moslems, but apostles of Germany, the German army, and the German future.

But in spite of all this calculated and well-directed effort, no progress has been made in securing the sympathies of the people at large. Influences not recognised or perhaps ignored by those directing German policy in the Ottoman Empire have stood in

the way. The sight and report of German-trained Turkish officers neglecting fasts and prayer, drinking alcohol and avoiding the mosque, excite more prejudice among peasant Moslems than all pro-German efforts can counteract. And the German attitude and manner is ever a great handicap in German dealings with the people at large. For time and money expended, and skill, persistence, subtlety—even a large far-sighted wisdom if you like—German influence among Moslems of Asia Minor has progressed less than might have been expected.

From Baghche my next stage was a long and hard one over the Giaour Dagh to El Oghlu, a little village within twenty miles of Marash, a journey begun before sunrise, when the valleys were filled with fleecy clouds. Up to the pass our road, never more definite than a horse-track, clung to slopes overhanging a deep and narrow valley. Ridges behind us covered with snow seemed to grow higher and higher the more we climbed; the sides of the gorge were wooded; here and there were small fields of growing crops and vividly green grass; and in the bottom tumbled a considerable stream which often broke into waterfalls to make the descent.

This path was the shortest way between Marash and Baghche, and therefore frequented much by those on foot. For this reason it had been the scene of much killing during the Cilician massacres. Many Armenian labourers had been caught here on their way to the lowland harvesting when fanatical madness swept up into the mountains from Adana. From numerous villages around Marash the men-folk who had gone forth in spring failed to return in the autumn. Except that they were upon the road or had reached the plain during that fateful week, their friends knew little; where they fell or how could only be surmised, or was learnt only after long interval. On this path alone I was told that more than two hundred, and not all of them men, were known to have perished, cut off as helplessly as

sheep. The world heard of the Adana massacre, but for every victim in that there were probably three in surrounding districts.

At the summit of the pass, some distance above the road, stands a white guard-house, still occupied by *zaptiehs* as a check against robbers once more busy here than now. It looks over heaving pine-covered mountains, and as a post must be lonely as a lighthouse. One of the *zaptiehs*, mounted on a white horse and carrying a slung rifle, came down to the road as we passed; he was going on patrol to El Oghlu, he said, and would return the same evening. Sometimes I think that *zaptieh* really came out to exhibit himself, for he was never far from us during the next two hours. He would disappear, then come into sight again, scrambling his white horse up the side of a hill, on the top of which, if it were bare, he stood against the sky looking out and scanning the country like a mounted vedette. When we were sure the last had been seen of him, he would be discovered once more cantering now through an open glade. And yet again he appeared, after long absence, galloping this time to a ridge, down the nearer side of which he came like one pursued—his rifle swinging wildly in its sling, his horse taking the slope in leaps, himself standing in the stirrups. He passed near us, and if not upon a display of horsemanship I could make no guess of his purpose.

The pass may be called a double one, for beyond the guard-house the track goes down several hundred feet into a valley, and in a couple of miles rises steeply to a second ridge, covered hereabouts with stunted oak-trees draped in long grey moss. Seen as I saw the trees through a puff of wet mist, they looked like forlorn and dripping ghosts. At the edge of the path on this mountain-top, among the dreary trees, was a man completing a newly-made grave. He had buried a body, heaped earth upon it, and topped the mound with a few pieces of stone, and

now was placing branches above to keep wild animals away. The body, he said, was that of one who had been found dead upon the road. With the English instinct for a "crowner's quest" strong within me, I wished to learn more; it seemed a strange thing to bury a man by the roadside. Did the *zaptiehs* at the guard-house know of it? I asked. Yes. Was the dead man a Moslem? Yes. Why was the grave here? This somewhat needless inquiry was answered with the question, Where should it be? to which I had no answer.

On gaining the second ridge I looked down into the long plain which stretches from the mountains behind Marash in the north to Antioch in the south. It was green as a meadow, its winding rivers were gleaming, and a marshy lake, which seemed to spread completely across the plain, gave the idea of miry ways to be passed on the road to Marash. By a narrow tortuous path, covering three feet for every one of direct progress, we came down to level country as night approached. Here grew wild flowers in the rankest profusion—young hollyhocks, anemones, peonies growing like thistles, and asphodel in area like fields of wheat; within a hundred yards I could have gathered a score of flowers familiar in English gardens.

Although we reached the plain by dusk, El Oghlu proved to be still some distance off, and again night caught us on the road. Travelling in the dark I always tried to avoid, yet as often as not a stage was not completed by daylight. Ighsan had hated being benighted, and Mustapha now in his turn began to fume and grow surly with the falling darkness, and to complain of late starting. In Asia Minor one may be shot on the road after dark, especially in towns, if not carrying a lantern. There was more than this, however, in Mustapha's dislike. I never fully understood his objections, but suspected that fear of the supernatural had something to do with them.

At last El Oghlu loomed out of the darkness as

a vague cluster of huts beside the road, and the barking of savage dogs gave notice of our arrival. His Excellency had told me that here was a *khan* at which he once put up; it consisted of only one room, he said, but he had secured it for the night for himself and his two Circassians on payment of a ridiculously small sum; he advised me to make the same offer to the *khan*-keeper. More than twenty travellers of the poorer sort were in the *khan* when I entered, including three pedestrian Circassians—in a race of horsemen a class whose reputation has peculiarities—and it seemed that no reasonable sum would secure the room for my exclusive use. But the company was to be avoided if possible, so I offered our host the equivalent of half-a-crown; an offer considered and accepted, though the other guests took it ill, as well they might. They showed no inclination to budge when I wished to sleep, so after waiting long enough I got into my sleeping-sack as a plain hint. The *khan*-keeper saw how things were going, and now stood on small ceremony; he brought in a rough ladder, and up it hustled the unwanted inmates into a loft overhead. When all had disappeared, he removed the ladder and laid it on the floor beside my bed, signifying that he had performed his part of the contract, and that, as custodian of the ladder, the rest depended on myself. So much done by him as landlord, he and his two young sons withdrew, and because one was convulsed with laughter the father pulled his ear unmercifully.

I had never seen Mustapha really laugh before, but now he laughed like the boy—whether at me or the *khan*-keeper or guests, I was uncertain at this stage. He laughed in sudden gusts, with intervals of wide-eyed staring, as if after each fresh consideration of the matter he was compelled to a fresh outburst. But at midnight I judged that his mirth had been directed against his master, for I found myself hurriedly placing the ladder in position for those above

to descend when they wished, lest worse should befall me. And there I left the ladder, and when some chose to sleep in the lower room instead of going to the loft again, I made no objection. To the end of the journey Mustapha told this story at every stopping-place, and told also of the "*Ingleez Consolos*," who for two days had marched in the mud while he and the *kavass* rode; but this tale seemed to carry a flavour of the incredible, whereas the other excited mirth.

For the eighteen or twenty miles between El Oghlu and Marash was a hot windless morning and sky without cloud except over the northern mountains. Of themselves these were lofty and capped with snow, but above them stood till evening a bank of cumulus so gigantic, so much like mountains, so firm and sharply defined, and so varied by pearly light and leaden blue shadow, that it altered the whole character of the landscape. These celestial mountains reached a third of the way to the zenith, and as they merged into snow below, from which they were scarcely distinguishable, they seemed to make a range loftier than the Himalayas. The difficulty was to realise that they were cloud and not the snow of an incredible mountain-range, for they would almost deceive the eye. One could at least say that just so Akhar Dagh might look were it of the same stupendous height.

On the nearest blue spur of these fabulous mountains the city of Marash climbed out of the plain, its gardens and orchards as small green squares upon the slopes, its buildings and minarets clear and white in the fierce sunlight. For more than four hours this wonderful view grew before me, not changing otherwise as I marched towards it. The city seemed to vouch for the reality of the whole. Behind it rose green and bluish slopes; next came snow lying as streaks in gullies; and then unbroken snow, which insensibly shaded off into the unreal. And the unreal then went on and on, in mighty snow-fields tilted

towards me, in mountains rising from mountains, in valleys so profound that they might have hidden the Alps. Sunlight fell on surfaces snowy white, in the deep recesses were the faint purple shadows of snow, and the extreme distance was filled in by soft pearly suggestions of mountains still more remote. No one need tell me he has seen a more wondrous mountain spectacle than this, for I refuse in advance to believe him. The best proof of what I saw when entering I discovered when leaving Marash. It was just such another morning of clear hot sunlight, but the sky had not a vestige of cloud, and then the 8000 feet of Akhar Dagh seemed insignificant, and the whole country wore a tame and unfamiliar aspect.

My road into Marash went through rice-fields, and then among gardens, and so into the hot narrow streets of the city. And there I found a clean *khan*—as *khans* go—large and stone-built and white-washed, its courtyard thronged with the camels and asses and horses of caravans and travellers. The time was three o'clock, and such a power of fierce sunlight lay over all as I had not felt since the height of the previous summer. The *odabashi* came with his keys—a bunch like ancient turnkeys carried—and showed me into a stone-floored room covered with mats, and gave me a key weighing two pounds for my own use. And because of the wonderful mountains seen in approach, and the fierce sunlight, and the colours and odours of the narrow streets, and the bells, and the pleasant *khan*, a glamour is cast over Marash for me that, I think, will last always.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Marash—Fanatical Moslems—A hair of Mahomet's beard—Industrious Armenians—An American school—A German Mission and Hospital—Leo the Isaurian—The Governor of Marash—On the road to Zeitûn—Gorge of the Zeitûn Su—The slippery hills—Fighting expected at Zeitûn—Zeitûn town and scenes—The Jerusalem battalion—Zeitûn gunsmiths—Deeds of the Zeitûnlis.

MARASH is one of those Ottoman cities which lie out of the usual way of travellers. It stands upon no great road, and therefore cannot be seen in passing; you go to Marash for itself, or do not go at all. And it has the further disadvantage that you cannot or do not get to it by wheel; you may ride on camel or horse or ass, or may walk, but no formed roads come to the city, so vehicles stay away; they have been seen in its streets, one hears, but only as rare sights. With intercourse limited by these conditions little is heard of the city in Anatolia, and still less in the outer world.

And so the traveller who reaches Marash is likely to be agreeably surprised, for as cities of the interior go it is larger and cleaner and more pleasant than many which are better known. It stands on the steep slope of Akhar Dagh, part of the southern escarpment of High Asia Minor—the abrupt descent from the mountains of Albistan and Kurdistan to the plains of Syria and Mesopotamia. Marash is built just where the lower slope of the mountain breaks into hollows and ridges and knolls before going down into the plain as a glacis. The highest

portion of the city may be six or seven hundred feet above the plain, the lowest a couple of hundred, for the inhabitants try to live above a certain elevation, the low land being malarious, like all rice country. Between these levels the city extends as a belt, and behind it the mountain-side goes up abruptly to the snow on Akhar Dagh.

Standing thus Marash looks south down a slip of plain stretching to Antioch, with wooded hills on the left, and the bold, pine-covered range of Amanus, or Giaour Dagh, walling it on the right. Plain and mountain bend westward in front of the city, so in that quarter the view goes across a valley-like bottom, eight or ten miles in width, to the flank of Amanus. Much of the level country is covered with bright green rice and shows stretches of winding rivers. What with green plain and hills, and stretches of gleaming water, and blue enclosing mountains, and streams coming down through the town from Akhar Dagh, and air and climate conditioned by the Syrian desert, Marash has a quality of setting and atmosphere all its own among Turkish cities. And when among these natural surroundings you dodge loaded camels and asses in narrow irregular streets, and wander in hot redolent bazaars where the gloom is crossed by stabs of light and filled with oriental figures wearing bright-coloured garments, you recognise that you are getting near the centre of the traditional East. You begin to suspect that this centre lies somewhere in Syria, and look forward to testing the theory when you get there; for the time being, however, you are satisfied to be where you are.

Albeit Marash has no ancient remains, and nothing even medieval, men have made a city in this place from time immemorial. Hittite sculpture has been found; the name Marash, you learn, is Assyrian; as Germanicia it was a Roman city; it has been in turn Byzantine, Arab, Armenian, and Egyptian; and Crusaders, too, have held it. It has now a population of fifty or sixty thousand souls, half of them industrious

Armenians, the other half fanatical Moslems. If Kaisariyeh is called the most fanatical city in Asia Minor, Marash is generally accounted second.

I witnessed a scene here one day which well bore out the reputation. At an early hour the Moslem inhabitants, the greater number dressed in white, began to fill the streets and make towards the lower part of the town. They filled windows and stood on roofs and at street corners and other points of vantage. The garrison paraded in review order, and marched out in the same direction as the people. By every sign the day was being kept as a Moslem festival, and yet not as a joyous one. There was no laughter, not even smiles; men went quietly with faces shining, speaking in low voices, and filled with a spirit which seemed familiar to me and yet not quite explicable. Few Christians were in the streets, and all Armenian doors were shut. And noticing that, I put my camera out of sight when I got into the crowd as the safer thing to do. For these sober, waiting Moslems had mustered, in their cleanliness and white garments and look of exaltation, upon the greatest occasion which Mohammedan Marash had seen, and were in no mood to be photographed. To-day was to arrive from Constantinople a relic of the holiest—nothing less than a true hair of the Arabian prophet's beard, which influence in high places and just recognition of a faithful population had secured for the city against great competition.

It was brought in procession accompanied by sheikhs and mullahs and theological students, and troops, and members of the Ottoman Parliament, and received with prodigious reverence. Seeing these crowds with their suppressed fervour, I recognised what a volcano it was on which Christians of the city lived. I felt that a sudden insult offered to the relic, a sudden raid upon it like a Nationalist rush upon an Orange banner, and such fury would be let loose that a fight between Orange and Green would be a pleasant garden party by comparison.

For in this land of fierce racial and religious hatreds men are ever on the edge, not of riot and head-breaking, but of massacre most savage. They cross the line, and then make of the occasion a heaven-sent opportunity, where the more slaughter the better the deed and the greater the personal good work.

That hot morning, with its fervent crowds in white waiting for Mahomet's hair, may stand as the picture of Moslem Marash. Christian Marash makes another sort of appearance, and, for one thing, ever avoids combined display. It keeps quiet, and goes about its business and duties unobtrusively, knowing that the less it is heard and seen the better in every way. But you discover the Armenian side of the city in going about, and the more it is seen the more it impresses, the more it reflects credit upon the Armenian population. You see it in little shops where the shopkeeper sits assiduous before a carpet-weaver's frame while waiting for customers. You both hear and see it through open doors and windows of many cottages where linen-weaving and carpet-weaving are going on incessantly. The very children take a turn at the half-finished rug or carpet square stretched on its frame, and thread the stitches in completion of some piece of pattern; and you watch them till seeing you they leave their work in shyness. You may notice also lengths of Marash linen in the making, and girls at work on the curious embroidery which bears the city's name. For Armenians of Marash are truly a people who live by cottage industries.

When crossing the plain towards Marash I saw, extending along the highest part of the town, a line of large buildings which I supposed to be the American Mission. I went to them the day after arriving and found they were in fact the Mission; large buildings with no others between them and Akhar Dagh, all standing in pleasant grounds. In this way it came about that while in Marash I was housed in the High School for Girls. It was an

American school in all things, with an American staff, planted in this out-of-the-way Turkish city. A school out of the ordinary, too, even of its kind, with high aspirations and a tone and style and atmosphere for students to assimilate; it left its influence unmistakably upon all such who entered its doors. This bright, most excellent American school—American even to its furnishings and pianos and hot-water heating apparatus—made special efforts to attract the daughters of Moslems, and succeeded better than any other Mission school in the interior. To secure Moslem students is the most difficult task that a Mission school knows, and any considerable measure of success in it is a great achievement.

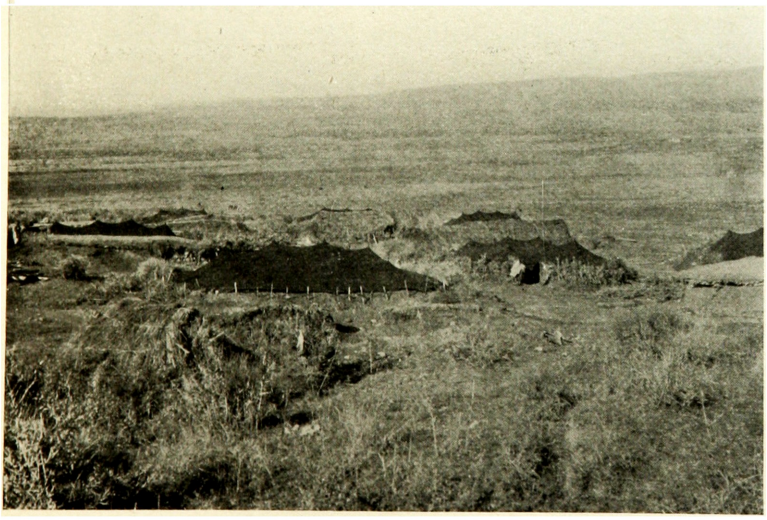
Close to the Mission is a Home for Armenian Orphans, conducted by a Scottish lady widely known in the work. The work itself is peculiar to the country as the direct outcome of massacres. After each such outbreak there are orphans to be cared for who otherwise would perish. At this Home they were fed and clothed and schooled, taught trades and put on the way of supporting themselves, and might be seen making carpets and embroidery, at which some had attained great dexterity.

In Marash is also a German Mission in which His Excellency at Baghche took interest, and to which he had given me letters. A German Mission carries with it all the German characteristics just as strongly as any secular form of national activity. Its sense of ordered excellence is oppressive; you feel that everything is done by explicit rule; that nothing is left to chance and little to personal judgment. The German hospital especially was overpowering in its atmosphere of science and rule and formula combined with an incessant striving after perfection; it carried a flavour, too, of representing the German Empire for the benefit of all observers. The hospital was a small one, and seemed to have been brought to the perfection of an exact well-regulated machine. The rough compulsory improvisations of American Mission

hospitals were unknown or at least unseen. You could not imagine the capacity of this Marash hospital being stretched to the point of crowding outhouses with patients; nor picture its staff for ever on the run as at Marsovan, nor the swift succession of operations done by American surgeons there. But its doctor and sisters gave the conviction that in their hands and in this hospital the patient would receive the last advantages of skill and science and punctilious care. That if rule and formula and utmost precise skill and science could avail, the patient would be saved; but that if outside the scope of these exact powers he would go to ground with considerable certainty. Noticing these characteristics, and propounding myself as a patient in extremely evil case, I thought I should incline rather to a bed of straw at Marsovan than a rubber water-bed at Marash.

Leo the Isaurian is claimed as native of Marash, though some hold that the great Byzantine Emperor of Armenian blood came from the mountains a little farther back. It is a curious fact that Armenians of this highland district show martial qualities and a capacity for agreement and unity higher than any other section of the race, and seem to have done so always. It was from this region of Zeitûn and Hajin that Armenian adventurers went forth who founded the kingdom of Lesser Armenia. Zeitûn, however, is the district in which that spirit survives most strongly at the present time. It is a small town forty miles north of Marash, capital of a district whose only approaches are mountain-tracks through some of the most savage country in Asia Minor. Zeitûnlis have ever given trouble to their Moslem rulers. At this time they were said to be restless again, raiding Turkish flocks and harbouring Armenian deserters from the army who had fled thither in hundreds, and the Turkish authorities were assembling troops at Marash in fear of an outbreak. Fiery Zeitûnlis were also said to have sent messages of

Old Bridge over the Jihon on road to Zeitûn.



Nomads' Tents on road to Aintab.

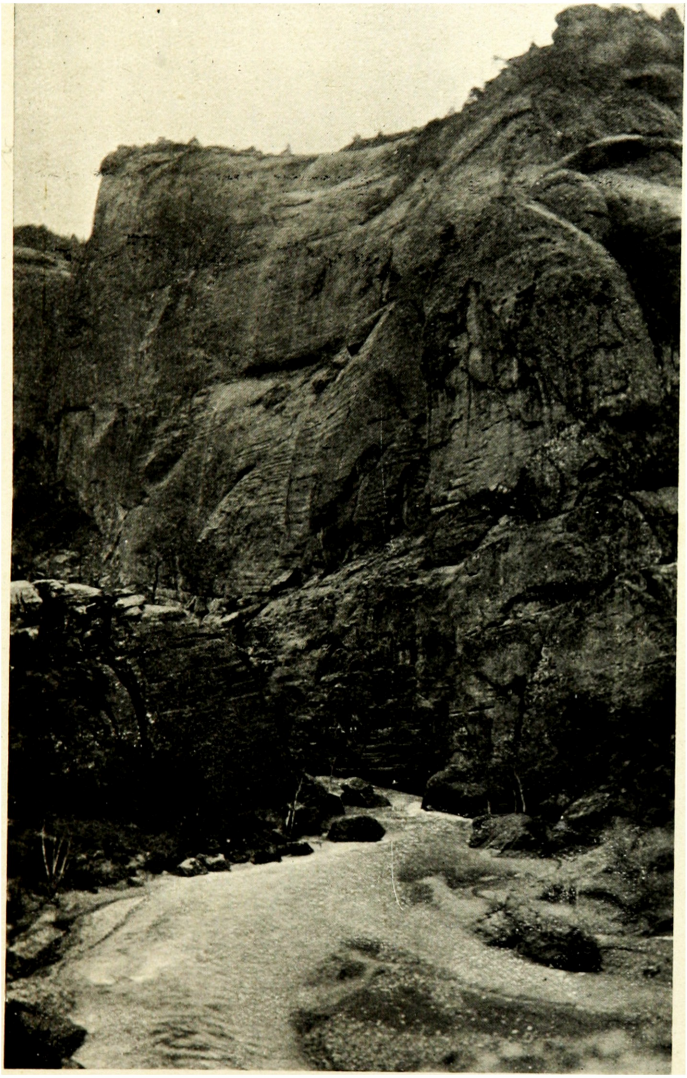
plain, and then struck northward into the mountains. During a day of glorious sunshine and bluest sky the path went by rivers and streams among green valleys and gorges, and now and then crossed low saddles from which the northward view gave glimpses of snow-covered Beirût Dagh, upon the side of which clings Zeitûn town. And then at evening we came down through open pine-woods into a green valley where two rivers meet, and found the Gureddin in flood between us and the village where we proposed to sleep.

The stream was only to the horses' bellies, but it ran fast, and midway Mustapha's horse fell and rider and animal were in danger of being swept into a rapid. Owing to the baggage filling with water the horse was unable to rise; and as for Mustapha, who had pitched forward and got himself under the beast's neck, all that could be seen was a sort of inverted umbrella made by his inflated baggy black trousers. But guides and villagers waded to his aid, and between them raised horse and rider, and with propping and supporting and shouting, got both to shore. The night was spent in the hut of a priest, who kept a candle burning before an *ikon*, an act which seemed to harmonise with the quiet almost devotional manner of many now in the hut. A large party had assembled — Greeks, Armenians, and at least two Moslems—but the difference between this gathering of Christians and a similar room filled with Moslems was obvious, and yet not quite easy to define. You might say that Moslems would seem free of care, but that over the present company hung an uncertainty which produced an air of subdued anxiety.

Following the Gureddin up-stream next morning, the gorge soon became a mere channel at the bottom of lofty converging rocky slopes covered with scraggy brushwood, and here and there a few pine-trees. The mountains assumed the bold rounded form characteristic of Asia Minor, but even so showed much naked rock. And then with little warning

the path turned abruptly into one of the wild gateways by which the Zeitûn district is reached. Through this narrow gorge came the milky-white Zeitûn Su, with black precipices towering above it for a thousand feet or more as sheer as precipices may be. Rain was falling, and through the pass drove a fierce rushing wind as if following the only outlet from higher country. The path went comfortably on a wide scrub-grown shelf so high above the river that on going to the edge and looking down the depth was in gloom, but so far below the summit that on looking upwards trees that fringed the precipice's edge seemed to be foreshortened into Japanese dwarfs. The Zeitûn bands had never found much difficulty in holding this narrow approach; with good reason, it seemed, the military road crossed the mountain-ridge behind Marash rather than go by this walled pass, where ten riflemen might hold back a thousand.

Nor was the gate the only difficulty on this route. Beyond it lay a district of steep-sided hills, dotted with pines but perfectly bare beneath—a surface of disintegrating schist which in rain resolved itself from rock into a treacherous greasy pulp beyond imagining. Until you actually got on this tallow-like stuff and began climbing a slope, difficult enough if firm, you would never credit how nearly impassable it was. Only by zigzagging and severe effort could any headway at all be made, and the guides said that worse was to follow. On reaching that part, however, a narrow stone-paved path was found, going up and down these incredibly slippery hills. I heard afterwards that Zeitûnlis well understood the advantage in defence provided here, and had built the paved way for their own purposes and no more, making it only wide enough for men in single file, and leaving a wide unpaved stretch to stop the passage of Turkish guns. My informant explained further that this paved path had been built with American money, subscribed in relief of Zeitûnlis.



Gorge on road to Zeitûn.

After crossing these treacherous hills the path went between savage mountains showing waterfalls in dozens falling to the Zeitûn Su. About four o'clock the town came in sight as steps of houses rising into the clouds. Through rain and mist were glimpses of snow and black rock so much overhead as to seem unreal, or to hint that around me extended the tremendous sides of an abyss. The name Zeitûn means "olive," and would lead one to think the town had been made notable by picturesque groves of grey-green trees; but nothing of that sort appears. It is said, too, that no such trees exist, and that no man can remember olives at Zeitûn. Seen in cloud and heavy rain, as I saw it, its high surrounding mountains and rocks visible from time to time as threatening overhanging masses, Zeitûn was merely savage and forbidding. Nor, surely, is there another such place for water in time of rain.

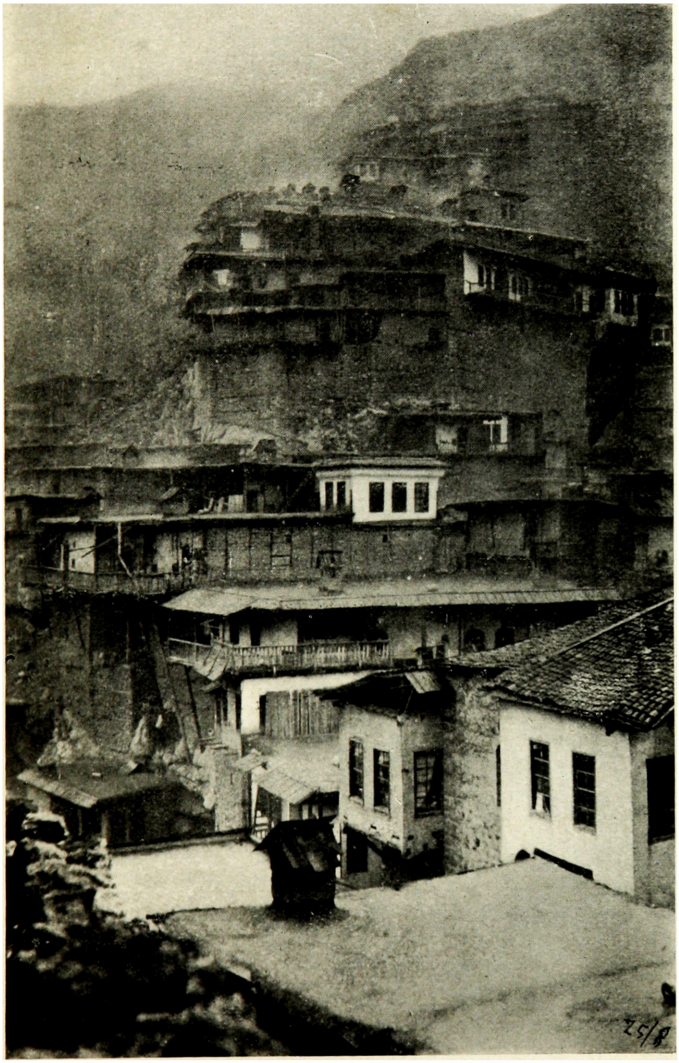
I passed through the town gateway and found myself among steep narrow alleys with water rushing in streams over the cobbles; water pouring from roofs; water falling in cascades from nowhere in particular; there were springs in the street; I walked in water below, water fell on me from above.

Notwithstanding these conditions I had not got a hundred yards into the town before a crowd, who rushed from shops and courts and alleys, swarmed round me. Old men and women kissed my hands and wept; emotion enough for tragedy was evident, and yet the reason for it was unapparent. And then a man who spoke English, and proved to be a schoolmaster, proposed to take me to the quarters reserved for dignitaries of the Gregorian Church when they visit Zeitûn.

I learnt only by degrees what all this excitement and fervour of welcome meant. From the inhabitants' point of view they were on the eve of war against the traditional enemy, and believed that my coming had to do with that great matter. A few days earlier the Turkish Governor had gone out with troops to

surround Armenian deserters in a village not far away, and the deserters, joined by a few Zeitûn hotheads, had beaten off the troops with loss and shot the Governor. And now on the morning of my arrival had come news of Beirût having been bombarded by Italian cruisers; to the Zeitûn mind, alert in such matters, both events pointed to an inevitable sequel. The Turks would revenge Beirût on the Zeitûn Christians by endeavouring to exterminate them, and make the shooting of Governor and troops an excuse for doing so. But in the nick of time I, so evidently a British officer, had fortunately arrived, sent to protect or perhaps assist the Zeitûnlis; and behind me—who knew indeed what might not be following! I heard subsequently of a rumour that I had walked for the purpose of ascertaining by actual test how long an army would take to reach Zeitûn from the sea, for the town is nothing if not self-centred. With notions like this current it was clear that the sooner I left the better.

I had an introduction to the acting Governor of Zeitûn from the Governor of Marash, and hastened to call on him, but he could not be found. So, with another introduction, I went through narrow, winding alleys and passages, more like the alleys of a Cappadocian cave-village than an open-air town, to the house of the Armenian Protestant pastor, by whom I was heartily welcomed and received. An Armenian town is always cleaner and better than a Turkish; and if an Armenian Protestant pastor lives there, his is always the cleanest dwelling; it is also the most Western in appointments, for he has brought in American ideas and customs. Such a pastor's home has, indeed, no inconsiderable influence on his work. I am perfectly sure that my host's home was an example to all Zeitûn, as it would have been in any other native town. It was spotlessly clean, comfortable, and well ordered, and contained the unexpected luxury of a small Turkish bath. In appearance the house was not unlike a white hillside



Zeitûn during rain.

bungalow, and stood clear in its own garden, the most northerly building in Zeitûn. Here I heard my own language spoken, and slept in a room with English books upon the shelves. So much one may do even in Zeitûn.

During the next forenoon—for I was to leave at midday—I had just time to go a little about the town. Rain and hanging clouds continued, so nothing of Beirût Dagh, the ten or eleven thousand-foot mountain, on a spur of which Zeitûn stands, could be seen. The town is built on a rocky promontory thrusting into the gorge of the Zeitûn Su, with a lesser gorge and torrent on either side. On the highest point of this jutting rock is the Kale or Castle, on one face overhanging a sheer precipice,—some of its rooms built out over the void,—on others rearing itself above terraced buildings. Behind the Kale and tongue of rock the town—in the weather in which I saw it—literally went up into the clouds in steps of hanging buildings. Zeitûn is said to have only about ten thousand inhabitants, and no town of such modest size ever made a more impressive appearance. The grey mass of clustering buildings, dotted with a few white walls seen half obscured by floating clouds, had the mystery of unknown size. For where the topmost buildings lost themselves in clinging vapour the mind pictured others, piled one upon the other indefinitely; indeed, there was no conjecturing where these clambering buildings did cease.

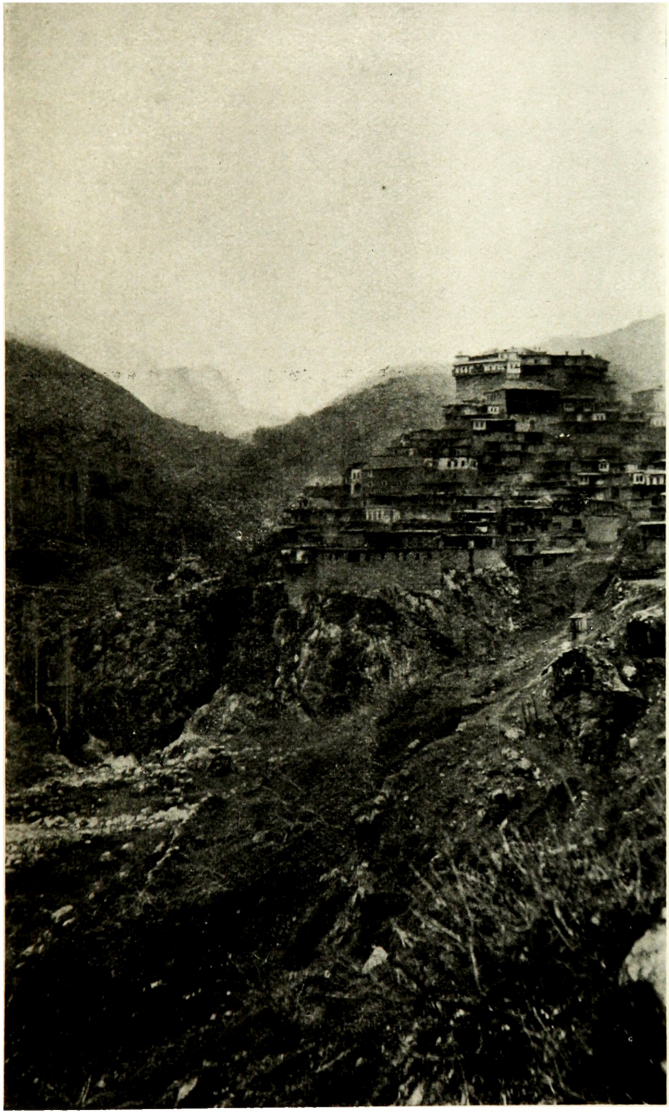
And going about among the buildings left you in the same state of uncertainty as did a general view. There seemed to be not ten yards of straight street or passage anywhere. Sometimes you looked downwards over sloping red-tiled roofs and flat earthen roofs which seemed to cover the mountain-side like slates, so closely were they set. And sometimes, again, the impressive view was decidedly upwards, for above you rose a sheer hundred feet of wall, topped with buildings serenely overhanging.

In this grey clambering town streets and alleys

sometimes led over roofs. I crawled and scrambled over flat roofs of many different levels, and passed among little chimneys, assured by my guide that I was upon the regular road to the place I sought. And when in wandering about the Kale I reached an airy, well-lighted room, and was invited to look from the window, I found that there I was supported far beyond the precipice, with a drop of two hundred feet to a little stone-walled orchard below. They delight in this sort of building in Zeitûn, and when such a projecting room shows signs of falling down,—as many do,—are satisfied to prop it from the rock below with a slim pole or two.

Now and then, through mist and cloud, I had sight of a low sinister outline upon a ridge beyond one of the ravines, and found no need to ask what that flattened shape was looking down upon the town. It was no medieval castle, but the modern fort, armed with modern guns to hold in awe the turbulent folk of Zeitûn; and yet, as Zeitûnlis proudly boast, they captured it a generation ago.

That capture produced the affair of "The Bridge," with which, one gathers, Zeitûnlis are as well pleased in their hearts as with the taking of the fort. I went to this bridge—a wooden bridge, rickety and narrow, spanning a ravine whose torrent is a hundred feet below—as every visitor does sooner or later, for there the women of the town once showed the spirit that was in them. There are various bridges in Zeitûn, but this is "The Bridge," the bridge of Zeitûn's pride, and notable beyond all others, for upon it was enacted the tragedy of the Jerusalem battalion. Captured in the fort, these Moslems were left prisoners in the hands of Zeitûn women while the men went out to further battle. What combination of hatred, revenge, and doubtful expediency impelled the women to the action they took would be hard to judge. They led the prisoners to the bridge,—thoroughly well bound, one must suppose,—and flung them man by man into the chasm with



A view in Zeitûn. "The Bridge" left of buildings.

its torrent tumbling below. There are said to be women still living who took part in this deed of wild revenge. With a little more time in Zeitûn, I should have looked out one of these Armenian Jaels and got the story from her own lips; it was, however, only one of many such stories I had hoped to collect, but could not owing to my shortened stay.

Every one in Zeitûn is armed, and upon the road a man with slung shot-gun—the rifles are kept out of sight—seemed to be the correct figure. Cartridges can be smuggled in, but rifles present difficulties; so Zeitûn gunsmiths make them—not openly, but in caves on Beirût Dagh, so the story goes for what it is worth, and I doubted much what sort of weapon could be produced until I saw one said to be of local make. Except for the curious flat stock, and that all the parts were bright, it was a Peabody-Martini. The gunsmiths, it was told, could take a rifle and faithfully copy it, working chiefly by hand, and produce a weapon that would shoot, if not as well as the original, yet well enough. That they so make shot-guns I know, for I watched them at the work in a little shop in Zeitûn bazaar.

Zeitûnlis call themselves the British of Asia Minor. A better comparison would be with the Montenegrins, for on a smaller scale the story of Zeitûn has a strong resemblance to that of the little Balkan State. For six hundred years the town and district have been known as the home of Armenians who united and held their own against all comers. Their struggle against the Ottoman State during the past half century alone is a wonderful performance, considering how small a people they are. They have defeated Turkish forces repeatedly. Once at least, as we have seen, they captured the Turkish fort built for their control. At another time 30,000 Turkish regulars, besides a great cloud of Circassians from Albistan, were sent against the district. In this struggle the Zeitûnlis came very near to extermination, and were saved only by the determined inter-

vention of the British and French Ambassadors at Constantinople. The story of how at this time an American missionary,—Dr Christie, a veteran of the American Civil War, and now Principal of St Paul's College, Tarsus,—after all telegraph wires had been cut, rode the hundred and thirty miles from Marash to Aleppo in twenty-four hours to reach the British Military Consul there with news of the intended massacre, and so brought about British and French intervention, is one of the exciting episodes in Zeitûn history. But many others are related of the same struggles; and as for adventures of the Zeitûn brigand bands, there are enough to make a book.

In bearing and manner Zeitûnlis well bear out their history, and are in singular contrast to most of their race. In pride and dignity and fearlessness many might have been Albanian mountaineers, whom, indeed, they somewhat resembled. Had the Armenian race at large been of the same nature as these Zeitûn highlanders, had they shown the same unity and high spirit and disregard of personal gain, there would never have been an Armenian question in Asia Minor. Nor, for the matter of that, would there have been a Greek question at the present day.

Zeitûnlis have figured in the present war with disaster to themselves, so far as is known at present, and yet with much of their usual courage and enterprise. It appears that by a combination of force, negotiation, and promises, the Turks managed to clear the district of Armenians and deport them in various directions. One band, however, among them the Protestant pastor who had been my host, somehow got down to the Syrian coast, seized and entrenched a position on the Amanus mountains overlooking the sea, and held it against all Turkish attacks. In the true Zeitûnli spirit they even resorted to counter-attacks upon the Turkish lines as the best form of defence. Thus they fought and held out for weeks, with a flag flying on the mountain, a signal-fire in readiness, and a large board beside it on which was

written an appeal which they hoped might be seen some day by British or French warships. When matters were looking worst they still held out and retained their hope and faith, and planned fresh attacks upon the Turk. A day came at last when their flag and board were seen by a French cruiser; she summoned help, and before long this hardy Zeitûn remnant from the mountains of Albistan were safely landed in Cyprus. If any Armenian wishes to do well by his race, he should compile a short history of Zeitûn, particularly during the last fifty years, making no large claims, avoiding foolish legends and religious squabbles, and letting the story speak for itself; for there is nothing to equal it in Asia Minor.

From Zeitûn I reached a nameless Armenian village in a green glen above the Gureddin the same night, and the next evening entered Marash again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Marash eastward—A country of nomads—Bazaarluk—The Stambûl *hamal*—Aintab—A native Anglican church—Aintab southward—A rich land and pleasant road—"*Khan* of the Five Eyes"—Feeding camels—Killis—Disturbance in the market-place—Syrian scenes—The Rock of Azaz—The knife at Gaferuntun *Khan*.

FROM Marash my next stage was to Aintab, a large town fifty miles to the south-east and within twenty-five of the Euphrates.

Through green rice-fields, with Akhar Dagh in green and blue and snow always upon my left, the path led over the plain and up into a brown undulating country of scattered scrub and the flocks and low black tents of nomads. There were many more of these encampments here than I had seen elsewhere. For this was a winter country of the wanderers; a little later they would strike their tents and move gradually to summer pastures among the mountains of Kurdistan. At this time, however, they remained the only inhabitants of a dull piece of country, to which their flocks and tents and smoking fires gave a look of pastoral contentment. And a very primitive ancient appearance the scene had, too, as it lay shimmering in fierce heat. Here was the edge of a true land of nomads; scarce a hundred miles in the east country was Haran and the land of old Abram: like enough he had dwelt in just such tents as these.

The day ended at Bazaarluk, a quiet *khan* in a small green plain, overlooked by bold hills dotted

with pine-trees, through which I could see my road of the morrow climbing. Behind the *khan* rose a conical artificial mound in size worthy to be called a hill. Of its origin no one had any idea, but pieces of loose stone in the soil indicated that ruins of some kind had been here upon a time. The lowing of many cattle, the leisurely tinkling of their bells as they scrambled on the mound, the spacious breadth of sunset sky shading from the orange of west into the purple of east, and the nomads' fires that dotted the plain as darkness fell, all told that my route had brought me into another region. After the wild Zeitûn country of three days' earlier the contrast was vivid, and in it too seemed to be the promise of changes yet to follow.

To make sure of reaching Aintab by daylight we started from Bazaarluk just as a splendid dawn was breaking over the pine-covered hills. The stars appeared to be still set in purple velvet, the air was sweet and warm, in the grey half-light animals before us on the road were ghostly in the dust of their own making, and even the bells they wore seemed muffled or not yet fully awake. Fifteen or twenty years ago these hills, to which the road now ascended, were a favourite haunt of Zeitûn brigands. A large guard-house at the highest point told of many *zaptiehs* having been stationed here once, and four or five were in occupation now. A sentry on the flat roof hailed as I passed, and required me to come in and show my papers. During earlier stages of the journey I had been taken for a German, now I was suspected of being an Italian, and that, in the present Turkish humour, might become an unpleasant matter. The sergeant in charge said the *vilayet* was under martial law, and that his orders were to arrest all Italians who came his way. But when convinced of my nationality he proffered coffee and cigarettes, and endeavoured to make up by courtesy for the loss of time he had caused.

During the afternoon, just where the track from Baghche Pass came into our path, I fell in with one

of the four really big men I ever saw in Asia Minor, a *hamal* or porter of Constantinople returning to his home beyond Aintab. He had travelled by rail from the capital to Ulu Kishla, and thence on foot across the Taurus and Cilician plain, and only yesterday over Baghche Pass. He thought he had done well until it came out that I, too, had come on foot from Ulu Kishla, and in the same way from Samsûn, and at this story by Mustapha I saw that the *hamal* became a little unbelieving. He was a great raking fellow of six feet four or so, and somewhat clumsy, who pounded along in ponderous loose shoes like clogs which smote the stones with a great noise of hard leather and iron, but he was also a pleasant-faced, good-natured young Moslem. And still thinking well of himself as a pedestrian he began to step out faster and faster, and at each spurt of his I responded. We were upon a stretch of country thickly strewn with boulders and loose stones, in which no straight path was possible, but we kept roughly side by side, each looking for the best course. In this fashion we raced by tacit consent, and yet pretended not to be racing, though now going at a great pace. We had, indeed, left Mustapha far behind; and looking back I saw that he had taken alarm, and having mounted the horse was now following at its best speed.

By this time we had reached the utmost pace of walking, and covered perhaps two miles. Both of us were wet, but the *hamal*, unused to such furious travelling, was beginning to slacken, and knew that he was doing so. He therefore broke into a clumsy run, or rather in a series of monstrous leaps, often from boulder to boulder, on which his shoes struck sparks and sometimes slipped; and now I began to run too, but in my own fashion, dodging easily between the boulders, and making far better weather of it than my big opponent. In this manner of going I held him comfortably, for not only was he clumsy but more unused to running than walking.

So in a little while he stopped short, and laughed, and gasped "*Eferin!*" being at heart a sportsman; and then, as a second thought, asked if I were "*Ingleez.*" I appreciated *Eferin!* coming from him, for it means "Bravo!" therefore I shook his hand, and gave him "*Eferin!*" in turn, and let him know that I was used to this sort of making haste, whereas he was not. With that we sat on boulders and smoked my cigarettes till Mustapha came up wide-eyed, and broke into one of his rare contagious laughs.

The day had been hot and clear and windless, until a district of rolling downs and bright red earth was reached; but then the sky darkened, heavy sleety rain came on, and the temperature fell as if upon entering a freezing chamber. Such weather they tell you to expect in Northern Syria at this time of year. But you do not credit its changes and the sudden extremes of heat and cold except after experience. It made good its reputation for me now, however, for when I entered Aintab about five o'clock the sun was shining hotly again, the road drying and red mud caking on my clothes. The road of my entering led straight to the American College, at the edge of the town, and there I presented myself, stiff with dried mud, but was made welcome in the ready and hearty American manner as one who had "just blown in."

Aintab stands in a shallow valley surrounded by downs, showing rich red earth wherever ploughed, and here and there planted with pistachio orchards. The town is built of stone, and is clean, and has an air of brightness and openness not often found in Turkish towns. Of fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants more than a third are Armenians, who are prosperous, and some even wealthy, to whom in large measure are due the favourable characteristics of the place. Such Armenians usually have ideas, and a sense of citizenship, and where, as here, they possess the power, do not tolerate the dirt and squalor which Moslems accept as a matter of course.

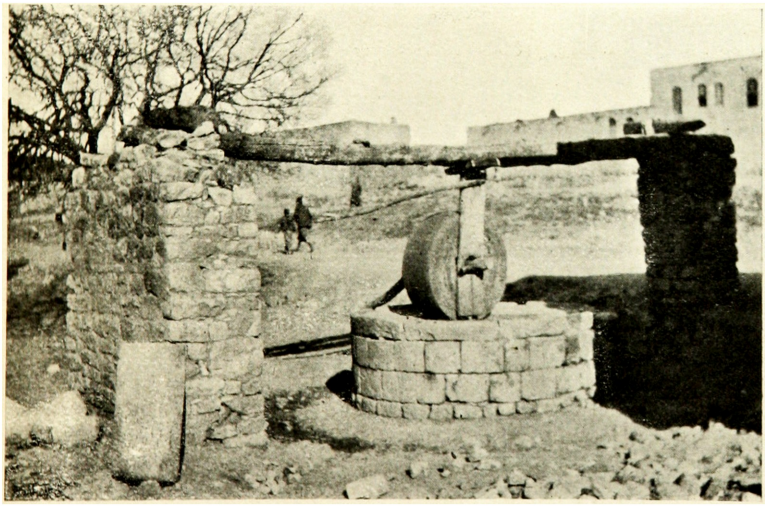
In the way of history or old buildings Aintab can offer little. The castle and aqueduct, and the site of the ancient shrine at Doliche, a few miles outside the town, are all that remain from earlier days, and are of no particular interest.

But there is one building with a very singular history. It was erected a good many years ago by an Armenian who had obtained Anglican ordination and secured money in England to build a church at Aintab. A long story pertains to this church and the efforts of its native priest, the substance of which is that the Armenian had made converts and gathered an Anglican communion around him, which latterly fell away. When I saw the building it was locked, and was said to have been closed for several years. Above one of the doors is a representation of the Royal Arms, so far-fetched in execution as to be recognisable by no one unless first told of its purport. Disputes and litigation have gathered round this derelict church property, for some interested folk wish to sell it, and others to buy, and yet others maintain that whatever may be desirable it cannot be alienated at all. And the story went, too, that the building might yet fall to the Ottoman State, and provide an instance of an Anglican church being converted into a mosque.

The bazaars of Aintab reflect the nature of the surrounding country more closely than I remember to have noticed elsewhere. The town is in a district which grows much wheat, and in the wheat bazaar the grain is spread in great mounds like heaps of yellow sand, among which stand donkeys, and camels kneel or stalk slowly, and buyers and sellers dressed in strange garments go with clamorous voices. In another bazaar you may see pistachio nuts in bulk —another product of this district, the nut most highly esteemed throughout the Turkish Empire.

From Aintab to Aleppo, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, runs the finest road in Asia Minor—metalled, well-rolled, and so perfect in surface that it

Wheat Bazaar, Aintab.



Mill for crushing Wheat, Killis.

would do credit to any country. Mustapha, unfamiliar with such highways, called it at once the "*demir yol*," or iron road, and complained that it was bad for the feet. It went between red, gently undulating downs, planted with lentils, pistachio, vines, and wheat, and in the west were glimpses of the Amanus mountains and the lower parallel range of Kurt Dagh. All day long on leaving Aintab we travelled southward upon this splendid road, through the same pleasant fruitful country, in a brilliant atmosphere that was cool, with three thousand feet of elevation yet filled with hot sunlight. And then as the sun hung low over Amanus, and the wheat-fields rippled under the stronger breeze of evening, we reached Besh Geuz *Khan* (the *Khan* of Five Eyes) standing among rolling wheat.

A great and unusual uproar among camels in the yard took me out at dawn next morning to learn the cause, for the noise they made would have supported any theory of disaster or battle. They were merely being fed, however, in a way I had never seen till now, though I had heard about often. The regular winter food of camels upon the road is dough made into balls large as a fist; but now for some reason, though other food was plentiful, these beasts were still getting dough, and objected strongly. By the screaming, groaning, and snorting that went on, one would have said they were being tortured. And torture the process of feeding looked indeed. With right arm bared to the shoulder, a camel-man would take a ball of dough from the heap in a great pan and thrust it down the camel's gullet as far as he could reach. It was necessary to get the ball beyond a certain point, he explained, or the beast would be unable to swallow it.

The good road, the glorious weather, and limitless wheat, which grew taller and taller the farther I went south, continued all the next day. Olive orchards now began to appear on low slopes facing the sun. The trees were planted in rows, and many looked

old enough to have been seen by Crusaders. Early in the afternoon white domes and minarets and tall dark cypress shafts appeared ahead above the green of wheat, and in an hour we entered the little town of Killis.

Somehow I was conscious now of having got quite out of Asia Minor; there were changes of air, of scenery, of buildings and people, hard to fix in detail, yet convincing in their whole effect; I had, as a matter of fact, though not of geography, reached the borders of Syria. You are told that entering Killis from the north you will find the language Turkish, but when passing out to the south will hear only Arabic. And this was my experience to the letter both in entering and leaving. Seeing that I was taking the wrong turning to the *khan* as I went into the town, a man hailed me in the friendly Turkish phrase, "*Heimshire!*" (My countryman! which is always a pleasure to hear), and set me on the right road. But just outside the town next morning, a farmer standing beside his well, with almond blossom and trailing green willows around him, had not a word of Turkish when Mustapha asked the way.

The cool, clean stone *khan*, the sunlight almost tropical in its heat, the white buildings, the olive-trees and dark tapering cypresses, and the green wheat like a sea around the town, made Killis a spot of which I retain the pleasantest memories. Even a disturbance in the market-place on the morning of coming away did not do prejudice to these delightful impressions. The large square was crowded with vendors and buyers, when a boy yelled "*Italiano! Italiano!*" referring to myself. A crowd ran up immediately, as noisy and threatening as I cared to see, and there was every prospect of a great row. Mustapha shouted loudly that I was English, and some believed him, while others did not; many, indeed, seemed not to understand him at all, though the cry of "*Italiano*" left them in no doubt. But

the *zaptiehs* soon arrived, and at the sight of my *pasporta* and old *teskere*, cuffed two or three noisy boys and saw us safely out of the market.

The roadside scenes beyond Killis were always purely Syrian. One at the edge of the town made a picture of such eastern repose that I turned towards it often, and wished some painter could have caught its spirit and colouring. Green open country ran up to the low white boundary wall of a mosque and yard. The mosque was low and square and white, covered with a white dome, and for change in proportion had beside it a slender white minaret. Within the enclosing wall stood cypresses, their yew-green spires contrasting with the white building and rising high above it against a blue sky, and against the white outer wall on one side was a careless splash or two of pink almond blossom. On this scene fell sunlight, ardent and clear, though not yet strong enough to affect the peculiar freshness and subtle exhilarating quality which belong to early morning in these regions.

On the road were graceful women and girls, their faces unveiled, carrying articles on the head, or dragging bundles of dried thistles and dead branches of olive. Other women were at work on the land; but men were few, for all males of military age were with the colours. Before me and on either hand the country stretched in gentle undulations of wheat to a blue horizon or low blue hills; such a land for open expanses of wheat I had never thought to find here.

During late forenoon a dim blue shape appeared above the wheat in the south. At first it looked like a gigantic spreading tree in a bare country, but in an hour or two I saw that it was a rock, somewhat like the village stronghold of Orta Hissar in Cappadocia. The road at last passed beneath it, and then I recognised that this must be the Rock of Azaz, a spot notable in Byzantine and Arab history. It had been an outlying fortress of Aleppo, or perhaps the

citadel of a fortress, for it was only a hundred yards across and half as much in height, and here the Byzantine Emperor, Romanus III., marching against Aleppo to emulate the conquests of his betters, lost the greater part of his army in battle with the Arab Emirs. It showed now no trace of ruins except a few bricks, but had been a place of great importance in the old wars.

And next appeared, in a couple of hours, evidence of the new order of things coming upon ancient Aleppo —a long raw level bank stretching from west to east across the wheat. It was the Bagdad Railway coming down from Baghche tunnel to link with the Syrian railways at Aleppo, intended to bring at last the hosts of the German Empire to the Egyptian frontier and the Persian Gulf.

Gaferuntun *Khan*, reached at evening, stood lonely by the wayside, set amongst tall wheat which brushed its walls. It had occupants of various races for the night, including several Armenians, between whom, soon after I fell asleep, a furious quarrel arose in the room adjoining mine. The quarrel grew more and more shrill, so I kicked at the door and shouted for silence, but though the noise ceased a little, it soon broke out again and now went to a pitch still more acute. Men seemed to be tumbling about in furious struggle; one would have said it could not go on long like this without bloodshed. The voices also told of passions aroused which would stop at nothing. And then Mustapha came to my door asking to sleep in my room, as he was in fear that some one would be killed. Being an Adana Moslem, he remembered the judicial proceedings there after the massacre, and was anxious to have a sufficient witness that he had not been engaged in this affair; perhaps, too, as an Adana Moslem suspicion might have fallen unduly upon him. I asked who they were who quarrelled, and he said Armenians, which seemed to make his plea a good one, and I let him lie in my room. The struggling and shrieking went on for some time, and

after reaching a wild climax suddenly ceased. In the morning dried blood was on the balcony and steps—not too much, but enough to show a serious ending to the quarrel—and I asked Mustapha if he knew what had happened. But he appeared to have no further interest in the matter. "*Bilmem*" (I do not know), he replied in his airiest fashion, as if being well out of the affair he did not propose to enter it again by making inquiries.

We left Gaferuntun *Khan* early in order to reach Aleppo during the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Road into Aleppo—Hector, a British *kavass*—Individuality of Aleppo—An ancient eastern city—Its mystery—Old alleys and courts—The Assassins—The bazaars—Old commercial *khans*—The wool-cleaners—The Citadel—Aleppo and its English intercourse—"The Most Worshipful the British Levant Company"—Alexander Drummond—Influence of the passes on Aleppo and Antioch—Aleppo and future railroad construction.

FROM Gaferuntun *Khan* southward my good road went through the same pleasant country of gentle undulations, interminable wheat, spring flowers beside the way, and in the west, distant glimpses of blue Amanus—the Mount Amanus of old geographers—topped with a wreath of snow. Villages appeared here and there as clusters of staring white domes half sunk in wheat—for now I had got into the land of universal domical roofs—and beside them sometimes showed the grey-green of olive, the tender green of trailing willows, and the pink of almond blossom. In this month of March I saw a green and fruitful country with sunlight and soft air of such happy quality and combination that no traveller could imagine better.

At the end of its fierce summer no doubt the country would be baked and yellow, the heat intense, and water to seek. But its value is not to be thereby misjudged, for by the end of May its harvests are gathered, and the land can wait confidently for the later rains. It snatches its annual crop with cer-

tainty from a rich soil and has ever been a granary. Little wonder that East and West, North and South, Christian and Moslem have struggled throughout long centuries to possess these valuable corn-lands, which, if looked at rightly, are only a part of greater: they are, indeed, the western fringe of Mesopotamia, that region of promise under any enlightened and enterprising government.

A dim blue cubical mass rose above the skyline of wheat during early afternoon, and seemed to be a rock like that of Azaz, though much greater, but when its details became more clear I saw that it was a building. Then I knew it must be the citadel of Aleppo, and that at last I was in sight of the city which had drawn me hither. For I had theories about Aleppo; I had long suspected it of being the true heart of the East, and later, that its example and influence had coloured all the southern region of Asia Minor. It had also known long associations with my own country, and from it had been drawn—so at least my theory ran—our popular English conception of the Mediterranean East. These matters I would look into for myself, and now was about to do so. Therefore I saw the citadel from afar as worthy emblem of an alluring and glamorous city, and on this hot afternoon came down into Aleppo as to no strange place, but one already made familiar by imagination.

I came at last down a road of winding gentle descent and saw the roofs and minarets and mighty citadel standing clear before me against the sky. It was disturbing then to cross a railway line by a level crossing and hear the incongruous puffing of engines, but this I knew was the Azizieh quarter, where Europeans have their homes, and by no means to be confounded with the Eastern city. More to my liking was a great busy street that went onwards towards the heart and mysteries of the city brooded over by the citadel. But here I turned aside and found in Azizieh a small hotel, European enough to be comfortable and clean, and yet with a flavour of

Aleppo; and now Mustapha and his horse went off to one of the lesser *khans*.

By the kindness of the British Consul my earliest wanderings in Aleppo were in the company of his *kavass*, who knew the city like a native. I could have had no better or more interesting guide than this man Hector. No one howsoever familiar with the peoples of the nearer East could have looked upon Hector and made a confident guess at his blood. His age might have been sixty. He was dark-skinned, tall, lean, angular, upright in carriage, precise and careful in manner. English might have been his native tongue, influenced perhaps by long residence in the East—so one guessed—but he spoke five or six other languages as well, not counting dialects. In his younger days he had accompanied various travellers of note in Persia and Kurdistan as interpreter, and now, full of information and experience, liked nothing better than to tell of his wanderings. In dark-blue uniform, with clanking sword, conscious of his dignity as a British *kavass*, he walked unswervingly before me through the crowded streets and bazaars of Aleppo, and left it to others to get out of the way. I saw him several times before leaving the city, and he told me enough of his history to make his picturesque figure and manner explicable. His name, he said, had come to him not as a Greek name but as a Scottish. On his mother's side he was Persian; his father, a Scottish wanderer who had settled in Persia as a merchant nearly seventy years ago; and it was this Highland ancestry, and the consciousness of it and pride in it, which made Hector all that he was.

Aleppo is built in the shallow valley through which the Kowaik flows, but the impression given is of a city in a slight saucer-like depression, rising in the west to gentle green downs covered with grey stones. Gardens and orchards flourish beside the Kowaik, but this is no city of pleasant foliage,—not a vestige of forest exists within eighty miles,—but a great, compact,

stone-built, densely-peopled eastern city, set down in a depression, green in spring and brown in summer. Its area is great and its population great for the area; more than 200,000 souls live within its boundaries, and some increase that figure by half and make Aleppo larger than Damascus and equal to Smyrna. But that is neither here nor there; whatever its population, you see Aleppo as a great, solid, immensely impressive ancient city which has little of the shabbiness and decay and makeshift characteristic of so many Ottoman cities bearing famous names. And further, you recognise at once that it has a remarkable individuality.

Every city has its own individuality, the outcome of site, climate, surroundings, industries, race, government, religion, traditions, and history, and, by no means least, the materials and manner in which it builds. And when you come upon a massively built eastern city, with a varied history going back 2000 years or more, a city which has known wealth and importance and dignity in the past, which is great and flourishing still, and peopled by many races, an individuality complex and fascinating may well be expected. Such an individuality is apparent in Aleppo as a brooding influence before you have arrived an hour. A consciousness of great age is here, and the experience that belongs to age; you think of the city as old and wise, and having seen much in its time; you feel, too, that it has been the setting for many tragedies.

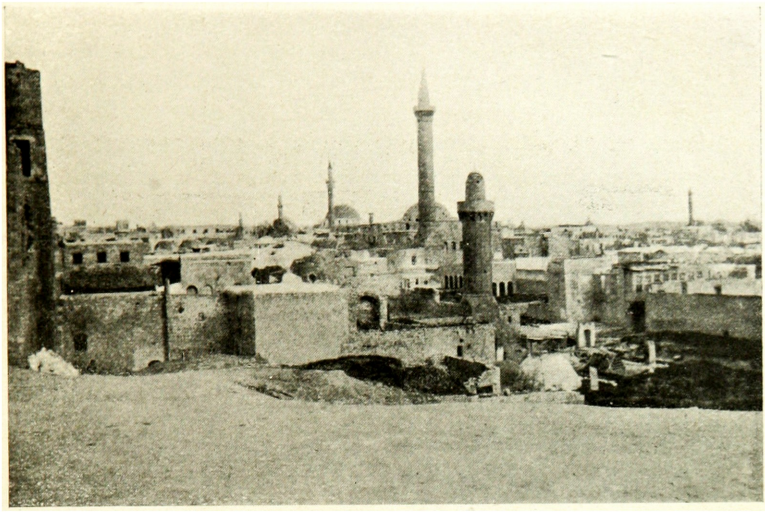
Besides its aspect of present importance it carries the air of having been important always. The visitor recognises without need of being told that this has long been a metropolis in fact, if not in name, admitting no rival within a wide region. Still more it owes to the great quality of being massively built in a style which produces satisfying effects. The style may be called a massive Saracenic Gothic, in which the masonry is of heavy, smooth, squared stones, often built in parti-coloured bands. Heavy pointed arches are used, the arch stones frequently in

two colours; window openings are small and rectangular, sometimes enclosed by an arch, and when near the ground, stoutly barred with iron; courtyards are surrounded by ponderous arcades; the minarets are towers, having the same satisfying quality; so also have the domes. The vaulted bazaars, said to be the greatest in the whole East, are of massive stone.

One does not go far in the old portion of the city without remarking two chief features—the alleys, and the great commercial *khans*. The alleys — perhaps they should be called streets—are not so remarkable at first sight as the *khans*, but they tell of ancient Aleppo and its life like nothing else when you come to consider them. In this Eastern city, liable to frequent tumults and violence, retail buying and selling was done in the bazaars, whose iron-clamped doors could be shut at any time; wholesale trade lodged itself in the commercial *khans*, each in itself a fortress; and the alleys were merely ways of intercommunication. They are narrow, paved with stone, and enclosed by high blank walls of squared masonry. Here and there these pass under buildings by a dark vaulted tunnel; now and then they are pierced by iron-banded doors and archways opening to *khan*-yards; but rarely do they contain a window. They give the impression of being deep stone sunken ways along which flow streams of men in bright colours.

Through the open archway of a *khan* upon one of these alleys you get a glimpse of the arcaded courtyard within, where is always a wonderful play of light and shadow. Portions of alley and court are filled with a cool gloom; but fierce sunlight falls aslant in sheets and broad shafts, as it were, and makes great, irregular, straight-sided areas of white light on paving and wall. For overhead, when you chance to look up, is a square or strip of deep blue sky and air saturated with light, and seeming to palpitate in the blazing sun.

But more impressive perhaps than any other characteristic of old Aleppo is the feeling of mystery



A View of Aleppo.

Mehmet, the Zaptieh for Alexandretta.

which pervades it. Possibly this is apparent only to the Western visitor, and in reality represents his inability to understand the East or to think in its terms. To such an one, however, all things here seem to possess this subtle quality. To him the people's faces are inscrutable. He wonders what all these busy thronging crowds do for a living in a city where industries are not apparent; what do they think about, having no politics and no newspapers; how do they amuse themselves, having no amusements! Aleppo contains people of almost every race under the sun—including twenty thousand Jews and a greater number of Persians—but its citizens in the gross have what may be called an Aleppo look of mystery, and differ plainly from those of all other Ottoman cities. The visitor asks himself why this should be, and finds no answer but the fanciful one that the city has somehow stamped them with itself.

The alleys and courtyards contribute not a little to this sense of mystery. The play of shadow and sunlight in black and white, the vistas of arcades in gloom, the small high-placed windows, the great blank walls, the small heavy doors, animals where you would expect to see none, the streams of silent people too preoccupied to notice you—all seem steeped in suggestion and mystery. You feel that these turning narrow passages and opening courts and ready doors would assort well with conspiracy and assassination. Conspiracy in large matters perhaps is not so likely now, but assassination is no far-fetched idea. And then perhaps you remember, as if subconscious memory had prompted the thought, that assassins in the earliest meaning of the word came from these parts—that a hill tribe called the Assassins, whose native territory was in the mountains above Antioch, followed customs which have given the name its present sinister meaning. You may have read, also, that they had haunts in this very city—that here they executed vengeance both for themselves and for payment, and gave no end of trouble to Crusader rulers of Antioch and

the Templar Knights. These old stone walls around you are black with age, and polished by the brushing of passengers during a thousand years; these walls and doorways have seen the original Assassins without a doubt, and at the thought you stop and look curiously at the facilities for assassination that this spot would offer—several near-by doors, a piece of low flat roof, and a turn in the alley.

As if such old associations have left their influence, it is said that even now in Aleppo the knife from behind, the thin cord, and the strangling silk sash, all are used familiarly in crime as well as the modern bullet.

The most Eastern and surprising and interesting spectacle in Aleppo is provided by the bazaars—themselves sufficient to place the city in a class by itself among rivals. Nothing gives such an idea of the city's importance as these enormous, unending, vaulted bazaars, lined with shops, and thronged with people, and even animals. The Grand Bazaar of Stambûl is great of its kind, and its vaulted streets are said to exceed two miles in length, but the Aleppo bazaar is altogether greater, and has an unspoilt Eastern flavour to which the other cannot pretend. You may wander in it for a couple of hours and never seem to go over the same ground twice; always fresh ramifications come into view, and give choice of fresh turnings to be taken. And always the central passage, perhaps fifteen feet in width, is so packed with people as to make progression difficult except at the general pace.

These pedestrians are of every blood. If able to recognise at sight a dozen of the better-known races, you may depend on seeing here another dozen who are unfamiliar. They combine to make a jumble of humanity more varied, more picturesque, more brightly coloured, and more strangely intent on business than any ordinary flight of imagination could help you to. For varied colour the scene is like all the showy uniforms of the world brought together. Gold and silver

embroidery, and lace and garments of white and scarlet and blue and brown and green and orange, are the daily style of these people, and the colours are always pleasing and never crude. The bazaars are in gloom except where bars of sunlight enter from small windows, and these white shafts strike through a blue haze of smoke which fills the vault. The bazaar smell is a compound of tobacco and spice, new carpets and merchandise, animals, human beings, fruit, vegetables —of everything which moves, of everything which can be bought or sold or used. To the Aleppo boil and Aleppo look, as peculiar to the city, you may add the Aleppo smell.

Everything of the East, and almost everything of the West, may be found in these packed bazaars. Brass and silver work from India are here; Chinese ivories and porcelain; silks and prints, carpets and rugs from every cotton-printing and carpet-weaving district between China and the Bosphorus. The peculiar linens and embroideries of near-by Marash are seen, so also Japanese lacquered bowls, African beadwork, French photographic films, and American sewing-machines. Do you want Mauser or Colt or Browning automatic pistols, here they are of every calibre and price. For Manchester goods you turn to the right, for Sheffield ware to the left; for goods of different sorts have each their own part of the bazaar. A shop outwardly may be little more than a stall, but go inside, show a wish to buy, and you find the stall extending into dim caverns of its own behind, all packed with goods: the holder of one such outwardly modest stall blandly told me that his stock was worth twenty thousand pounds English.

Interest of another sort belongs to the great commercial *khans* representing the warehouses and wholesale trade, where the caravans arrive and depart, by which, till now, merchandise from all parts of the world reached and left Aleppo—for the distributing trade also is a great one.

The typical *khan* of this kind is a stone building

with a large open courtyard in its midst, surrounded by a cloister-like arcade two stories in height. Above the entrance the building perhaps rises to three stories and shows a façade so well suited to its purpose, so excellent in workmanship and restrained use of ornament, as to compare well with any building of its class in the world. Standing in Europe it would have been made familiar by illustration and held up as an admirable example of ancient art; standing in Aleppo it is unknown to the outer world and unappreciated.

The yard is stacked with merchandise in small bales and bundles and sacks, for much of it has come or is to go by caravan, with Bagdad and even Persia as places of departure or destination. Men in gay-coloured garments flit about in sunlight and shadow. Under shady walls camels and asses are kneeling and standing, or are being loaded or unloaded. In the arcades and the rooms behind them goods are being unpacked and stored or made up into bales again. Under one of the arches perhaps you come upon some curious process of trade in full swing: it may be the cleaning of hair or wool, or the making of woollen felt. The cleaning of wool or hair seems to have something of conjuring about it, so immediate are the results and so unexpected compared with the rude implement used.

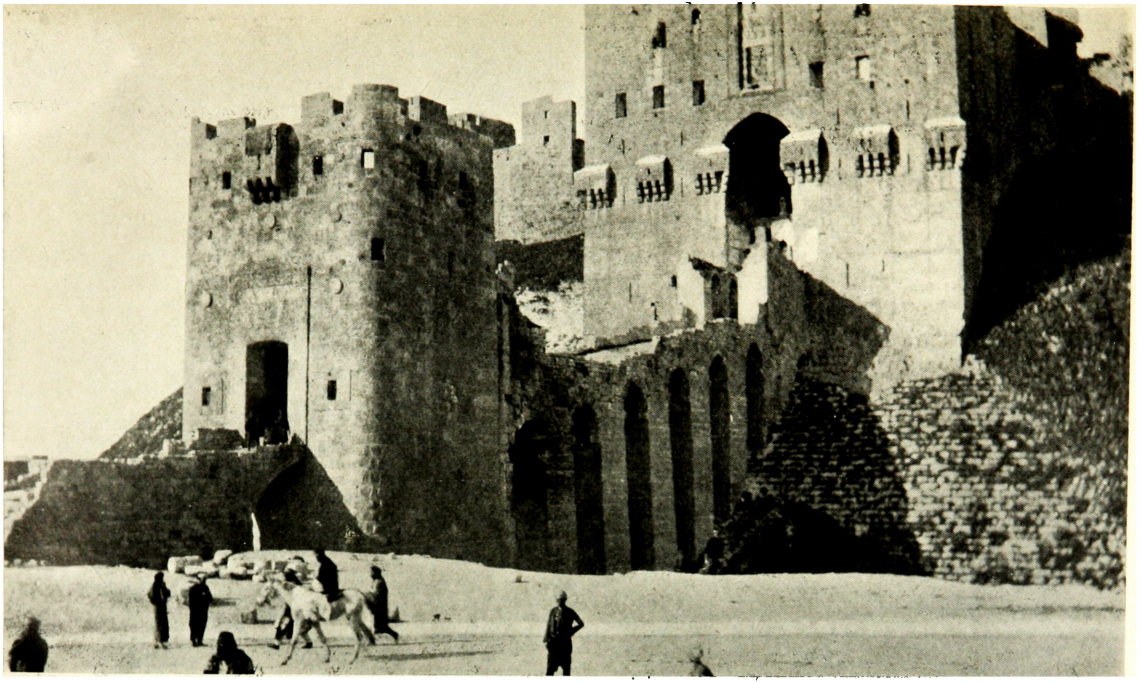
A man seated cross-legged on the stone paving is the unlikely-looking conjurer. He is small, thin, dirty, dark, and unmistakably unhealthy, but his movements of hand are those of a master in his calling. His instrument is a heavy wooden bow, about four feet in length, in form something like a violin bow, but with the back nearly two feet from several stout catgut strings; a wooden horn at each end of the bow projects six inches below the strings. On the floor he places a small heap of goat's hair, clotted into lumps by dirt and mud, above it places his bow, its two horns resting on the paving, its back in air, its strings parallel to the ground

and touching the hair. With a wooden mallet he strikes the strings lightly and sets them twanging harmoniously, his other hand rocks the bow, and allows its back to strike the wall. Between the tap of bow on wall comes a tap of strings with mallet; and what with the time he keeps and the sounding strings, there is a semblance to the distant sound of a drum and harps; and then having got into stride with bow and tapping he begins to hum a tuneless song. It is a matter of a few seconds only before the hair begins to rise in a soft clean heap around the bow. It goes on rising, and he slightly stirs it, pulls the lower part more under the strings, adds more dirty hair, changes the position of the bow a little, but keeps up the rocking and tap-tapping. Under the vibrating strings the hair grows into a heap in size like a table; but still he goes on, while a cloud of fine dust fills the room. When he stops he has produced a great mound of soft hair, beneath which is a shovelful of sand and dirt. So he goes on, in the cool shade of his cloister, singing sometimes, twanging and tap-tapping always, and filling one side of the little vault with clean hair as the result of a day's work; but also cutting short his life by breathing the dust which his industry creates.

The courts and alleys of Aleppo stand for mystery and suggestion—the bazaars for the unchanging East, the *khans* for an ancient commerce like that of the medieval Belgian cities; but the citadel is history made visible. It displays the warlike story of Aleppo, chiefly a story of wars between Mohammedans, though by fantastic tradition the structure is said to have been built in the time of Abraham. It has known, however, Bagdad Khalifs—including Haroun el Rashid—Syrian Seljuks, Arab Emirs, Mongols, Egyptians, and the inevitable and most potent Timur. Christians, too, have been before it in war as Crusaders and Byzantines. It tells also, with a little study, another and subsidiary story of life and government in the city, of trouble between rulers and ruled during long

turbulent centuries. In a city where each rich man's house was a stone-walled iron-barred fortress; where the shop-keeping class, for the safety of person and goods, herded together in strong bazaars; where for the same reasons merchants and travellers lodged themselves in massive *khans* — in such a city the rulers required a stronghold befitting their greater possessions and greater risks. For them at need, therefore, was the citadel. Without the citadel, indeed, one suspects there could have been no permanent rule in Aleppo during the days of the small States into which the country was so long divided. The more you consider this fortress, the more you perceive that its real aim was against the citizens; the citizens, not of a town but of a great city, and that the size and strength of the citadel were roughly proportioned to this domestic factor. Before the citadel could repel foreign invasion the invaders would be in the city itself. One cannot think that citizens of the medieval city ever had any illusions on this score; the citadel never saved them from massacre by Hulugu the Egyptian, or the more fell Timur. The citadel was, in fact, a Bastille, and in structure great as any ever built.

It is said to resemble Edinburgh Castle seen from the west, but is on a greater scale. Some assert that it is really built upon a hill so completely enclosed by masonry that all signs of the rock have disappeared. The only ground for this idea is that under the castle are rock-hewn galleries; but the outer walls at least owe nothing to natural elevation in making up a stark height of a hundred and twenty feet. Enclosing them is a fosse with a sloping revetment of squared stones from the bed of the fosse to the base of the towering walls. The whole edifice is so huge in height and bulk that its true size is not appreciated until you make the outer circuit by following the Plaza which extends around it outside the fosse; then, indeed, it is discovered that half an hour has been occupied in steady walking.



Entrance to the Citadel, Aleppo.

The finest portion of all is the great entrance. On the outer side of the fosse is a square barbican tower large enough in itself, but here merely preliminary to greater things. A wide flight of steps goes up to this tower, passes through it, is carried on a massive arched bridge across the fosse, and rises fifty or sixty feet to a mighty square tower in which is set a majestic portal flanked by machicolated loopholes. Vast height and bulk are here, and seen in the heat and strong contrasts of light and shadow of Syrian sun, as you stand gazing up at the towering steps and cavernous archway, you wonder just how much of it all has been derived from western invaders —how much really belongs after all to the universal Normans. Much, no doubt; the Crusaders and the little kingdoms and States they founded left their mark in this part of the East; but the Saracens who built here in imitation did better than those from whom they learnt the art of castle-building.

Besides its Eastern attractions, Aleppo has special claims upon the interest of an English visitor, for it has had much intercourse with England from the days of the Tudor sovereigns. From it have come many of our popular ideas of the East, brought by the merchants and merchant seamen of the Levant trade when Aleppo was the eastern metropolis of that early and romantic commerce. For nearly three hundred years it was a city whose name was more familiar in England than Constantinople itself; for us in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Aleppo was indeed the East. An open eye for evidence of how much the city figured in English life during three centuries collects many allusions to the great centre of the Levant trade. Shakespeare, for instance, makes one of the witches in Macbeth say—

> "Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger."

And into Othello's mouth he puts a reference which bears significant marks of truth and sounds like

the echo of an old tale of the Levant heard in a London tavern of the day—

> "That in Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the state."

A beating is still the Turkish process in such quarrels where the opponent is a person of beatable size and not under the protection of a Great Power. It is still the favourite public expression of displeasure in circumstances which do not call for the taking of life. Many times you may hear some Turkish anecdote closed with the statement "gave him a beating."

The British Levant Company had a British Agent in Aleppo in 1586, and a Factory and staff followed in 1622. The great stone *khan*, reputed the largest old *khan* in the city, which the Company's staff occupied as their Factory, stronghold, offices, and residence all in one, may still be seen, and under other tenants still does business in the old way. The chief Agent was also British Consul, and under him, in the service of "The Most Worshipful the British Levant Company," as the corporation was described, were Vice-Consuls, a British chaplain, and "other gentlemen of the Agency." Some day a full history of the Company and its operations and influence in the Levant—a subject well worthy of attention—may see the light. It will be a book, in subject and matter at least, containing as much interest and romance as the story of any great Chartered Company which has ever upheld the British name. The Levant Company's history indeed goes back to the earliest and most romantic period of English commerce,—that period which spoke of the "Smyrna Voyage" and the "Levant Voyage"; when merchant ships went heavily armed, and fought Sallee Rovers and Algerine and Egyptian corsairs along the whole length of the Mediterranean, and had adventures which inspired so many of Hakluyt's Chronicles. The Company took

part also in matters outside of commerce. Not only were its agents British Consuls, but for a long time it was at the whole cost of the British Embassy in Constantinople. In its time it was, in fact, a Company which represented the State in wellnigh all things.

There are various little-known books of the eighteenth century in which may be found references to the important English post at Aleppo. One of these old books, entitled 'Travels in various parts of Asia as far as the Euphrates,' was written by Alexander Drummond of Kilwinning (by his writings a worthy and likeable Scottish gentleman), who afterwards became Consul at Aleppo. Very interesting it is to read of life in the British post at Aleppo a hundred and eighty or two hundred years ago. One finds the names of Mr Consul Wakeman, Mr Consul Pollard, Mr Chaplain Hemming, Mr Chitty, and "other gentlemen of Aleppo"; one reads also of their social intercourse with the Agents of the Dutch and French Factories; of how they kept "thermometer tables" of the weather; and how, too, "all had the fever of this cursed place." One learns further that in the *khan* was an apartment officially designated the "Library of the Most Worshipful the British Levant Company,"—for a certain stately completeness of equipment, as well as formality of phrase, runs through everything pertaining to the Company. Entering here one day—as he had often done before—Alexander Drummond discovered, to his great satisfaction, a piece of ancient Greek sculpture, with an inscription, casually built into the wall. It had come from a demolished Greek building to which those who built the *khan* had gone for materials. In such surroundings the exiled "gentlemen of Aleppo," when the mood took them, pored over tomes provided by a considerate Company for their improvement and diversion, and wondered just who it was in London selected the books.

The Factory had summer residences at Guroum and

Caramoot in the Amanus mountains. Without a stay of several months' duration each year at these cool resorts, the gentlemen professed themselves unable to keep in health sufficiently to do the Worshipful Company's business. When duties were light and opportunity offered, distant excursions were made: in this way some of the Company's officials discovered or rediscovered the ruins of Tadmor, which is Palmyra, nearly two hundred miles distant on the edge of the Syrian desert. There are glimpses, too, in the old books, of hospitality at the Factory—more often on those occasions, not altogether rare—when British travellers came from India *viâ* the Persian Gulf. For as long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century this appears to have been a recognised route to and from India.

"Mr Munro of Calcairn and his party of gentlemen riding from India arrived this day"; so the Chronicle reads, and one would like to hear more about this overland journey of April and May in the long ago year 1748; but little more is given except that the gentlemen of Aleppo were much refreshed by the visit of Mr Munro and his party.

There is mention, also, of the Company's regular postal service carried on by its own servants between Aleppo and Bagdad, and thence by service of the East India Company to India. One gathers on the whole that the Most Worshipful Company had great influence in the land and could do pretty well what it chose; that its policy was enterprising and its affairs exceedingly well managed, and that profit and prosperity were no more than its due. And still more one feels that a sure instinct directed the Company in its attempt to extend British influence from the Gulf of Alexandretta to the Persian Gulf and so to India.

Now and then regrets are found that the Company had not fixed its chief factory at Antioch instead of Aleppo, and the point is made that Alexandretta was as much the port of Antioch as of Aleppo and

much nearer to the old Greek city. But those who complain thus always come back to the awkward fact that Aleppo had a great trade and Antioch little. And this comment brings the reader to a question upon which any one who has visited Aleppo and considered the trade of these parts must have speculated often. Looking at Aleppo's position on the map, you wonder why this old city should be here and why it should have shown such vitality. At this day you marvel at its appearance of prosperity and activity. You cannot well imagine how it lives. Agriculture, commerce by road, and manufactures, of which few signs can be seen, do not appear to explain its busy existence. You can understand well why Antioch, sixty miles away, near the sea, and upon a gorge giving access to a port, should have been a great and famous city. And yet Greek Antioch, like so many great Greek cities of the past, has decayed, and is now merely a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, while Aleppo has remained and grown. Antioch you would have thought had every element of geographical position and glorious site to ensure permanence and prosperity. A great fertile plain coming to its gates; a limitless country of agricultural and pastoral wealth beyond this local plain; the sea and a port twenty miles distant, reached by an easy passage through the mountains; and all on the highroad, so to say, between Europe and Asia and Africa. And for the amenities it had the Amanus range beside it, rushing streams, a lake, a river, and the Syrian climate.

You wonder at the failure of Antioch to hold its own in this great position, and wonder still more that Aleppo should stand while Antioch failed, till you look a little farther afield. Then it becomes clear that Antioch grew and flourished on a local basis—on the sea, the local plains, on the beauty and strictly local advantages of site; on the character and peculiarities of its Greek citizens; but stood outside the area of those wider influences which ensure

permanent greatness. It is the story of almost all the great Greek cities of the ancient world. Their greatness was largely the work of their citizens. These cities were in a sense artificial creations, and when their Greek citizens degenerated and the cities declined no deep-seated reasons existed for more virile races to occupy the same sites.

Aleppo, on the contrary, stood within the area of the greater influences. Now these were largely or almost entirely the great natural overland trade routes and the geographical features which produced such routes. Antioch, indeed, might intercept the route which lay to and from the Mediterranean and the East, but in days of limited sea-trade, accompanied by countless risks, this was a traffic small in comparison with that which flowed by the land routes. The chief overland routes between Europe and Asia —omitting roads from the Black Sea and Europe and Africa—went round the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta and could cross the Amanus range by only two passes,—the northern one now called the Baghche Pass, the southern the Beilan Pass. Antioch lay too far to the south to intercept traffic going by either of these passes, and therefore was in a sort of backwater. Traffic crossing Beilan Pass would go several days' journey out of its way to reach Antioch and regain the direct route; and for traffic by the Baghche Pass, Antioch meant a still greater diversion. These two passes, one believes, have had almost everything to do with the impermanence of Antioch and the permanence of Aleppo.

Another powerful influence which has always exerted itself in favour of Aleppo and against Antioch as the chief city and trading centre of these parts is the attraction of Asia Minor. As a great and rich territory much of the trade between East and West originated in Asia Minor, and the tendency of such trade was to seek a route as little to the south as possible, and not only a route, but a mart in the same favourable position. By reason of the routes

Aleppo suited these requirements well and flourished in proportion; Antioch did not, and consequently failed.

Although geographically a Syrian city, Aleppo is still more a city of Asia Minor by the districts which it serves. Figuratively and literally, all roads in these central regions of the Ottoman Empire lead to Aleppo. The city is likely, indeed, to enjoy greater prosperity in the coming era of railways than ever it did in days when caravans by the hundred, crowding its gates, came and went daily between Antioch, Damascus, and Bagdad, and the mountain passes of the west and north and north-west which gave access to Asia Minor and Europe. For Aleppo now attracts railways as of old it did roads and caravan tracks—its position being at the corner, so to speak, round which railways like roads perforce must come. It will become the junction of intercontinental railroads, and Aleppo railway porters of the future will grow familiar with the names of places exceedingly far off. "Change here for Mecca, Cairo, and Bagdad," is said to be a cry which has been heard already at Muslimie—Aleppo's Bagdad Railway Station—but that is nothing to what the not very distant future may hold. Here in fulness of time you will change not only for these cities of ancient name, but for Central and Southern Africa, Persia, Bombay, Calcutta; and later, by the aid of a short sea-passage, for Singapore, Port Darwin, Sydney, and Melbourne. Such developments Aleppo may see within the years of some now living—such importance is given by geographical accident to this piece of territory lying round the Gulf of Alexandretta.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A strange Armenian—His story by the Antioch gate—Leaving Aleppo—The posting-house at Termanin—St Simon Stylites—Hammam—The Kentish motto—Lying *perdu* in a bank of asphodel—Plain of Antioch—Broken soldiers on the road—Scenes at Kirk Khan.

DURING the forenoon of the day on which I reached Aleppo an *araba* overtook me, and the solitary passenger, leaning out as he passed, had said something of which I could make no sense. It did not sound like Turkish, and I supposed it to be Armenian, for the speaker had the appearance of one of that race. But in Aleppo, the next day, when I was looking at the Antioch gate, the same man came out of the crowd, uttered the same sounds, and then by some greater readiness of perception I understood that he said "Good-day, sir," in English. He spoke so strangely, however, and ran the words so much together, and with such an odd intonation, that any one might have failed to understand him.

In his next remarks he did better, and made it evident that he was an Americanised Armenian. There are many such; they live awhile in the States, pick up American idioms with astonishing readiness, and on being drawn back to their native land use real American whenever occasion offers. This man was Jewish in features, tall, dark, intelligent, in age between thirty-five and forty, and wore a fez and long black coat. It grated on me to hear American slang from an oriental figure in Aleppo, and I

resolved to cut him short. But something in his appearance rather disarmed me at second glance; he looked unaggressive and even friendly, no idea of self-advertisement was apparent, nor had he the air of one who wished to profit by me. So I stopped and talked to him.

After remarking that he had seen me on the road, he said, "And what do you think of our city, sir?" In tone and accent the question might have come from a New Yorker on Broadway; but here, in Aleppo, it sounded so odd that I laughed. And I had to laugh again when the Armenian, presently looking round and seeing various Turkish flags flying —for the day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday —fell into a strain of Independence Day oratory.

"I'd call it great, sir," he said, "to see the Bars and Stars flying over this old town. The United States is strong enough to hold land on this side, sir; the United States would do some good here, I guess."

I felt that the Antioch gate and Aleppo city were fast losing their Eastern glamour in this company, and again I turned to go, and yet once more I remained to talk. There was something curious about this Armenian, some manner that of itself created interest and fixed the attention. He spoke always with greater energy than his subject seemed to require, and more than once I thought him somewhat distraught; but his voice was pleasant, and his American accent and phrases an unceasing wonder, grotesquely out of harmony with his appearance and surroundings. Summing him up I thought he might be an Armenian revolutionary agent inquisitive as to my purpose.

He spoke of his life in the States—a matter of no interest in itself to a stranger, yet he made it interesting enough for me. Then he went on to his life in various parts of Asia Minor, and one thing leading to another, at last told a long story, the gist of which may be given in a few words. With his wife he had been on a visit to Urfa, where he left her,

while he went to Diarbekr on business. He returned a day or two after the Urfa massacre and found the house partially destroyed, blood on the floors, and all the inmates missing. Thereupon he remembered that half in jest, half in earnest, with the ceaseless forethought in these matters which has grown common in his race, he and his wife had spoken of taking refuge, in case of need, in the ancient rock-hewn tombs existing near the town. So he ran to the tombs, and went among them in the evening light, calling loudly, as he said, "for Zabel, my wife." He never found her, never learnt what fate had overtaken her, but examining the house again at last discovered her hand, and that poor relic, he added, he still possessed after all these years.

For the four days' journey from Aleppo to Alexandretta the Consul thought I should have a *zaptieh*. The country was excited against Italians, and however readily an inland Turkish population might receive me as English, such friendly discrimination could not be relied upon from Arabs and Turks of the coast. The Consul therefore requisitioned for a *zaptieh* to accompany me to Alexandretta. The regulations, however, forbade an officer being sent such a distance from his station, so the arrangement was made that I should travel along the mail route and be supplied with a fresh *zaptieh* at each posting-station.

It was nearly eleven before my party, in charge of a Turkish *zaptieh* named Mehmet, a native of Killis, passed through the Antioch gate. We soon left the road and took to the stony hillside, following the horse track as the shortest way to the sea. It went through an undulating barren country of green and grey, for between the loose stones grew grass and wild flowers, and many bunches of tulip-like sprouting leaves, each leaf deep purple inside and green without. The weather, which had been warm and sunny during morning, turned to squalls of hail and rain during afternoon, and from the bare plateau

which sloped gradually to the south-west several such squalls could sometimes be seen in the distance at once driving across the plain of Antioch, each as a detached moving mass of vapour preceded and followed by filmy curtains of rain, pierced by slants of sunlight.

Towards evening we came down to the village of Termanin, among stones and breadths of green in a gentle valley, with the high bare hill of Jebel Bereket a couple of miles away in the east. In the village at the foot of this hill, on the farther side, is one of those unobtrusive little-known sites of fame in which Asia Minor abounds. There may be seen the ruined chapel of St Simon Stylites, and fragments of the columns upon which he earned his fame, a fame still potent enough to draw many pilgrims to the spot.

The small stone-vaulted room which served as posting-house at Termanin looked as if at one time it had been a chapel. Several *zaptiehs* were here already, and when I said that I would lodge in this place rather than go to the guest-house, they took it as a compliment and exclaimed "*Eferin!*" ("Bravo!") together. And here let me pay a slight tribute to Turkish *zaptiehs* in general. They may have their faults, but taking them as found I can utter nothing but praise. I never met one, on the road or elsewhere, who was not civil, obliging, and intelligent, and who did not go out of his way to serve me where he could. Those who have accompanied me never raised any difficulties, never stood out for their own way, were always ready and willing when wanted, and always cheerful and well-behaved—they might, indeed, have been faithful servants dependent upon me and anxious to please. And though I cannot speak from experience of their behaviour in situations of difficulty and danger, yet various travellers who can have told me that at such times they never found a *zaptieh* wanting.

Soon after midnight I awoke to lights and clattering in our vaulted chamber, and saw three dark mous-

tachioed figures groping their way among the sleepers by the uncertain glimmering of matches. They were *zaptiehs* who had just come with the mail, and now flung themselves on the floor to sleep as if very tired. Their coming was signal for three others to rise, take their rifles, and away at once as the fresh relay, for the mail halts no longer than is necessary to change the bags to fresh horses. Mehmet, however, was not one of those who rode off into the darkness. In the morning, when I asked if he was going farther with me, he laughed and answered that he was going to Alexandretta if I wished. Evidently the regulations which controlled a *zaptieh* at Aleppo counted for nothing once he was out of sight and had prospects of a good tip before him.

Beyond Termanin the loose stones disappeared, the country became more fertile, and here and there were villages and wayside *locantas*, or inns, constructed of interwoven canes. We marched under a cloudless sky and blazing sunshine towards the great blue and white western barrier of the Amanus, now in full view and growing more and more distinct with every mile. At noon the Afrin river was reached and forded, as so much pleasant wading in cool water on a hot day. And then at evening appeared the village of Hammam—white buildings scattered on little hills covered with asphodel green as young wheat, though now in blossom. At Hammam the horse track on which we had travelled from Aleppo joined the high-road, with the village *khan* placed beside the junction; and before the *khan* was standing, after the day's work, an English steam-roller wearing an unmistakably friendly look. With long residence in foreign lands you discover that it is possible to have friendly inanimate countrymen as well as human. And so indeed this solid honest machine, bearing the Kentish motto "Invicta" and the rampant horse, seemed to be, as it stood here, contentedly dribbling a little water and letting off a little steam after a good day's work on Syrian roads.

Locanta, near Hammam: Turks seated, Arabs standing.

As the name implies, Hammam is a place of baths. There are hot springs whose waters possess curative qualities held in such esteem that public baths erected upon them are frequented by many visitors. Other warm springs break out on the hillsides and run off as streams among the asphodel.

By one of those tricks which memory and imagination combine to play, this association of asphodel and running water made Hammam a place of special interest to me. Long ago, in the casual reading of very early boyhood, I happened on an old book whose title and subject alike are so completely lost that I have no recollection or idea of either. But in it were a few sentences which created a vivid mental picture I never forgot. They told of a band of armed men "lying *perdu* in a green bank of asphodel" beside a road waiting for an enemy. The sunlight was hot and the road dusty, blue mountains overlooked the scene, and through the asphodel ran a little stream at which the men in ambush drank from time to time,—all these details the sentences remembered conveyed as one picture. And now as I walked out of Hammam on the dusty road between tall asphodel I noticed a clear bubbling spring among the plants, and turned aside to look at it, impelled by a curious sense of familiarity with the scene; and then in a flash came the long-remembered description of armed men lying *perdu* in asphodel. Here, in fact, was everything that the picture contained—everything but the armed band of thirsty men —asphodel and dusty road, the running spring, hot sunlight, and, not twenty miles away, the abrupt blue mountains of Amanus. And yet with it all was also a feeling of disillusionment; for asphodel — if this indeed were the same plant—made cover much too thin for ambush beside the road. Here it was, fully grown and six feet high, but capable of concealing nothing except from afar; and so experience destroyed all the glamour of the old description.

Hammam, which is nearly fifteen hundred feet below

Aleppo, stands at the edge of the narrow plain extending from Marash to Antioch, by nature a stretch of rich land, and at one time densely peopled. Indeed there is a tradition that from the region between Antioch and Marash and the Mediterranean and Aleppo, Alexander drew 100,000 men for his march on India. Here and there the surface of the plain is broken by low green artificial mounds said to mark the sites of ancient towns, and affording proof of the great earlier population. But much of this lower part of the plain, watered by the Kara Su, has now become a marsh, and for miles beyond Hammam the road goes on a raised causeway. More than neglect, however, has gone to the ruining of a district which once helped to support ancient Antioch. The Kara Su and Afrin both fall into the Ak Deniz near to Antioch, and the fisheries of that lake, which are let by the State for about £3000 a year, depend upon the level of water being maintained—the bigger the lake the more value the fisheries. So the outlet has been dammed and raised, and by that act, securing with slight outlay a small regular revenue, the lower twenty-five or thirty miles of the plain has been rendered almost uninhabitable.

During the whole day a string of broken-down, home-going soldiers, many scores of them, in twos and threes, all returned from the Yemen, had been filing along the road from Hammam. Owing to the Italian blockade making transport by sea impossible, they had been sent by railway to Aleppo as the best that the State could do. There they were given travelling money at the rate of threepence a day, and turned adrift to cover on foot the road to Adana, or to the railway again at Ulu Kishla, or even to districts yet farther. They were human wrecks before leaving Arabia, and now made figures pitiable as the marching wounded of a retreating army, and still more hopeless. Without boots, their feet often wrapped in blood-stained cloths, their khaki uniforms torn to rags, starved, haggard, ill, exhausted

to the point of collapse, they hobbled and dragged themselves painfully forward, with frequent rests by the wayside, along the interminable road of their home-coming. Here and there lay a dead ass or camel, and vultures sometimes sat perched on telegraph poles or flapped away heavily when disturbed at their meal. Carcasses and vultures are familiar objects upon a caravan route; but this stream of hobbling, broken soldiery seemed to add a more sinister meaning to the presence of carrion-birds.

Although the men were in such miserable plight, a dread of military law and perhaps a strain of pride remained with them. In the *zaptieh's* presence not one would accept the few piastres I offered to those apparently in greatest need; cigarettes were taken with gratitude; money, however, they declined, each saying he was a soldier; and one heavy-eyed hollow-faced wretch with long moustache and grey stubble of beard added that he was an Osmanli. In him at least was pride of race. But when I made the *zaptieh* distributor of aid not a man refused it, though wellnigh speechless at the novelty, and not quite sure of what lay behind.

The sun was still high above Amanus when, through asphodel and orchards bordering a very dusty road, I entered the village of Kirk Khan, at the foot of the mountains, to halt for the last night before reaching the sea and my journey's end. Through an open door at the back hot sunlight streamed into my room; through the window in front I looked across the street to a row of little shops, each with its drowsing shopkeeper seated outside. Lame soldiers were still trickling in by the Aleppo road, now and then a string of slow camels came down from Beilan Pass, and in the dusty street children were playing among fowls and yellow dogs. Farther up the road were gaunt fire-blackened walls, and then I noticed that the shops across the way were new. In proportion to its population Kirk Khan had seen, at the time of the

Adana outbreak, one of the worst massacres in the country. Few indeed of the Armenian portion of its inhabitants had escaped. These flimsy new shops with their somnolent Moslem shopkeepers and fly-blown goods represented one of the changes produced by massacre—the dispossession of a race apt in the competition of trade by another more apt in the competition of killing.

While I looked thus from my window a stringed instrument began to play, and with that I went out into the street to see and listen. In the green shade of a trellised vine the stools of the village café stood round a rough stone fountain, and there were seated Mustapha and Mehmet, village gossips, and tired soldiers, while an old blind minstrel played and sang. He sang one of those tuneless Turkish songs which are the very negation of music in Western ears. But his listeners were pleased with him and themselves, and drank coffee, and rolled and smoked cigarettes incessantly, and laughed and talked, and seemed to think that on this eastern slope of Amanus the world went very well indeed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Morning in Beilan Pass—Mountain horsemen—Overlooking the Gulf of Alexandretta—Alexander the Great at Beilan Pass—English merchant ships at Alexandretta in the eighteenth century—Jacob's Well—Scanderbeg—Alexander Drummond—Alexandretta as a German port—Jonah's Pillars—Battlefield of Issus—The overland route to India—A neglected British opportunity—The eastern end of the Mediterranean and the future—Another British opportunity—On a British steamer.

In fear of missing the steamer for Beirût at Alexandretta—for I did not know with certainty her day of sailing—I left Kirk Khan just after dawn. A cool breeze was pouring down from Amanus when I stepped out into the street. Above the marshes floated a thin mist, but the plain lay sunk in gloom except where light was reflected dimly from expanses of water. In the east, however, behind the low dull hills of Hammam, the dawn was spreading rapidly, and already gave an edge of gold to a thin slip or two of grey stratified cloud that hung above the point of sun-rising. In the west the ridges of Amanus high above me were growing bright against a clear sky.

Though I had started thus early many others were before me; even the tired soldiers were going forward already, true to the travelling custom of their country. The steady beating of distant camel-bells sounded along the road, from time to time came the quick tripping jingle of donkey-bells; there were peasants on foot and peasants on asses—the country-folk were not only astir but abroad upon their business. I looked forward to being on the sea again, but at

this early hour of a bright April morning, while tramping free on a mountain road within sight of Antioch with eastern sights and sounds around me, I heartily wished that the journey were beginning instead of ending. And the regretful consciousness of doing something for the last time also lay upon me, for I doubted if ever again I should wander afoot for half a year, careless of route and the passing months, among the mountains and valleys of Asia Minor with a pack-horse and Turkish servant.

For several miles from Kirk Khan the road went almost horizontally along the lower slopes of Amanus. And then the sun rose above the hills of Hammam; Ak Deniz lake grew clear to view in a green country dotted with artificial mounds; and in the south, beyond the lake, the bold blue mountains which stand above Antioch city passed from vagueness to the detail of rock and spur and climbing ravine. And now our road turned away from the plain at last and entered the valley at whose western end is the saddle of Amanus known in ancient history as the "Syrian Gates," and in these days as Beilan Pass. Near the mouth of this valley the road to Antioch branches off and goes due south—the ancient highroad between Antioch and Asia Minor, none other being so direct.

While we went up thus towards Beilan in early sunlight a cloud of dust appeared ahead, in which were galloping horses and riders twinkling with colour. Such a brave spectacle of the road as they made, a dozen or fifteen of them together, the riders armed, and dressed in garments of bright colours, I had met nowhere on the journey before. They came down at a thundering pace, but pulled up to ask questions on reaching us, finding our party more remarkable than themselves; for the pack-horse, with Mustapha perched precariously atop a mountain of foreign gear, was a show in itself in native eyes. It appeared then that the skurry was an impromptu race, and that the riders were going from Beilan to Antioch for

the day. All were Moslems of a sort, but more light-hearted and boisterous than Turks or Circassians or Kurds. Some strain of lightsome blood was theirs; at Beilan has ever been a mountain race holding itself apart and following its own customs, and the difference that was in this people showed itself here in their mad whooping gallop and uproarious laughter.

Our road now went climbing easily by long loops upon bold swelling spurs, with beech and oak scrub, grey with dust beside the road, covering the slopes. Beilan is an easy pass—it is a good thousand feet lower than the Baghche Pass, its approaches are altogether easier, and it gives much less of mountain travelling. Could the influence of this low saddle upon the rise and fall of cities, and even upon wider history, be disentangled, it would prove to be much greater than is generally recognised. Beilan Pass is not the one inevitable way, like the Cilician Gates, nor has it affected areas so great; but it has subtly influenced Aleppo and Antioch and the movements of armies, and so has made history, and may make it again.

I reached the summit before noon, and then came down to Beilan village, which is built in terraces of flat-roofed houses on both sides of a narrow ravine coming up from the Mediterranean.

No great seaward view is to be had either from the pass or village, but a little farther on the road emerges somewhat from the enclosing spurs, and then on a clear day there is much to consider. To make the view wider still I now climbed the spur on my right, and thence looked down on the blue Gulf of Alexandretta, almost to its northern end, and across it to Cilicia, and in the south-west to the horizon of the Mediterranean; and so gazing it seemed that before me was a scene charged with destiny for my own country. For I was here before the war, when it appeared that this region had passed under German control indefinitely, and that German preparations for the future might reach completion undisturbed.

There was personal interest also in the view, because I could follow from this point the irregular course of my wanderings for three hundred miles. But there was more; for here, before me, in a wide comprehensive view, to be grasped by eye and imagination, lay the commercial heart of the Bagdad Railway Scheme. Not of the present ostensible scheme perhaps, but of the ultimate plan, when the railway and all its feeder and other subsidiary lines should be completed, and the commerce of wide territories yet undeveloped should pass through a port in this gulf not yet constructed. Covert hostility to British interests lay behind the scheme in all its stages; and knowing this the eye turned towards the south-west, hoping to see the dim island of Cyprus which covers the gulf and all this coast-line. Cyprus could not be seen because a great brown and green spur of Ahmar Dagh intervened. But though not visible hence, it certainly would show itself from the summit of that mountain; and its existence as a British possession in just the right place, an unsurrendered Heligoland against developments to come, seemed so exactly suited to the need as to be like a provision of Providence.

So much for matter of political interest: there are others, however, to be found up here, just below Beilan village, this clear spring day. On examining the scene in detail the eye follows first the narrow strip of coastal plain lying along the foot of Amanus and going north till it turns at the head of the gulf, twenty-five miles away. There the view is bounded by low blue hills curving towards the west. Beyond those hills, only three hours' walking from the coast-line, thereabouts is the castle of Toprak Kale, and two miles inland from that point is the Bagdad Railway. Passing round the coast to the north-west the eye next comes to the little town of Ayas, against blue hills, above the harbour called Ayas Bay, and can see the white sails of vessels coming and going from the port. West of Ayas Bay the hills sink to the

Cilician plain, and the coast becomes a low, blue line fading into the horizon.

From north, all the way round to west, beyond the hills and plains, and showing clear above them, are the summits of snow-covered mountains enclosing the Cilician plain. The serrated peaks of Ala Dagh can be recognised, and next them westward the long level barrier of Taurus, which shows at last as a white cloud far south of any visible coast-line.

Standing here you gaze also over scenes famous in history. The battlefield of Issus is somewhere upon that strip of coastal plain in the north, under the shadow of Amanus, and looking hence you may follow the movements preceding the battle. Through the narrow opening in the hills at the farther end of the gulf, Alexander marched coming to Beilan, with Darius and the Persians two or three days' journey behind him. The Macedonians reached Beilan Pass, and there Alexander heard that the Persians were in his rear, and then filing down to the sea the way he had just come, and at this news counter-marched his army, and regained the plain of Issus the same night. That narrow passage between mountains and sea afforded no space for numbers to deploy, and there, what was in effect a Macedonian line defeated a deep Persian column.

But after recalling these ancient scenes you come to a time when the name of this gulf—called then the Gulf of Scanderoon—was much more familiar in England than it is now. To the gulf and port of Scanderoon—now the port known as Alexandretta—came English merchant ships in the romantic days of commerce, when a trader combined fighting with peaceful trading. Books of the time give many picturesque details of this early traffic in the glamorous Levant. You may read, for instance, of how the ship *Thames*, Captain Willoughby Marchant, on the voyage to Scanderoon, took the "*L'Invincible* of Marseilles," and after arriving in the roadstead snapped up also, as inconsiderable trifles, the *St Francis* and *St Jean*

l'Evangeliste. And how, while lying in Scanderoon Roads unloading her cargo, the *Thames* got wind of a great French ship due from Marseilles, "loaded with cloth to the value of fifty thousand pounds." The narrative tells of how the *Thames* put out and captured this rich ship after a smart action; but found that the cloth was under a Turkish "manifesto," and therefore, by the rules of the game, secure against British capture. Then indignation comes into the story, for this manifesto proved to be a false one, and you hear how the "Aga of Scanderoon" and the "Bashaw of Aleppo" had indulged in double-dealing, to the disadvantage of honest British merchants and seamen doing no more than ply their calling. You learn next, how, having regard to this scandalous duplicity which robbed British subjects of their just opportunities at sea, the cry was raised that Government neglected the rights of the Levant trade, and that strong action was required. Familiar also, and as it might be of the present day, is the complaint made at the same time that Turkish officials "gaped for dues to their own advantage." All which adventures and grievances are set out under date of 1746.

Ninety years later were other scenes at Beilan Pass and in Alexandretta. Then the great Egyptian Ibrahim Pasha appears and claims a word or two, as he does almost everywhere in this region. He seized Alexandretta, and pushing his army up to the pass stormed it in the teeth of a considerable Turkish force, and made the port the chief base for his Syrian operations. But he also made improvements, as he did wherever he went, and is remembered in Alexandretta now for the prosperity which he brought.

Looking from Beilan Pass an English traveller does well to recall also that certain far-seeing fellow-countrymen of his long ago proposed Alexandretta as the starting-point for a British railway to India. The railway was to come up the narrow Beilan gorge on your left, pierce the mountain by a tunnel, and

thence go through Aleppo. It was an earlier scheme than the one now brought so near completion by German enterprise, prompted by a great ulterior purpose; for we had old traditions of trade by this route to maintain, and the enterprising commercial instincts which had created the trade in spite of all difficulties sought to maintain and increase it by a railway when caravan traffic became inadequate. How this scheme and others fell through, and how the Germans at last stepped in, make surely the strangest and most romantic story of any railway ever begun or proposed —the story of a railway that became part of a great national plot against the State which first projected it. Most fitly is it an Eastern railway, with Bagdad as one of its chief stations; nor is its history yet complete.

A very beautiful piece of country extends from Beilan to the sea-shore. The road winds over a breadth of undulating falling land, between fields and pines and oaks; and as it descends yet lower, passes carob-trees and hedges of aloes. On this April afternoon I went among green grass and spring flowers in air that was wonderfully soft and balmy; and behind me rose the five or six thousand feet of Amanus, rugged and steep to the sea, showing scrub and wood and rock. At the foot of the mountains came the plain, a mile or more in width, with date-palms here and there, and beyond it the Mediterranean, blue and unruffled, and sleeping in sunlight. Then the level road, long and straight and dusty, passed marshes and springs, and at last entered Alexandretta.

On the way into the town one comes upon places and traditions connecting the district with an odd assortment of figures. Of the fine springs which break out at the foot of the mountains and form marshes tradition calls one "Jacob's Well," and brings home the fact that this is part of the land of biblical history. At this well it is said Jacob watered his flocks, and in the confident way of tradition details

are added of how he sheltered from the sun in a cave near by. Not far from the well is a remarkable octagonal fort, a hundred and twenty yards in diameter, of massive low walls with bastions at the angles. This stronghold which now encloses an orchard was erected by Geoffrey de Bouillon. Next comes a ruined castle erected by another adventurous European man, the Albanian hero Scanderbeg, who held power in this district, which always seems to have been a loose edge of the Ottoman Empire. There is also the choked canal, constructed to drain the marshes by Ibrahim Pasha the adventurer from Egypt.

At the British Consulate I learnt that my steamer would not leave for several days, and then I found a cool clean-looking hotel whose wide marble-paved hall and corridors were crowded with Turkish officers. The hotel faced the garden of the Government building, where eucalyptus-trees and pomegranate grew, and Turkish soldiers lounged in the shade. A fine, large, satisfactory hostel, creditable to Alexandretta, I thought this hotel. So I continued to think till about half-past five, when a civil Greek waiter in black came to my room and announced dinner with due importance.

"Your hat, Effendi," said the waiter, turning round as I followed quickly behind him. "Get your hat."

Strange this seemed, but still I could not divest myself of the idea that the hotel was exceedingly large and pleasant and completely appointed. I now thought, indeed, of dinner to be served in the garden, perhaps under vines, and the idea made the hotel seem even better than before. But the waiter led me into the hot street, and when we had gone some little distance without any destination being apparent, I asked what we were supposed to be doing. Then it came out that I was being taken to a cook-shop in the town, for the hotel was no more than a *khan*, despite its appearance, and served no food, but sent its guests under proper convoy half a mile to each meal.

Nor was the cook-shop such an indifferent place after all. It was at least characteristic of the town in style, and atmosphere, and customers. Turkish officers and labourers sat side by side in the long, low, whitewashed room, and the sights and smell of cooking were always present. But I was served with good *pilaf*, and the fish was freshly caught, and the native wine drinkable, and the oranges from Dört Yöl, on the coast of the gulf, were as fine as could be found anywhere. If the eating-houses of a place are chiefly responsible for a chance visitor's impressions, Alexandretta was not badly served by this native cook-shop.

Some people call Alexandretta a wretched hole, but not so does one who has seen other Turkish towns long enough to have grown accustomed to their peculiarities. To him Alexandretta seems rather a pleasant, bright little place, much better than report. It has even a sort of colonial look—widish streets, low buildings, with plenty of space around them; and Australian blue gum and red gum trees here and there, and even a few blossoming black wattle of the same country. And you also come upon other aspects which seem to be Egyptian, and due to the influence of Ibrahim Pasha. See a low cottage or hut, with a few aloes around it, all sheltered from the hot white sunlight by tall date-palms, and you find it quite African and un-Turkish, and also very charming.

The town is called unhealthy—a place of mosquitoes and malaria, owing to the marshes between it and the mountains. But when Ibrahim Pasha made it his chief Syrian port, he cut a canal, drained the swamps, and malaria and mosquitoes disappeared. The canal has not been maintained, and mosquitoes and fever have returned; but there is no other reason why the town should not be healthy, for it has a good situation, and abundance of excellent water which breaks out from the foot of Amanus.

As the port of Aleppo and a wide country, there

was a post of the British Levant Company at Scanderoon for some two hundred years. You may still see, in a little forsaken burying-place, the graves, bearing English names, of factors who died here during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They lived and died here, discontented men, cursing their ill-fortune at being stationed in such a desolate forsaken place, with disease and violence always around them, but carrying on a great business.

Alexander Drummond, the same who became Vice-Consul at Aleppo, has something to say about Alexandretta.

"The town of Alexandretta and the country around," he writes, "produce nothing but robberies, rapes, murders, and every species of villainy which perfidy can contrive and desperation execute."

"In this cursed place," he says elsewhere, "we are subjected to every ill that flesh is heir to."

Drummond landed here to begin his first journey to Aleppo, and leaves a record of his experiences, throwing an interesting light on life in the town and district. Just as he was starting for Aleppo, an official, sent by the Aga, demanded seven and a half piastres before he could be allowed to mount a horse. Indignantly asking what was meant by this imposition, he learnt that it was a special tax upon the English, levied during many years at their own suggestion, and for a very definite purpose. It was to prevent idleness on the part of English sailors, who, it seems, were more fond of riding up to Beilan than of sweating in ships' holds a-stowing of their masters' goods.

"A most scandalous indulto!" cries Drummond. "Infamy ought to disgrace the memory of those who were first guilty of such base condescension."

He was a man of inquiring mind, facile with his pencil, and fond of sketching, and still more of measuring everything precisely. He illustrated his book, and looking through it you find he had a liking for showing overhanging crags. No illustrator ever made

such demands in this respect upon the credibility of his public. Let him sketch a mountain, and at top he projects a cantilever of rock into the air and places a chapel at its farthest overhanging extremity. Any one looking in these days at some of the crags so formed in Drummond's time, is able to affirm that the overhanging rocks and chapels must have since fallen down. This, however, by the way.

Drummond found that Beilan village "exhibited the most romantic appearance" he had ever beheld. Having said so much in compliment, he goes on to remark that the village is peopled by a robber clan of highlanders, known as Gurdins, "a society of thieves and banditti." And then he comments dangerously—

"I hope, notwithstanding the affinity of sounds, that we do not owe to this stock a certain powerful clan of our own country."

It was the custom of these Gurdins to levy toll of all who came to Beilan. By way of further exercising their rights, they had recently stripped a passing French Consul of all his belongings, an outrage for which there was no redress. The only safeguard was for travellers to go over the pass in company, and so make up a party strong enough to protect themselves. Drummond accordingly took this course and passed in safety, counting camels as he went, "of which were two hundred and seventy in one caravan," and "several thousands on the road."

Three days later he was at Jebel Bereket, where he fell in with the pillar of St Simon Stylites, and was moved to strong comment.

"This aerial martyr!" he exclaims, . . . "this Saint Wronghead . . . mounted a short pillar where he resided seven years chained by the neck. . . ." At Jebel Bereket, however, Drummond spent a day measuring and sketching the pillars and chapel and catacombs. And there we leave him, a diverting industrious traveller who has put into various of his drawings a representation of himself—a figure in long,

wide-skirted coat, with wig and sword, and the bridle of his restive horse hooked upon his sketching arm.

Although nature has not made a harbour at Alexandretta, she has gone a good way towards providing one. For just at Alexandretta the coast-line coming down from the north sweeps sharply towards the west for two or three miles, and encloses a bay, sheltered from any direct swell from the Mediterranean, but affected by the range of such seas. All that is needed to make a fine port is to construct a snug harbour within a gulf which is too large to be a harbour itself.

To understand what the future importance of Alexandretta may be it is necessary to look far ahead, and suppose the country furnished with railways and ports. Then it will be seen that owing to the configuration of land and water great territories of the Turkish Empire can have only two conceivable outlets to the sea. One of these must be on the Persian Gulf, the other on the Gulf of Alexandretta. The Persian Gulf outlet will perhaps serve the greater area, but even so there remain about 100,000 square miles of country, much of it the richest in the Turkish Empire, for which a port on the Gulf of Alexandretta will be the outlet, and have no rival. This area will begin west of the Taurus mountains; extend north of Kaisariyeh; include the Cilician plain; and passing eastward through Kharput almost to Lake Van, take in the Diarbekr region and part of Mesopotamia, and extend south of Aleppo. And it should be borne in mind that for reaching European ports the Gulf of Alexandretta gives a voyage shorter than from the Persian Gulf by nearly 4000 miles, and also saves the canal dues.

For all this great region, rich in minerals, richer still in the possibilities of grain of all kinds, of cotton and sugar and fruit, the port most centrally placed can be only on the Gulf of Alexandretta. In the past there has been debate where this port should be. Some considered Ayas, on the western side of

the Gulf, as the better and more natural site. The Bay of Ayas is a harbour, but like Alexandretta it requires some artificial protection; it has, further, the great disadvantage of being on the wrong side of the gulf, for the greater territory to be served lies to the east. The Germans investigated the claims of Ayas, and decided for Alexandretta, and one supposes that now this matter is as good as settled. For the time being, until the political side of the German Asiatic Scheme should be cleared up, they were content to connect Alexandretta to the Bagdad Railway with a branch line from Toprak Kale at the head of the Gulf.

"In time to come," said his Excellency at Baghche, who had these matters so much in mind, "no doubt the railway will go through Beilan Pass." He was speaking without boasting—looking ahead to the completed scheme and a network of railways. He had no doubt about the future of Alexandretta. It was to be a very great port indeed—always well in the future. He spoke of it, too, as being by situation the western port of Mesopotamia.

Still looking ahead we may count upon a railway to India; we may hope to entrain at Charing Cross and travel by rail the whole distance to Calcutta. That railway will pass along the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta. To this extent, and for whatever value the line may have, the power which holds the Port of Alexandretta will control also the Mediterranean end of the line, and will control rail transit between Europe and India. If at the present time the Gulf of Alexandretta is the most vital spot in the Turkish Empire outside the capital, not less but more so will it be a vital point in any conceivable new order of things which shall follow the war. And its importance will increase with every year. What that importance will become eventually cannot well be overestimated, if commercial and other developments likely to take place in the future between the Ægean and the Persian Gulf are carefully con-

sidered. Call Alexandretta of the future one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest seaport on the Mediterranean, and its full possibilities will not be exaggerated. That is, of course, if railways be constructed with an eye to serving the most central outlet of the greatest fertile area, and not to creating an artificial outlet farther south.

While waiting for the steamer at Alexandretta the fancy seized me to look into the question of where the battle of Issus had actually been fought. Some authorities say one thing and some another, and differ by as much as fifteen miles in fixing the spot. To find the battlefield on a narrow plain, which, if you do but follow it from one end to the other you must of necessity pass over the scene of action, seemed a matter simple enough; so I started one morning meaning to make a long day and see for myself just where the clash took place. If Alexander's army, I thought, turned back from Beilan at midnight and reached the battle-ground next morning—as the authorities say—I could make a pretty good estimate of how far it had marched in the time—or could at least be sure how far it had *not* marched. For it had been moving during many previous hours to reach Beilan, and such heavily laden men could not cover an indefinite distance in the time between turning back and fighting the battle.

The day was very hot, but I went along pleasantly on a stony path betwixt sea and mountain, stopping now and then, and making a sort of holiday excursion after the business of the longer journey. And then the path rose on a low ridge and I came to a spot to which belongs a strange tradition. Here, and nowhere else, it is said, Jonah landed from the whale. The tradition is very old, and goes back to the time when a temple of some kind stood on this rise. There are now two fragments of masonry remaining, known as Jonah's Pillars, and "Jonah's Pillars" the place is named on maps, and the name therefore is secure. You are brought to a

standstill by the tradition, and left wondering how the simple tale arose, and yet are conscious of being pleased with it; for it gives colour and interest to the road, and is in keeping with similar artless stories belonging to this old land.

At Jonah's Pillars I was at the southern end of the Plain of Issus. And there I saw that my quest of the battlefield was no small labour, and that he who would thresh this matter out could do so neither in one day nor in two. The mountains retired more from the sea, the plain opened out a little and went northward for many miles. I had to confess as I stood looking hence up the shore that the battlefield was still to be found, and that I was disinclined to search for it longer. But of this I felt sure: wherever the site, it lay not more than six miles beyond Jonah's Pillars. That would give the Macedonians a march from Beilan exceeding twenty-five miles; and on top of it would be the distance they had already covered immediately before countermarching. Great marchers they might be, but they bore the heavy armour and weapons of the phalanx, and each man his loot, and some provision of food and drink as well. As they plodded slowly northward past the site of Jonah's Pillars during the early forenoon of the day of battle, I warrant them weary men and good for little farther without rest and refreshment.

I returned to Alexandretta when the day was growing late, and in the low light of sunset the south-going wall of Amanus appeared as a foreshortened succession of violet spurs and precipices. Before them lay the Mediterranean, ocean-blue and still as a pool, showing an idle sail or two far out. On its seaward point of plain across the bay the town stood as a line of white buildings and low roofs, with a hint of date-palms here and there against the sky. In the brooding repose of the scene was something which recalled the past, and at the same time prompted the mind to speculations upon events to come—as though mountains and sea were holding

bygones in remembrance while awaiting a future clearly visible in the making. There was good reason, too, for these thoughts of a beholder, for here I was looking upon one of the historic gateways to the East; across those mountains, the very way upon which I had recently travelled, ran the immemorial road from the Mediterranean to Bagdad, the Persian Gulf, Persia, and, in the end, to India. During all the ages that the Mediterranean East and the Farther East have known intercourse it had asserted itself as the natural land route, the highway alike of trading caravans and invading armies. The battle of the Issus, for instance, fought a few miles away in my rear, nearly 2300 years ago, had been in fact a battle for this road, with the East at stake, between the Persian king and Alexander as a European invader seeking world dominion. And the victory of the Issus was followed by that of Arbela,—far on the same road to Bagdad, —and after Arbela, as all men know, came Alexander's invasion of India.

In the last half-century—and perhaps more than once in that space of time—a British railway might have been constructed hence along this historic route, at least as far as to the Persian Gulf, giving the route a new and transcending importance (in the light of current events how profoundly such a railway must have influenced world history!). But the value of the great opportunity was never understood by us—except by the few,—the golden chance was lost, and presently a shrewder Power, a Power with definite ambitions in the East and a desire for world dominion, took up the railway project we had short-sightedly neglected. So now here was Germany building the railway, and confidently looking forward to running trains from Berlin to Bagdad. Here, too, was Germany just beginning the harbour works which were to make of Alexandretta a great port, as the western outlet for Mesopotamia and much besides. The future of the Gulf of Alexandretta, of the highway to the East and the wide regions through which the

highway ran, seemed to have passed almost irrevocably into German keeping, and with it the making of a vast Empire that could not fail to be uncompromisingly hostile to the British. Somewhat like these must have been the reflections of any English traveller who saw this part of Turkey-in-Asia and the port of Alexandretta in years immediately before the war.

But with war has come another turn of the wheel, and with it yet another British opportunity if rightly grasped. There is now a truer perception of the importance of the Near and Middle East,—a more general understanding of what German ambition aimed at achieving in these regions. These rich undeveloped areas of Western Asia, so close to Europe, so comparatively easy of access to the crowded States of Central Europe, and forming as it were a three-way bridge uniting three continents, have come to be understood as having real value in a world rapidly filling up with population. Perhaps, too, it is realised at last that German Asiatic ambitions formed the main root from which the war sprang; that the great and fruitful prize rewarding Germanic victory in Europe was to be found not in Europe but in the East. And much more it is realised that for the good of mankind, other than German, the German bid for world dominion must be defeated.

And yet is it sufficiently realised that great and visible Allied successes east and west in Europe might still leave the Central Powers the true victors, if they retained their broad highway to the East? The German armies might be blasted out of France and Belgium, the French might secure the whole left bank of the Rhine, and Poland and Russian provinces be freed of German invaders; but if after these mighty efforts a peace of exhaustion or compromise followed the Allied triumphs and left the Germanic Powers still holding the way to the East, the war would end with a Germanic victory. In a word, the final and most conclusive test of Allied success or

failure at the close of the war will be whether or no the Central Powers and Asia Minor are politically wedged apart and sundered beyond hope of the road to expansion in the East ever being open again. So much is clear to Russia and Serbia; it should be as clear to us.

Regarding the Near and Middle East, however, as being now in the melting-pot for recasting, we should take long views. Let us well understand what has attracted the Germans, practical people pursuing no mirage. Let us well understand, further, that the changes and developments in these fertile and sparsely populated regions during the next hundred years will equal in importance the changes likely to take place in any other part of the world in the same period. With the Straits from the Black Sea and the Coveted City upon them in the capable hands of Russia; with a Jewish nation arising in Palestine, and great ports springing up on the Syrian coast and the Gulf of Alexandretta; and with the Suez Canal a waterway of greater value than ever—the eastern end of the Mediterranean will assume an importance never imagined before. Let us make no mistake on this point.

Even with Egypt in our hands, and Cyprus fortunately still British, we shall stand as aloof spectators of great changes which will affect our Imperial interests. We should profit by the lesson of our past mistakes, and looking well into the future, take our present opportunity while we may. The western port of the railway to India should be ours; ours, too, the oil-fields and rich but derelict corn-lands of Mesopotamia, through which the railway must pass. The world is filling up, and corn-lands and oil-fields will soon become possessions of vastly greater national importance than they are now.

The day after visiting Jonah's Pillars I left Alexandretta by a British mail steamer for Beirût and

other voyagings in the Levant. We left each fresh port a full ship, for the tourist season was near at its height; but among the throng of passengers—dozens of Russians, many French, Germans, Austrians, Americans, Norwegians, Danes, and Greeks—who filled the saloon to overflowing, were never more than two British besides myself. And this curious absence of our people, where others were so numerous, seemed to indicate well the small degree of interest we took as a nation in Asiatic Turkey in days before the war.

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.